

MACLEAN'S

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WORKING DAY: by Pierre Berton

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Well, I simply mean that young Doug is going to get what I've always missed. I'd have a better job in my company today if my family had been able to give me a college education.



It happened a year ago. Maisie and I had just about given up the idea as hopeless. Doug had just started high school, which meant a good deal of expense, and then he fell desperately ill with rheumatic fever. Our debts had us crippled.

Then one day, when I was cashing my paycheque at the bank, I happened to get into conversation with the Accountant — chap called

Henry Baldwin who goes to our church . . . and before I knew it I was pouring out my troubles.

He asked me a few questions about my job, my salary . . . if I had any securities or life insurance. I told him I had no bonds left, but did have a bit of insurance I took out when we got married.

Pretty soon — to my surprise — Baldwin came up with what seemed like a solution to my immediate problem — how to meet my pressing bills. Something I'd never thought of — my 15-year old life insurance policy had quite a good cash surrender value, which Baldwin said was first-class security for a personal loan.

"But how am I going to pay off a loan?" I asked. "We seem to need every cent I earn just to make ends meet."

"You can probably do better than that, I think . . . if you really want to," said Baldwin. "But," he added, "you've got to have a real budget-plan to do it."

Next thing I knew he was telling me how to go

about it. Told me some things about money management I'd never thought of before . . . and he gave me one of the bank's booklets called "Personal Planning" outlining his ideas in detail.

Next day, Maisie and I pulled out of the doldrums for the first time in months. Hopefully, we went to the B of M together and saw Henry Baldwin. Got a \$300 loan fixed up, and right then and there opened a joint account.

Boy, that account's been working overtime ever since . . . first paying bills with the loan we got, and then getting regular deposits — not just to pay off the loan, but to really save money.



We were mighty relieved to get that bank loan a year ago, but I think we're more thankful for what we learned when we were in a jam — that we really could save dough if we made up our minds to do it and got a really practical budget-plan working for us.

Personal Planning has given us that . . . and let me tell you that boy's going to college — for sure.

Saving is the only way to move ahead of your worries, and stay ahead. And — sometimes — borrowing at the B of M is the best way to save. Find out how to save *despite today's high prices*. Ask for your copy of "Personal Planning" at your neighborhood B of M branch. It's yours for the asking.



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DUST OFF THE WELCOME MAT

A Guest Editorial by Lionel Shapiro

PARIS

EVERY DAY in almost every large-circulation publication in Europe, from Manchester to Helsinki and Naples, Canadian government and industry extend an invitation to businessmen. Huge advertisements proclaim that huge profits await them in trade with the Dominion's up-and-coming economy. We are less aggressive in courting full-time settlers, but we do, of course, want and welcome intelligent self-respecting immigrants.

Both these ends—the facilitation of business visits and of immigration to Canada—are constantly frustrated by our antiquated and inefficient system of issuing visas. It makes no difference whether the Canada-bound traveler is a corporation executive with a million dollars earmarked to buy newsprint or a tourist who simply wants to look at the Rockies, he still must go to a Canadian immigration office. There he must take his place in line with crowds of wonderful wide-eyed people who want to immigrate into Canada permanently. There he must answer a long list of questions which may be essential for an immigrant but are often impertinent for a short-term visitor. Then he must have patience until the visa is granted. And after that, he can be, as the airline advertisements promise, in Canada tomorrow.

Most other countries which, like Canada, require visas for entry have two separate visa-issuing offices. Prospective immigrants go to an immigration office, while businessmen, tourists and casual travelers go to a consular office where the machinery is naturally faster and simpler.

Under the Canadian system, *all* visas granted in Western Europe are issued by our immigration offices, not our consular offices. By and large, the system is recognized as clumsy and wasteful by the very officials who administer it.

Why hasn't the problem been adjusted?

The answer lies in that chronic ailment of all bureaucracy: resistance to change. Long before Canada had any consular or diplomatic representation abroad our immigration offices were operating in Europe and handled all types of visas. Since then we have established ambassadors and consuls all over the world but our immigration offices still cling tenaciously to the power to issue visas—even to casual travelers.

What complicates the problem is that our embassies and consulates operate under the Department of External Affairs, while our immigration offices operate under the Department of Citizenship and Immigration. It is not too much to expect that such reasonable men as Lester Pearson and Walter Harris could arrange to meet halfway between the East and West blocks—perhaps under the clocktower on a dark midnight—and negotiate a treaty for the transfer of the necessary power.

Canadian business will certainly benefit from such a move. More importantly, the government can, by simplifying our short-term visa regulations, accentuate the broad line which separates Canadian thinking from the McCarran-Walter type of thinking which currently dominates the American visa-issuing authority. The McCarran-Walter law is a source of annoyance and insult to Europeans. It would be a broad and effective stroke of Canadian public relations to simplify the laws which govern short-term entry into Canada and, if such simplification can be accompanied by added efficiency and politeness in our offices abroad, the spread of Canadian good will will be boundless.

The problem is recognized in Ottawa. It has been "under study" for several months. But the time is now. Thanks to Mr. McCarran and Mr. Walter, the opportunity is heaven-sent. Ottawa should cease studying and start acting.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

MACLEAN'S artists and photographers have been winning awards lately. In Toronto, cartoonist **Peter Whalley** won a medal from the Toronto Art Directors' Club for his humorous illustrations for *Home—The Last Sweatshop* (July 1, 1952). At the same show, **Yousuf Karsh** won a certificate for his photograph of an Eskimo woman in the Cam-sell Hospital, Edmonton (Dec. 15, 1952). Another Karsh photograph from Maclean's from his picture essay on



Peter Whalley

Arbuckle . . . R. B. Irvine, who wrote *The Mermaid on His Stomach* (page 18), is a westerner who, after living for about twenty years in Montreal where he worked as an accountant, recently returned to Vancouver. He is now writing fiction in which he endeavors to disprove the theory, so current in the accounting profession, that two and two makes four . . . Our Coronation issue, on sale May 27, is one of the most ambitious we've yet produced. Watch especially for **Arbuckle's** cover and **W. O. Mitchell's** special story.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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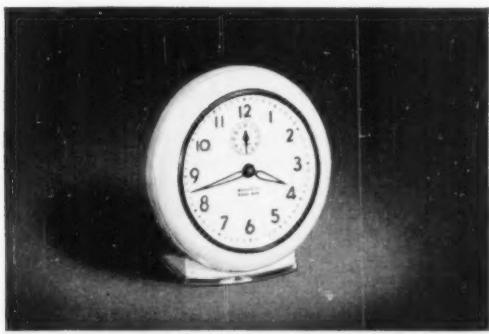
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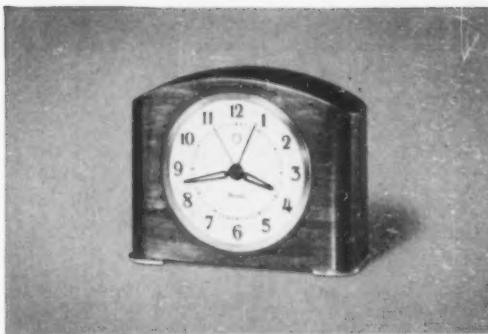
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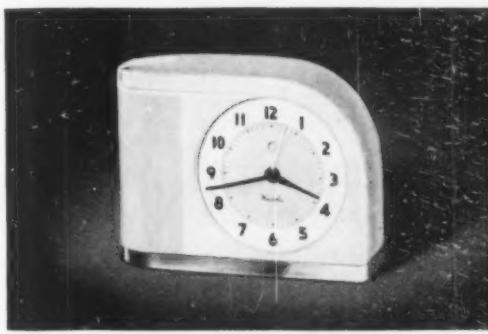
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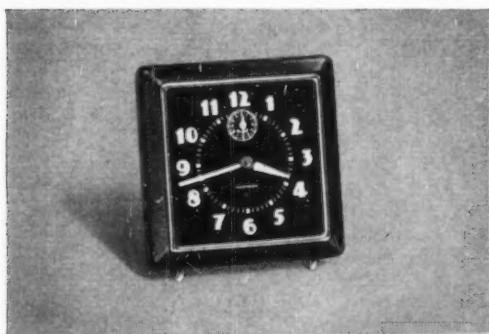


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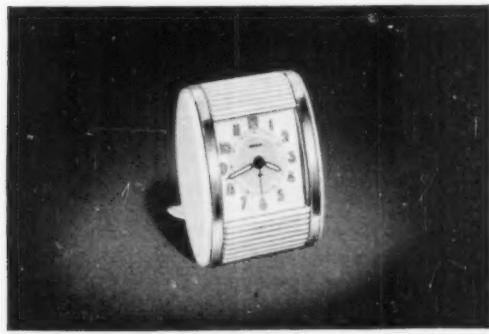


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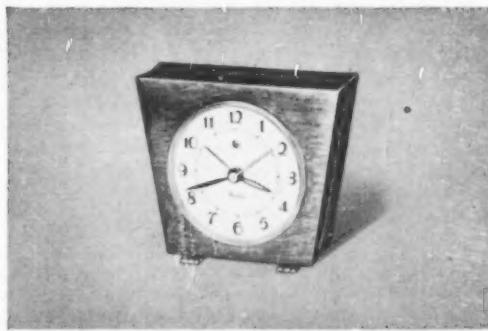
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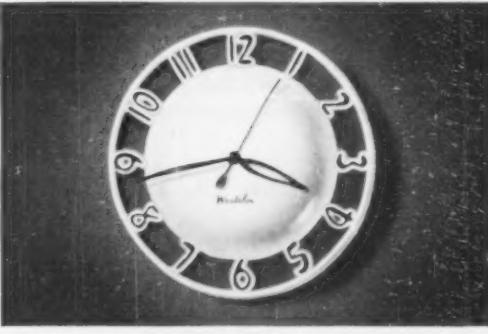
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How "young" will they be at 65?

YOUNG PEOPLE today have an excellent chance to live beyond their sixty-fifth birthday. Already there are over a million Canadians who are past 65. Within 20 years it is estimated that there will be over a million and a half.

Most of these people can look forward to being healthier, happier, "younger" after 65 than people of that age have ever been. This has been made possible chiefly by medical advances. Most communicable diseases of childhood, for example, have been substantially controlled by immunization.

In addition, new drugs, improved surgical techniques, and better methods of diagnosis and treatment have ushered in a new era of health for people of all ages.

If you are one of those to whom the words "old age" conjure up an unpleasant picture, you are likely to be heartened by the views of authorities. They say that old age need not be *endured*, that it can actually be *enjoyed*. This depends largely, however, on what you do to safeguard your health.

Over the years, adjustments in diet may be desirable. While the *quantity* of food required in later life usually becomes less, the need for the essential proteins, vitamins, and minerals for body upkeep and repair remains unchanged.

Moreover, proper diet is a safeguard against *overweight* which burdens the heart and often paves the way for diabetes, arthritis, and high blood pressure.

Of course the best way to conserve good health is to place yourself under your doctor's care and go to him for a periodic

health examination as often as he recommends it. Through early diagnosis of troubles just starting, he may not only bring you relief, but add years to your life.

By following you through the years, your doctor will also come to know you as an *individual* . . . what your personal problems are, what strains your work places on you, what your reactions are in times of stress. Such information is of great value to the doctor in solving many health problems.

The doctor can also advise you about your daily habits — such as getting plenty of rest and sleep and practicing *moderation* in all activities. With his advice, you may find yourself with renewed mental and physical energy for certain activities that you may have given up because you felt "too tired" or "too old".

Enjoyment in later years — especially those spent in retirement — also rests to a great extent upon one's mental attitude. This is why it is important to keep up your outside interests, including hobbies. Such activities will help keep you young in heart and young in outlook.

Medical science has given us the means to prolong our lives. It is up to us to make use of up-to-date medical knowledge. At no time of life should we take good health for granted. Rather, we should plan and work for it, just as we do for the other worthwhile things of life. By doing so, more and more of us can anticipate being "young" at 65 . . . and perhaps even in our seventies, eighties, and nineties.

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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



THE ASTONISHING TORIES

LET US BEGIN with a flashback. The year is 1945 and parliament has assembled for the first time since the election that toppled Churchill from his throne and reduced the mighty Conservative forces to a mere decimated platoon.

Not only did the victorious Labour forces fill one side of the House on that occasion but more than half of our side as well. For the first time in history they had achieved power, and not merely office by permission of the Liberals as in 1924 and 1929.

Attlee beamed, or at any rate he went as near to a beam as his self-restraint would permit. The triumphant Ernest Bevin was in a state of understandable self-dramatization—for he was about to become His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Nor was his personal rival, Herbert Morrison, abashed.

The famous little Londoner with the cockatoo hairdo was to be the party boss and Leader of the House, and if there are two things Morrison loves it is being a leader and a boss. Sitting on the government front bench with something as near a smile as his austere features would permit was the incalculable Sir Stafford Cripps, the semi-aristocrat turned ultra-socialist. At last he would have a chance to put his political theories to the test.

By contrast look at the poor Conservative Party.

Here was Anthony Eden, the perpetual crown prince who had sat on the steps of the throne during the reigns of three emperors—Baldwin, Chamberlain, Churchill—and now even the throne had gone. To change the metaphor he was that popular figure of Cockney fun—the virgin who was always the blooming bridesmaid and never the blarsted bride.

As for "Rab" Butler, he looked what we all knew he was—a thoughtful book-loving fellow who had been a fairly good minister of education during the war when no one cared about the subject. He had never seemed to enjoy parliamentary life very much and there was little doubt that he would gracefully retire to private life when it could be done without embarrassing his leader.

The leader! Yes, we were almost forgetting Winston Churchill. How strange a fate that had made him prime minister by succession to Neville Chamberlain but never up to that time elected prime minister by the people.



R. A. Butler

"Churchill belongs to history," said a Tory philosopher, "but he doesn't belong to us." Another comment was "He is a Roman emperor in an era of the common man." A good many political thinkers agreed that the instinct of the people was to throw out a war leader as soon as it was safe and get down to the bread and butter of everyday life.

The era of the common man! That was the catch phrase of the period. That was the glorification of socialism. Apparently there was some divine merit in being ordinary, although this theory did not extend to the animal kingdom. At least I never heard of a socialist backing a common horse for the Derby.

In such a mood Churchill did look and sound in 1945 like a Caesar who had unaccountably wandered onto the stage of a production of the *Bonnie Brier Bush*. He kept on making speeches about the greatness of the British people and their mission to lead while the British were getting out of Burma and India and Pakistan and almost apologizing for having stayed so long.

It may well be that the Labour Government was wise and that Britain was right to bow to the inevitable. It is not my purpose to argue that here. I am merely using it as a background to indicate how much Churchill was out of tune with the times. The little man, John Citizen in his bowler hat, was apparently finished with heroics. Once more, and stronger with repetition, came the phrase "Winston belongs to history."

And now let us fade out the flashback and look in at the House of Commons today. Eight years have passed by and the Tories are sitting on the government benches once more. Who is this baby-faced old boy with the resonant voice and

Continued on page 67



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

How The PCs Muffed the Currie Report

MJ. COLDWELL, CCF leader, stopped at our table in the parliamentary cafeteria the other day to tell a joke on himself:

"I was speaking in the House a few minutes ago. At one point I said rather rhetorically, 'In saying this I am speaking not only for myself but for all the members of this group.' When I turned around to point to this host of supporters, how many do you think were there? Not one. Not a single man of them in the House."

That wouldn't happen often to Coldwell, who is one of the best speakers in the Commons, but it does underline the outstanding characteristic of the pre-election session. Parliament has been boring itself to extinction ever since last November. Never have so many talked so much for so few.

Parliament opened on Nov. 20 and adjourned for Christmas on Dec. 17. That entire interval of four full weeks was spent debating the address-in-reply to the speech from the throne, with one amendment and two amendments to the amendment. One hundred and sixty-six speeches were made on any topic the speakers felt an urge to discuss—seventy-four Liberal, forty-four Conservative, twenty-one CCF, fourteen Social Credit and three Independent. Lest you suppose this means the CCF and Social Credit groups were relatively taciturn, remember that there are only thirteen CCF members and ten Social Credit.

Having thus filled eight hundred and eighty-two pages of Hansard with nothing in particular the MPs might have been expected to get down to business. Not at all. The first item for debate when the House reconvened on Jan. 12 was a resolu-

tion setting up the Defense Expenditures Committee to examine Defense accounts in general and the Currie Report in particular. It took two weeks of palaver to get that resolution passed.

Not until Thursday, Jan. 22, two months and two days after the opening of the session, did parliament get around to debating any Government legislation. Four weeks later the budget came down and we heard the debate on the address-in-reply all over again—ninety-nine speeches occupying most of parliament's time for three weeks.

The result was that the MPs came back after Easter tired, bored and cross, with the real work of the session still ahead of them. All the estimates, four and a half million dollars' worth, had to be crammed into one exhausting month, plus almost all the year's legislation.

ASK ANY MP why they talk so interminably this year and he will answer "Because of the election." No one has explained why elections should have this effect. In spite of the fact that the members are too bored to listen to each other, they seem to think the voters are listening. There's evidence suggesting that this isn't so.

Not long ago an Ontario MP, whom we'll call Jim, met a neighbor from his home town here in Ottawa. Not only do the two men live on the same street, they are colleagues in the same profession.

"Hello, Jim," said the neighbor, "what are you doing here?"

Slightly taken aback the MP replied: "The House is in session, you know." *Continued on page 95*



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 15, 1953

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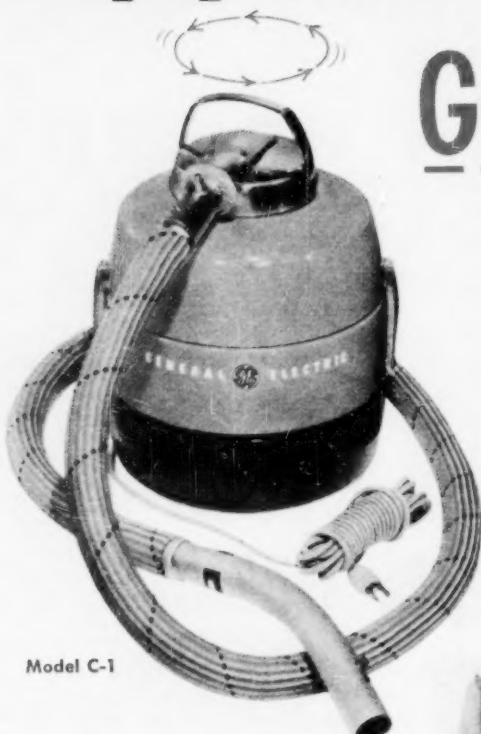
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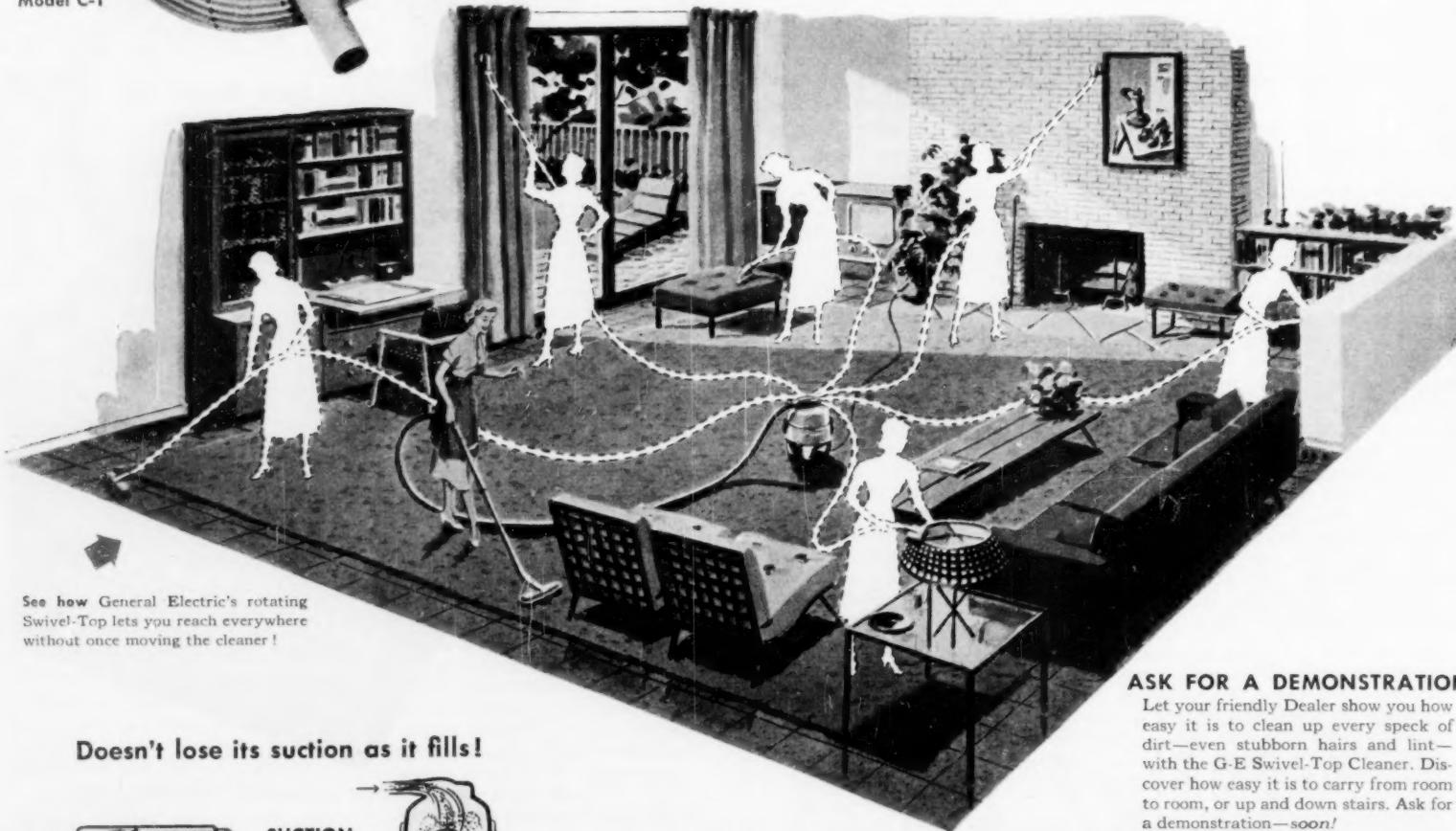
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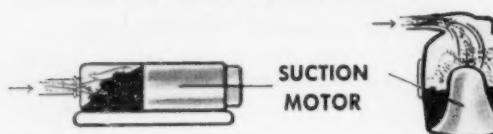


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GENERAL ELECTRIC SWIVEL-TOP CLEANER

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 15, 1953

The Spectre of Senator McCarthy

Using his fearsome weapons of accusation and mob persuasion Joe McCarthy can make even the U. S. Congress tremble. Can President Eisenhower permanently check this Wisconsin lawyer whom many think is damaging the cause of the Western world?

BY BLAIR FRASER Maclean's Ottawa Editor

SENATOR JOSEPH RAYMOND McCARTHY, of Wisconsin, who is certainly the most controversial and possibly the most dangerous man in the United States, is personally a letdown.

Millions regard him as a heroic voice crying out against the Red fifth column in our midst. They must be disappointed to find him a bulging and commonplace figure in an ill-fitting suit who speaks in a muffled monotone as if he had a cold in his head.

Millions more think him an unspeakable scoundrel who has made a career out of lies and blighted innocent lives for his own political advancement. These find it disconcerting to meet an affable man with a rather disarming grin, an imperturbable temper and a deceptively mild manner.

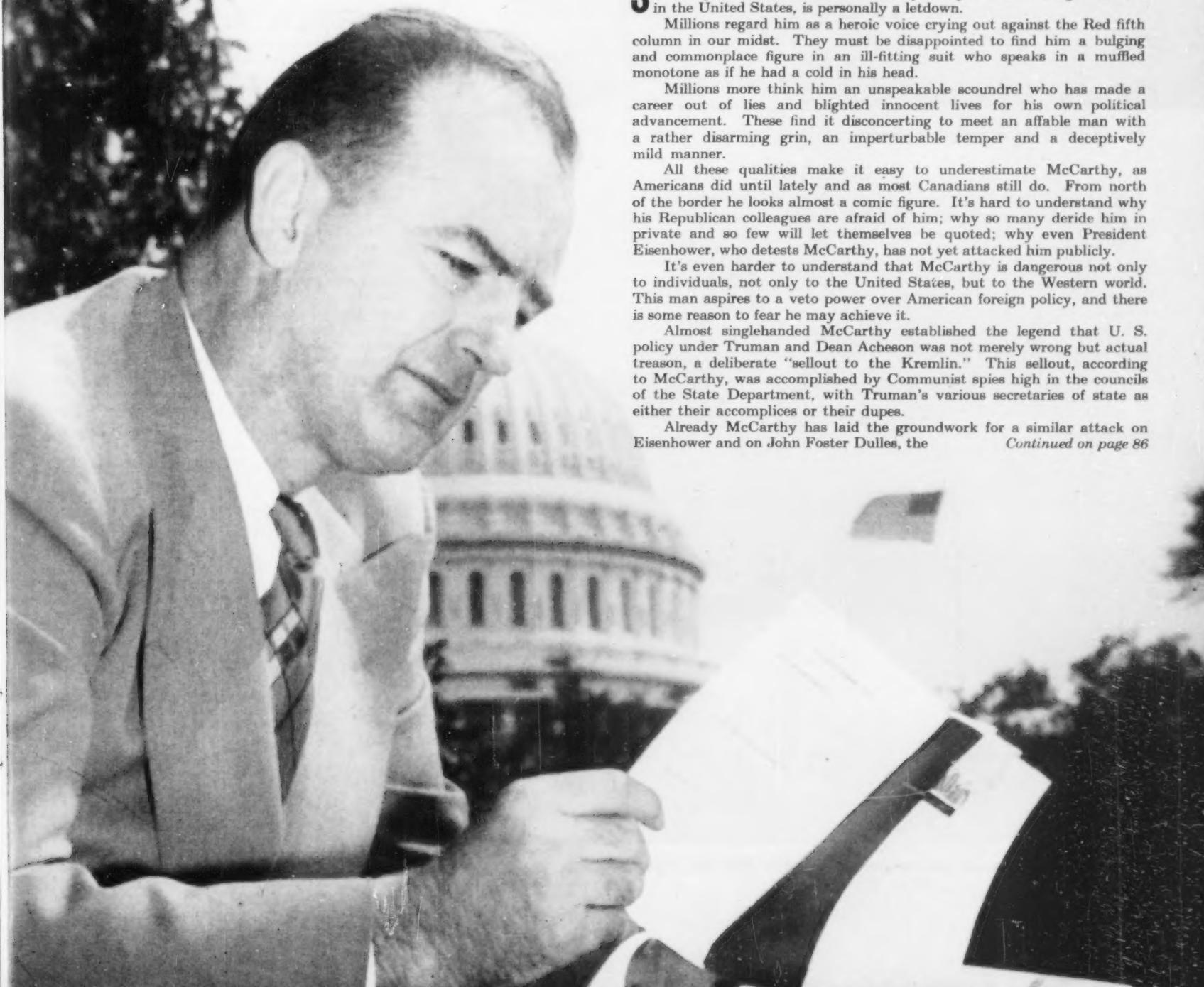
All these qualities make it easy to underestimate McCarthy, as Americans did until lately and as most Canadians still do. From north of the border he looks almost a comic figure. It's hard to understand why his Republican colleagues are afraid of him; why so many deride him in private and so few will let themselves be quoted; why even President Eisenhower, who detests McCarthy, has not yet attacked him publicly.

It's even harder to understand that McCarthy is dangerous not only to individuals, not only to the United States, but to the Western world. This man aspires to a veto power over American foreign policy, and there is some reason to fear he may achieve it.

Almost singlehanded McCarthy established the legend that U. S. policy under Truman and Dean Acheson was not merely wrong but actual treason, a deliberate "sellout to the Kremlin." This sellout, according to McCarthy, was accomplished by Communist spies high in the councils of the State Department, with Truman's various secretaries of state as either their accomplices or their dupes.

Already McCarthy has laid the groundwork for a similar attack on Eisenhower and on John Foster Dulles, the

Continued on page 86





In self-defense Ken became the cook. Elizabeth pauses in practice to test his soup.

LIZABETH LEES is my candidate for the title of Montreal's Busiest Woman. There are just 168 hours in a week. She spends hers typically like this: Teaching dance classes (28 classes to 250 students), 42 hours. Rehearsing for and at television show, 25 hours. Rehearsing for and at radio program, 6 hours. Rehearsing for and at lecture, demonstration or dance program, 15 hours. Studying piano, recorder, yoga, judo, fencing, English speech, French speech, dog-training, and what not, 14 hours. Frittering away a weekly average of 42 hours in sleep, she still has a good 24 hours left to be jam-packed with her particular hobbies, which are prowling through

secondhand shops, buying and tending plants, exercising and grooming her dog, grooming her cat, reading Freud, visiting her friends, and sharply criticizing the literary efforts of her husband. I know all this firsthand, because I'm the guy who married her.

Looking back, I can't blame it all on my mother. Part of it was my fault, too. But my mother really started me off in the world with a couple of bum steers. One of them was that you shouldn't kiss a girl with enthusiasm (mother called it "smooch") unless you had serious matrimonial intentions. Kissing games at parties were perhaps harmless, but "smooching" could lead to no good unless there

I Married a Corporation

If your wife says she'd like a career, pause and consider the sad case of this husband. Soon after his spouse went back dancing he found himself doing the housework and answering to "Mr. Elizabeth Leese"

By KEN JOHNSTONE

were serious intentions, and serious intentions, in my mother's book, were very holy wedlock.

The other idea that she impressed on me from an early age was that it was desirable to marry a girl who was or could be solvent. A frustrated businesswoman herself, she encouraged the idea of two strings to a family's economic bow and, as I look back, I can recall that girls who were employed, "sensible girls," were favored around the family hearth over those who regarded marriage as a career in itself. The latter my mother always regarded with covert suspicion and damned with faint praise. She was an expert faint-praise damner.

So it was that in my Freudian search to replace



The modern dance is her specialty, but she's also an actress, lecturer and teacher.



Their country cottage once housed a barber shop.

the mother-image I got to "smooching" and wound up married to a dancer of Danish-German extraction, by the name of Elizabeth Leese. Temporarily retired from dancing by a back injury, she was studying acting and dance instruction in London, England, when I met her. I remember we got involved in a reading of *There's Always Juliet* and a scene that called for some stage smooching. Well, in no time at all we were married and back in Canada, where the frugal ways and stern business sense of my bride won my mother's immediate approval. Though she was once slightly appalled at the summer cottage when she discovered her daughter-in-law trapping bloodsuckers in Lake Muskoka by using her legs for bait. Our incipient entrepreneur had heard that they might be sold to druggists for leeches at twenty-five cents each and she had a good dozen in a tomato can when she was finally persuaded to desist.

Another member of my family comes in for a share of censure at this stage. My brother, a Toronto osteopath, undertook to meddle with my wife's displaced vertebra and after several treatments, fortunately free, she found that she could indulge in dance exercises without pain.

And now I must accept my share of the responsibility for what followed. Up until that time I had been a happy if somewhat incredulous husband. As soon as it had been established that my smooching was with serious intent, my bride-to-be, who had hitherto devoted her most creative efforts to the stage, promptly returned to the parental abode where she devoted a six-week concentrated effort under the expert tutelage of her mother in mastering the fundamentals of homemaking. She had left London with barely the knowledge of how to brew tea—in fact I taught her that—and she came back a potential genius of the kitchen, equipped with rare and treasured recipes that her mother had imparted along with a grounding in the principles of home economics as only the dollar-short Europeans have mastered those principles, and with a firm belief that a wife can do much to add to the material and spiritual comforts of her spouse.

I look back upon those first happy years with a nostalgia somewhat tinged with bitterness. The meals I enjoyed! The linen in perfect order! The socks that were always deftly darned! The favorite if aged shirts with expertly turned collars! The care! The tenderness! Oh, happy memories!

Then I opened my big mouth.

It was in 1939, I shall never forget the year. The Eaton Masquers, a Toronto variety group, were performing at army camps that winter. One of them learned that Elizabeth was a dancer, and invited her to join the troupe. She asked my advice and I cheerfully urged her to start dancing again. She didn't need much urging as I recall, and unhappily her efforts were well received by the audiences and by the Toronto papers.

She was pleased, and I was too, by the reception. I hadn't seen her dance when she had visited Canada before as a soloist with the Trudi Schoop company, and I was naïvely flattered by the thought that I had snared a first-rate wife who was also an artist in the bargain. So I encouraged her.

Boris Volkoff was forming his Canadian Ballet Company at that time, and I prompted her to offer her services to the gifted little choreographer. She did, and they got along famously. Soon she was dancing leading parts in ballets which Volkoff created with an eye to her particular dance talents and, stimulated by the association, she started to teach dancing for him and even created a ballet or two on her own hook. It was fine. She ran our apartment to perfection; I enjoyed nice hot meals when I got home from work each night; and we both derived a great deal of pleasure from that happy artistic association with Boris Volkoff.

The only serious embarrassment which I can recall from those days concerned my wife's laudable desire to save a buck. She furnished our modest apartment chiefly from auction sales, and sometimes found that when she had purchased an item in the heat of bidding it turned out to be unsuitable by the time she got it home. But she solved this problem by coming to *Continued on page 59*



European-born Elizabeth haunts auctions and junk shops, once carried home a bed on her back.



THE LUXURY CAR: Will built-in bars and television come next?

Prof. E. A. Allcut, M.Sc., tells Max Braithwaite about

THE CAR OF THE FUTURE



Professor Edgar Allcut, head of the Department of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Toronto, has spent his life (he is sixty-four) proving that an engineer will tackle anything. He has served as chairman of a committee on atmospheric pollution in Canada and investigated mining accidents in order to suggest some safety improvements in Ontario mining regulations. Here he goes out on a limb with some informed guesswork about the kind of automobiles we are likely to be driving before long.

FMOTORISTS can persuade automobile manufacturers to iron out three big wrinkles in present-day car design, tomorrow's transportation can be cheap and dependable enough for most Canadians to be able to own a car. But right now we continually hear three general complaints about today's automobiles. First, drivers complain, they're tricked out in useless frills and gadgets to catch the eye. Second, they're loaded with so much gas-burning power that they're practically in the racing-car class. Third, safety measures are often sacrificed in favor of dramatic style changes calculated to lure the customer into turning his car in every year.

As a mechanical engineer and a car driver I'm interested in such talk. I have a feeling that car buyers in the future will be smart enough to insist that manufacturers make the most economical use of new methods and materials. For the car of the future could be a plain chromeless utility model with an almost unlimited life expectancy.

How wide is the gap between the cars we have now and the safer, longer-lasting, more efficient ones we'd like to have? Will the car of a decade or two from now be powered with atomic energy? Jet propelled? Will its body be made of plastic, or glass, or some magic material that won't buff, scuff, wear or tear? Will it have a built-in cooling system for the body? Beds? Cocktail lounges? Will it run two hundred miles on a gallon of gasoline and last for fifty years?

I can't answer these questions for sure. Nobody can. But by looking at what has already happened to cars I can say that the shape of things to come in automobiles will depend upon two things. First, what we, the drivers of automobiles, want. Second, the materials available to build them and, most important of all, the fuels available to run them.

The other day a friend asked me: "Is it possible to build a car that will last fifteen, twenty or even twenty-five years?"

For answer I pointed out the window of my office in the mechanical building at the University of Toronto. At the curb there sits from nine to five each day just such a car. It is a 1926 Buick owned by one of our lecturers, Peter Moore.

This car is literally in perfect shape. The paint shows no obvious blemish; the top (original one)

THE ATOMIC CAR:
Will we drive in lead-lined pants?



doesn't leak; the door catches all work; the upholstery has no holes.

When Moore bought this car last September he put in a new set of timing gears, valves and rings. The six cylinders have never been rebored. The engine starts every morning just fine, runs along at a comfortable forty-five mph and gives twenty-two miles to the gallon. Moore has driven this car to Buffalo and Detroit and Washington, D.C., and has never been left on the road.

When I look at this ancient car I am struck by two facts. First, the mileage indicator shows that it has been driven only 68,648 miles in twenty-seven years, or an average of just over twenty-five hundred miles per year. (Today the average car travels about ten thousand miles a year.) Also, the car had only one owner before Moore, a Shelburne, Ont., man who drove it carefully and cared for it well.

In other words, the life of your car depends on how far and how well you drive and the kind of care you give it. Chances are the car you are driving now would last ten or more years if you renewed all lost paint, kept it properly oiled, greased and protected, replaced all worn parts systematically; if you avoided sudden starts and stops, drove at a moderate speed and didn't race other cars away from stop lights.

The second striking fact is that Moore bought this car for one hundred and forty-five dollars. (It cost \$1,345 new.) In other words, here is the sturdy reliable car my friend mentioned, but nobody wanted it. It hasn't the sleekness and swiftness and gadgets we now demand in our cars. To many of us the automobile is still a "frill"—a tuxedo or party dress rather than a utility suit. We still think of fashion and style rather than service.

But this attitude is changing fast. To more and more of us the car is not a luxury any more but a necessity. It is used to take Dad to work, Mother shopping, the kids to school. We can't get along without it any more than we can get along without the house we live in.

How can the durability of cars be increased? Well, the worst destroyer is corrosion. The paint

is scraped off and water or road salts eat away at the metal. Mufflers and under parts rust away and our car gradually falls to pieces.

My metallurgist friends tell me the solution to this problem is not simple. You must find a metal, or other substance, that is light, strong, tough, noncorrosive and will lend itself to mass production at a reasonable cost. Until science discovers a cheap noncorrosive material for car bodies, chrome plating on grille and bumper is useful as well as ornamental. Automobile manufacturers claim the shiny frills pay their way by protecting vulnerable spots where ordinary painted steel would soon crumble into rust.

Of the metals, magnesium alloys are light and strong. Already one large manufacturer is using them for clutch housings, oil-seal plates, steering-column shrouds and other parts. But they won't do for bodies because they corrode. Stainless steel is light and strong and noncorrosive. But it is more difficult to work than the steels generally used for pressing and is very expensive.

Aluminum alloys are perhaps the best. But they will corrode, too. Recently seaplane manufacturers have been covering aluminum alloys with pure aluminum with very good results. They are strong and tough and resist corrosion. Already several small European cars have such bodies.

Or, the car you buy ten years from now may have a body made of glass.

During the past year a number of automobile manufacturers have produced car bodies of what they call "fibrous glass-polyester laminates." Glass fibres can be woven like cloth or put together in a mat like felt. These mats are impregnated with

same material, suggests that we may have a translucent top that will "allow softly diffused light to reach the car interior while shutting out heat, cold and moisture."

So far fibrous glass-polyester laminates have been used almost exclusively in custom-made sports bodies that are fitted onto standard chassis. They cost from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars depending on the size and fancy and weigh between one hundred and fifty and two hundred pounds. They can be made into just about any shape and are being built to compete with European-made sports cars.

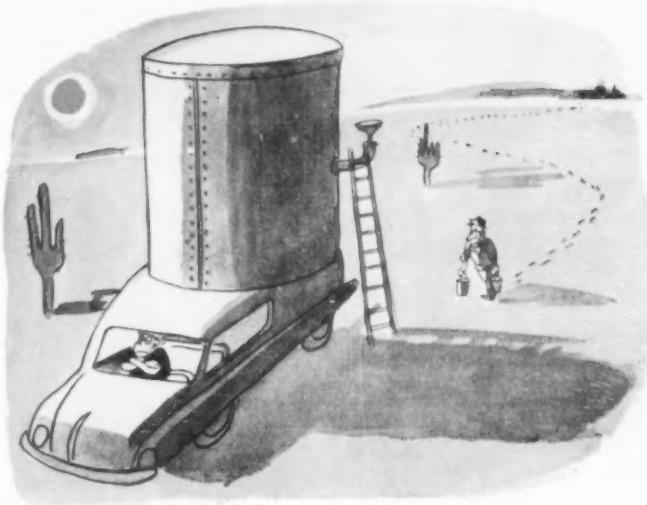
So far the glass bodies cannot be mass-produced as cheaply or rapidly as metal bodies, but I see no reason why this difficulty can't be overcome.

That brings us to the question of fuels and engines. Ever since they unhitched the horse from the front of the cart and put the horsepower under the hood the question of what to feed that horsepower has been a vexing one.

Nicholas Joseph Cugnot built the first horseless carriage in Paris in 1769. It had three wheels and could do three miles an hour with power provided by steam. In 1801 an Englishman, Richard Trevithick, built a steam car and other Englishmen built more until their activities were curtailed by legislation such as the Red Flag Law (1831-1897) which required that all self-propelled vehicles be "preceded by a man carrying a red flag by day and a red light by night." In 1885 two Germans, Carl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler, each put internal combustion engines into three-wheeled cars. Ever since then the internal combustion engine—the old "up and downer" as it is sometimes called—has been the standard engine for motor cars.

But it has gobbed up the world's supply of petroleum at such a rate that now we find ourselves in a pretty pass. Dr. A. Parker, CBE, director of fuel research for the British government, reported in 1949 that the world's supply of petroleum was a total of "thirteen thousand million tons on an optimistic basis," or sufficient for twenty to twenty-five years at the present rate of consumption. Yes, he was taking into account new developments such as the recent finds in western Canada. He pointed out that forty-two percent of these supplies are in Asia and the Middle East—an area that might be closed to us at any time. So, whether we like it or not, the well may run dry.

Is it possible for a car to go two or three times as far on a gallon of gasoline? Every so often we see a headline in the paper something like this: "Garage mechanic develops carburetor to give two hundred miles per gallon." Then the story tells how somebody drove from Saskatoon to Winnipeg



THE STEAM CAR:

Will water holes replace gas stations?

or some other place on two or three gallons of gasoline. After the first flurry nothing more is heard about the new wonder and somebody whispers that the "big oil companies" have bought up the patent and shelved it to protect their sales.

This is nonsense. Over the past thirty years I have tested a number of "wonder carburetors" and found that most of them work by atomizing (breaking gasoline up into very small drops) or preheating fuels. By this means it is possible to increase mileage by five or six percent. But the cost and complication usually erase the advantage gained.

How then do such stories get around? Here is an example. A few years ago a scientist whom I know and trust came to me and said, "I have tested this carburetor in my own car and I know for a fact it gives a saving of twenty-five percent." I tested it in our lab motors. It showed a saving of about seven percent. He wasn't satisfied and I agreed to make a check test on his own car.

We took it out for a road test. First I directed that the gas tank be disconnected and a small measuring tank attached to the dashboard. Then we measured off an exact distance on a road that gave us typical driving conditions and drove both ways—with and against the wind. Result: a saving of between five and six percent. If a scientist can make such a mistake, how much easier for a layman.

A businessman who bought two of these revolutionary carburetors stated recently, "They are locked in my vault. We have never been able to make either run, let alone get mileage out of them!"

No, there isn't much chance of saving a great deal of fuel through magic carburetors. Let us look at the other alternatives.

Atomic energy? Personally, I feel it unlikely that atomic energy will *Continued on page 64*

THE PLASTIC CAR:

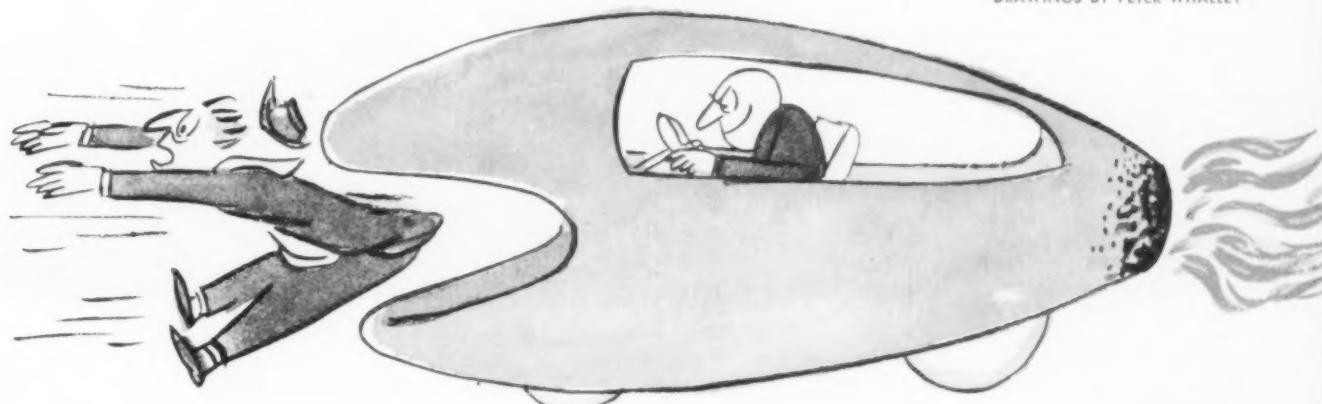
Will auto-necking vanish forever?

synthetic resins and laid in plaster molds. The result is a rust-proof body with all the hardness and gleam of the present metal ones.

These fibrous glass bodies have several other advantages. They can be molded all in one piece, including the floor, and so are not so likely to squeak or rattle. The material will break, of course, if banged hard enough, but will not crack or crumble and can be easily patched. The resins can be tinted to give almost any combination of colors. One plastic expert, considering lampshades made of the

THE JET CAR:

Will our 1000-deg. exhaust roast the man behind?



CURÉ to four millions

No remote religious figurehead,
His Eminence Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger
is a hustling forty-eight-year-old whose nightly broadcasts drowned
Quebec's most popular soap opera,
who can conduct services in Japanese
and who is expected to play a significant role
in a province just latching on to the new industrial revolution

By MCKENZIE PORTER

COLOR PORTRAIT FOR MACLEAN'S BY DESMOND RUSSELL

PAUL-EMILE LEGER is remembered by the friends of his Roman Catholic schooldays as an ailing sensitive boy who was frightened of his own shadow, who was given to inexplicable bouts of weeping, and who was rejected by the Jesuits as too emotional for their stoic priesthood. Today Paul-Emile Léger is one of seventy cardinals responsible for the spiritual guidance and social doctrines of four hundred million Catholics—more than half the world's Christians.

As Archbishop of Montreal, the biggest Catholic archdiocese in the British Commonwealth, and the second biggest on earth, he is a commanding figure at the Vatican and the most powerful religious figure in French-speaking Canada.

Léger, son of a village merchant in Quebec, once looked with awe at the parish priest and regarded the local doctor, notary and banker as the apex of society. Now His Eminence Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger has the ear of Pope Pius XII, is distinguished by his own coat of arms, and at diplomatic functions takes precedence over an ambassador.

The only other cardinal in this country, James McGuigan, who leads the English-speaking Catholics, is senior to Léger in service, but with only one third of the latter's following, and that scattered thinly through Protestant strongholds, cannot be compared in influence.

Léger's executive authority is limited on paper to the one million Catholic laymen, two thousand priests, seven hundred schools, sixty hospitals and one university in the Archdiocese of Montreal. But the prestige of his cardinalate ensures a quick response to his wishes throughout the Province of Quebec or wherever else in Canada French-speaking Catholics, who total four millions, congregate for worship.

The rise and personality of Léger appear to his intimates as almost miraculous. Gone is the pale agitated youth who flunked his Jesuit novitiate. In his place they see a dynamic leader with a husky frame, a thick thatch of frosty hair, a square granite-jawed face, burning eyes with bushy brows and a voice which moves to penitence or

exaltation the scrubwoman and the *grande dame*, the street sweeper and the financier, the actor and the philosopher.

At first the galvanic waving of the arms, the rich diapasons from the vocal chords, seem unbecoming to his rank. Then gradually the listener detects a profundity and economy in the phrases which roll from his lips and recognizes their tempest-tossed delivery as testimony to the white-hot conviction that lies behind them. A few months ago he so exhausted himself by an oration in church that when the service was over he fainted.

When the Pope made Léger Archbishop of Montreal three years ago he was a relatively unknown priest stationed in Rome. When he reached Montreal he hurried secretly into his vast palace behind St. James Cathedral on Dominion Square. A few days later the city found itself possessed of a hornet of zeal and energy.

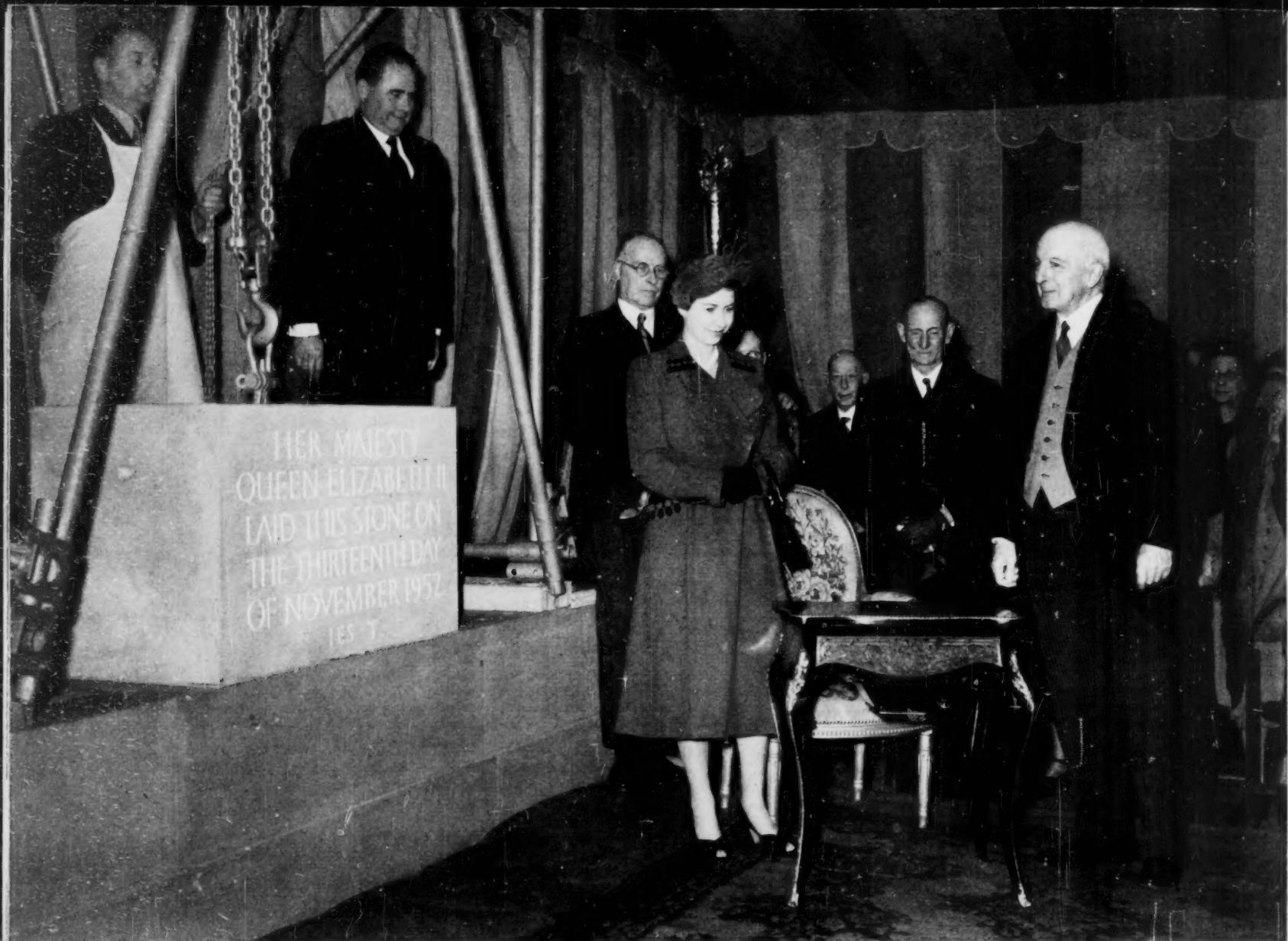
Within a fortnight Léger had met the leaders of every important lay group in the city. Beginning with Mass at six in the morning he was crowding in six to eight engagements a day and afflicting three priestly secretaries with typists' cramp and telephone ear. He started a nightly religious broadcast which drew such a huge following that Quebec's favorite soap opera on a rival radio station had to change times to hold its audience.

Last January Pius XII summoned Léger back to Rome and capped him with the cardinal's red hat, the church's highest honor short of the papacy itself. This time Léger returned to Montreal via New York in the luxurious private railroad car used by the Queen when she toured Canada in 1951. Twenty thousand people, led by Mayor Camillien Houde, met him at the flag-decked station. He was driven in state through thronged floodlit streets to enter his palace past a battery of Press, movie and television cameras.

His elevation to the College of Cardinals astonished Léger no less than it had the Catholic laity. The immediate cause of surprise was the first break with a Canadian tradition which had seated four earlier French-speaking cardinals—Elzéar Taschereau, *Continued on page 70*



His Eminence Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger



This day, it was a foundation stone for the reconstructed Inner Temple, seat of British justice. Chippendale table caught Elizabeth's eye.



THE FAMILY IN THE PALACE

Part five of seven parts

BY PIERRE BERTON

ELIZABETH'S SIXTEEN-HOUR WORKING DAY

Under the painted frowns of her ancestors, amid the atmosphere of dedicated duty that tradition demands, young Elizabeth II puts in an exhausting day on the strange job of being Queen. Here's what she did one drizzling day in November last year

IT IS seven o'clock of a dull, drizzling, terribly English morning in November and London is hardly yet awake. In Lyons Corner House, near Charing Cross, a few early risers are gulping morning coffee with their kippers but few other restaurants are open. The commuter trains are not yet disgorging their human cargoes into the streets and most of the city's white-collar workers are still slumbering in suburban villas. But in a baroque bedchamber at the end of the Mall, a chime is sounding and one executive is already throwing

back the monogrammed sheets. The Queen is preparing to meet her day.

She is sipping tea from a delicate porcelain cup brought to her by her redheaded and taciturn Scots maid, Margaret (Bobo) MacDonald, and she is listening to another MacDonald from the Scots Guards playing the pipes outside her window. By eight o'clock she is ready for the morning ritual of the BBC news, for the mail which comes in on a tray, and for the papers which are all marked for her in advance.

The Queen reads a good deal more than the marked sections. Her own photograph smiles from most of the front pages this morning for she and her sister were at a fashion show at Claridge's the day before and almost all the papers have devoted half of a rationed page of newsprint to this event. The Telegraph reports that she showed "an intense interest" in the designs, the Mail that she "asked detailed questions as to the manufacturing and weaving" and the News Chronicle that she called the convertible skirts "a terribly good idea."



At the same time, the Duke of Edinburgh at Cambridge opened a new building, received an honorary degree. He met his wife at dinner time.

These are not the only royal items. The amount of daily newspaper space devoted to royalty is a measure of its popularity in this first year of the new Queen's reign: an artist named John Napper has been commissioned to paint the Queen's picture and there is a story about him and a photograph of his cat; the Queen's husband has just taken his first flying lesson; the Queen's mother has visited the Middle Temple; the Queen is to lay a cornerstone at the Inner Temple; they are having trouble getting enough troops for the Coronation. The Times has a long editorial about the Queen's speech to parliament; the News Chronicle has thought up an excuse to republish her photograph smiling from the state coach the week before.

By now the Queen is ready for her own coffee and kippers and porridge salted in the Scottish manner. She takes her mail into the dining room where she meets her husband. She gets close to seventy letters a day (plus some sixty packages) and she cannot read them all, but she opens and reads those which are marked in such a way that she knows them to be personal.

The clock on the white Regency mantelpiece has already chimed nine and it is time for the children to meet their parents. They come in, led by their nurse, Helen Lightbody, a Scotswoman of even temperament and twenty-four years' experience, who believes strongly in routine for babies (bed at the same hour each evening, no eating between meals, no cuddling in the middle of the night). Charles bows to his mother, as he has been taught to, and runs to his father. The Queen picks up her daughter Anne, a sunny fair-haired child with a



These Servants Lift Detail From Queen's Shoulders



Helen Lightbody
Royal Nursemaid



Sir Alan Lascelles
Private Secretary



Sir Piers Legh
Master of Household



Lady Alice Egerton
Lady in Waiting

Nurse Lightbody, who is a stickler for routine, looks after a future king and his sister. Lascelles, 65, is known for his discretion. Legh

bosses the army of palace help, is known as "Joey." Self-effacing Lady Alice writes thank-you notes, also arranges dressmakers' appointments.

certain explosiveness of temperament, and begins to talk with her. For the next hour, the Queen and her husband play with their children. Then the day begins. The Queen takes leave of her family (her husband has his own day ahead), then her high heels click-click briefly across the parquet floors to be muffled quickly in the emerald-green rug of her sitting room, which she uses as an office. Here at a massive and ornate Chippendale desk cluttered with family photographs, in and out trays, telephone directories, London street guides and sheafs

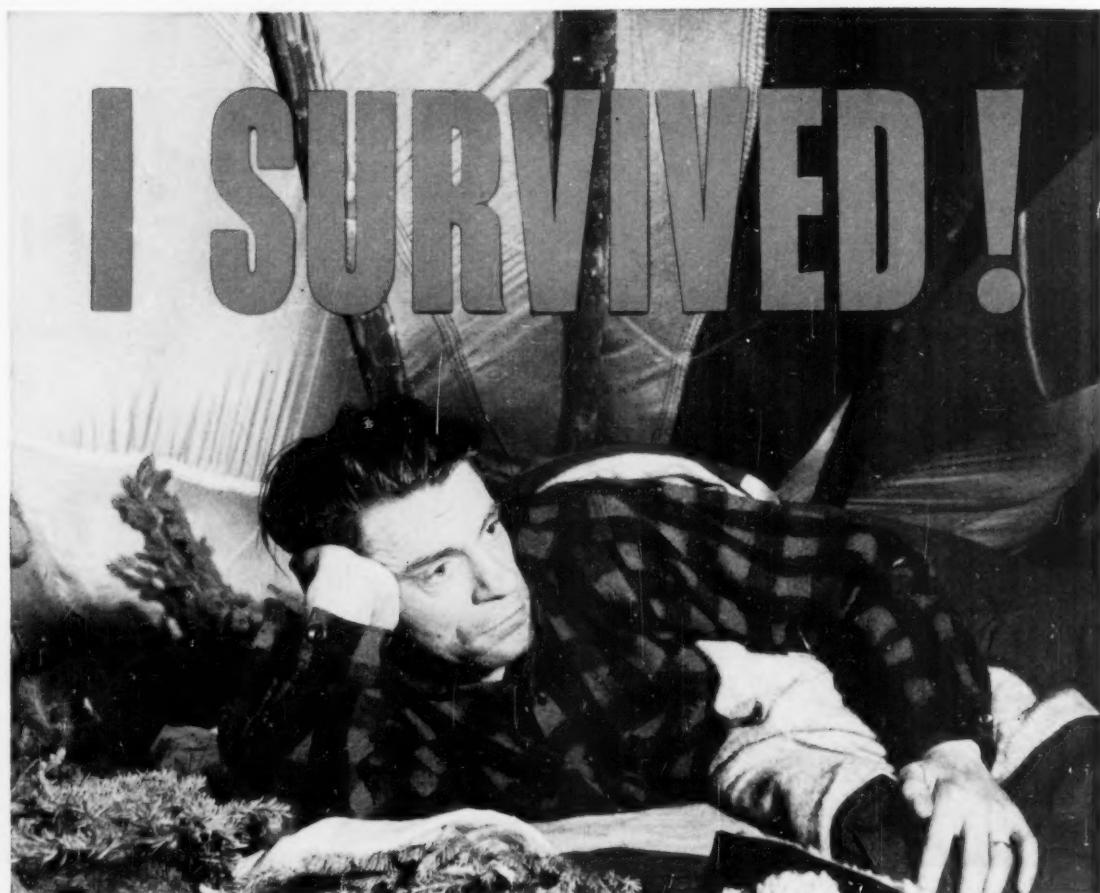
of papers clamped in steel holders, she begins her official day. All around, the eleven members of the family of George III, painted on copper, stare down at her—a slight girl in a business suit who is their lineal descendant.

There now enters a tall, stooped, slightly Edwardian figure in the narrow trousers of another day. This is Sir Alan Lascelles, the Queen's private secretary, who has served the crown for thirty-two of his sixty-five years and whom the president of France once called "the *Continued on page 78*

* **They gave me a pack that weighed a ton . . .**
Told me how to eat grasshoppers, bulrushes and rabbits . . .
Turned me loose in the wilderness in two feet of snow . . . and

BY FRED BODSWORTH

* **How a Maclean's editor took the RCAF winter survival course and, somewhat to his surprise, came back alive**



RCAF PILOTS claim that for talking back to a service policeman you get tossed in the guardhouse for a week, but if you talk back to the commanding officer you get sent to survival school. No one expects you to believe it, but the fiction does reveal how airmen rank the RCAF's two most notorious sources of discomfort and misery. The guardhouse is a poor second to Edmonton's Survival Training School.

As a guest of the RCAF I attended the school and took most of the course to learn how airmen are trained to survive after crash landings in the north. It has been called the toughest two weeks of military training in the world: the students are handed emergency food kits, special clothing, guns and axes, taken into the bush when the snow is two feet deep and the temperature frequently forty below and told, "Okay, now survive."

When I reached Edmonton a classmate whispered: "If you're alive at the end of the course, you've passed." I started lingering hopefully in draughts but failed to contract a disqualifying case of sniffles. On the zero morning I awoke apprehensive at heart but encouragingly healthy of body.

I survived despite the cold, the blisters on my heels and the shocking discovery the third night out that the icicles in the bottom of my sleeping bag were my own toes. For five days, at one point, I survived on a few packages of emergency X rations that would fit in my parka pockets. I slept outdoors when my breath built a white halo of frost around the neck of my sleeping bag. And I discovered to my amazement that the RCAF's winter bush-survival course was actually fun of

a sort, in spite of the discomforts, aches and pains.

I learned that, as part of Canada's stepped-up northern defense preparations, survival training has become a top priority subject in the RCAF. Every flyer is now scheduled to receive three two-week courses on how to fend for himself, for weeks if necessary, if his luck or gas runs out and he has to come down hundreds of miles from the nearest restaurant. The courses cover winter bush survival, summer bush survival and Arctic tundra survival. Survival training's main aim is to save lives, but the RCAF is also convinced it will give Canada better northern flyers by eliminating the fear every city-bred pilot feels when he looks out over his wingtips and sees nothing but forest or tundra reaching from horizon to horizon. From 1948 to the end of 1952 about three hundred and seventy-five airmen a year received the training. The school, reorganized and enlarged, is now graduating two thousand a year.

In my stretch at the school I picked up a lot of bush lore that every Canadian camper, hunter and amateur flyer might wisely tuck away in the back of his head for the day when, lost in the woods, his life might depend on how well he knows the rules of survival.

During the war hundreds of Canadian and U. S. flyers lived through crash landings on the Arctic tundra or in sub-Arctic bush, and then died of exposure and starvation. At least one man in the RCAF knew the majority of these deaths were unnecessary. He was Squadron Leader Scott Alexander, a strapping red-haired bush and Arctic expert who had spent ten years in the far north

as a Mountie and who joined the RCAF in 1942 as an adviser on Arctic problems. Caught once in an Arctic blizzard, Alexander dug a hole in the snow, roofed it with snowblocks, and stuck it out for three days and nights with nothing to eat and only melted snow to drink.

Alexander is officer commanding the Survival Training School and, largely as a result of his urgings, every aircraft flying over uninhabited regions now carries emergency food and equip-



Six inches of new snow fell while Bodsworth slept in this spruce-bough lean-to. Fire thawed him out.

ment. Developments in survival equipment have included some of the postwar period's most ingenious defense research accomplishments. The lifesaving gadgets range from edible and nutritious candles (if you don't need them for light you eat them) to a radio about twice the size of a cigarette package which has a transmitting range of two thousand miles. The radio, recently developed at the Institute of Aviation Medicine, Toronto, will soon be included in every flyer's survival kit. Other items: concentrated and fortified food packets, sleeping bag, a rifle that slides together like a telescope, fish net, waterproofed matches.

The first three days of the course are spent with lectures at Edmonton on hunting, fishing, shelter building and recognition of emergency foods available in the bush. On the fourth day the class is moved by bus to a base camp in the forested foothills one hundred and sixty miles west of Edmonton, where students live in shelters of spruce boughs and parachute silk while more practical training is given. On the ninth day they are issued emergency rations, shoulder their packsacks and trek six or ten miles into the bush for five days of realistic survival living.

I missed most of the first three days' lectures, but attended enough to discover that the instruction is starkly practical and frank to the point of repulsiveness. If your hand freezes accidentally to your axe blade or a piece of metal at fifty below the only way to free it without tearing the flesh may be to urinate on it. A stranded airman's only source of vitamin C may be in the stomach contents of caribou or rabbits he kills. Toasted grasshoppers make a good emergency food, but pick off the legs because they stick in your throat like fishbones. Flight Lieutenant Reg Goodey, the school's chief instructor, a burly ex-Mountie who once spent five days stormbound in an igloo with only a discarded seal head for food, passes on such delectable tips with a face as expressionless as though he were talking about shrimp cocktails at the Chateau Laurier.

The temperature was around zero when the school adjutant, Flying Officer Len Beasleigh, took me to the supply depot to pick up my outfit. "You sleep outside no matter how cold it gets, I suppose?" I asked, trying to make it sound like a routine news-gathering question. He replied: "You'll get a good story. People always like to read about the sufferings of their fellow men."

We entered the supply depot. The corporal in charge tossed me a pair of mukluks, enormous things with black rubber bottoms and waterproofed white nylon tops that looked like water buckets. Then came duffel socks of inch-thick wool felt to wear inside the mukluks, ordinary woolen socks, a red lumberjack shirt, long underwear, mitts, ski cap and parka. The underwear wasn't red and the lining felt like chestnut burrs. They warned me I'd lose ten pounds—apparently the underwear rasps the flesh off. The parka was heavy enough to serve as a mattress.

I got a sleeping bag the equivalent of about six

Living off the land is the key to survival in the far north



Instructor Lorne Woodward demonstrates a bird snare that's made with a spring from a parachute.



Chief Instructor Goodey helps Bodsworth test a fish net made from parachute cord. Catch: nil.



Bodsworth skins his first rabbit. Small game helped expand the meagre emergency rations.



Bodsworth (kneeling, left) learns how to fix a signal fire with green boughs on Wapiti Lake.

down-filled comforters, a packsack big enough to crawl into for a tent, and a saw-toothed hunting knife. Then a mess kit—plate, cup, frying pan and billy can. The vague smell of smoke about them was encouraging, for I gathered that some previous victim had survived to turn his kit back in again.

I dumped everything into the packsack, hitched it onto my back and staggered outside. "Better walk to your hotel," Beasleigh advised, "you'll need all the conditioning you can get." He wished me luck. After half a block the packsack felt as though the supply corporal had crawled inside it when I wasn't looking. I called a cab.

At 5.30 next morning I called the hotel desk to ask what the outdoor temperature was. It was ten below. I took a lingering look at the electric blanket on the bed and pulled on the long underwear, then yanked it off because it felt like smoldering cigarette butts. I tried it again with a pair of soft cotton longies underneath and felt more comfortable. It took me twenty minutes to get into the shirt, trousers, sweaters, lumberjack socks, duffel socks, mukluks, parka, woolen mitts, leather mitts and cap. After all the buttons, snaps, zippers and laces were done up I felt as wide as I was tall. I pushed the sleeping bag and everything else left over into the packsack and stepped into the lobby. Only one person roared with laughter and I felt somewhat relieved. Then I noticed that only the night clerk was there.

At the airmen's mess I did my best to eat enough bacon and eggs to keep the body going eleven days. Outside where the bus waited in the cold predawn it took us ten minutes to load the rations for eight

instructors and five minutes to load the rations for thirty-five of us.

Six hours later the bus stopped at a desolate spot that looked like an ideal site for a secret atomic plant. A lumber trail rutted in the deep snow meandered off through spruce and poplar forest, and a sturdy RCAF power-wagon was there to meet us. The rations were transferred from the bus, then Chief Instructor Goodey said: "Okay boys, the camp's six miles in. Everybody carry his own pack." Then we understood. The power-wagon was for rations and the instructors. We walked.

After half a mile my pack felt as if the supply corporal had crawled into it again. The power-wagon passed us, then stopped ahead, and Goodey looked back at me, shaking his head. I staggered and bent forward under the pack as far as I could without taking a header in the snow. Goodey climbed out and above the thumping of my heart I heard him say: "He'll never make it." He pulled the pack off my back, tossed it onto the power-wagon, climbed back in without a word and drove on. I felt like a blitz victim who had just had a ten-story building dragged off his back. To the other boys, still carrying their packs, I explained that I needed my arms free to take pictures, and began snapping my camera in every direction.

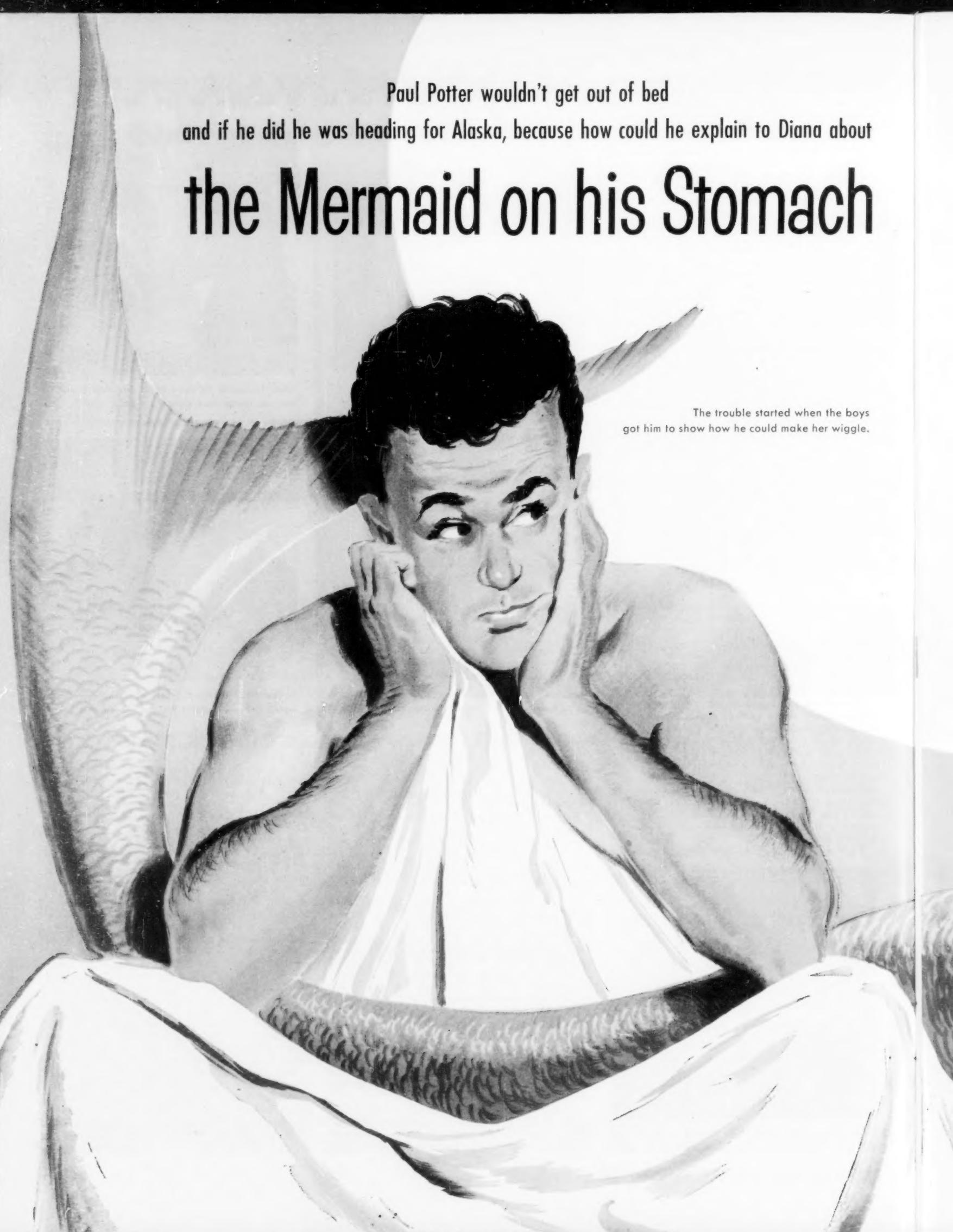
The minutes and my feet dragged along. After three quarters of an hour the sweat was cascading down my chest. I unbuttoned everything that would unbutton and the breeze blew in like an Arctic blizzard. I either had to be too hot or too cold. My feet were burning and my thigh muscles aching. So I told the *Continued on page 45*



Inside base-camp shelter he swiftly switches his clothing. Sweat is dangerous enemy in bitter cold.

Paul Potter wouldn't get out of bed
and if he did he was heading for Alaska, because how could he explain to Diana about

the Mermaid on his Stomach



The trouble started when the boys
got him to show how he could make her wiggle.

IT WAS going to be another scorcher but the sun had not yet driven all the coolness of the night away from the once-fashionable street. After a whistling boy on a bicycle went by it was very quiet. There was the rumble of the city in the background, the rustling of elm trees and an early-morning child on roller skates far up the block. The breeze that blew in through the windows of the big kitchen where Mrs. Webster and Miss Tone sat finishing their after-breakfast coffee was cool and made the curtains sway in, and then out again, at irregular intervals.

Sunlight, passing between red geraniums at the window, fell onto the sink where the boarders' breakfast dishes lay piled high, soaking in hot water; and was reflected upward, making blurred silent ripples and shimmerings on the white ceiling above the table in the centre of the room.

Mrs. Webster sat in an upholstered rocking chair, with foolscap on her knee, writing a short story.

Miss Tone, a mountainous woman, who seemed bigger than she really was because of Mrs. Webster's skinniness, was dressed that morning in white silk and her fair hair was expensively and fashionably waved. She sat, reading the morning paper, in a dentist's chair, once the professional property of the late Mr. Webster and kept at first for sentimental reasons and then, later on, because Miss Tone took a fancy to it. In fifteen years she had become skilled in its operation.

"Listen to this," she said, breaking the silence disobediently. "My horoscope today says, 'Treat strangers kindly. Make no new ventures in love.'" She tittered and, laying down the paper, she raised an immense red arm to push a strand of blond hair up from her amiable face which was still flushed from the making of griddle cakes and sausages in quantity for Mrs. Webster's nine young gentlemen. Diamond rings that Mrs. Webster sometimes suspected were real—because goodness only knew what Miss Tone did with her salary every month—gleamed on her plump white fingers.

Then feet leapt heavily down the front stairs and the front door banged shut with a crash that shook the old house and rattled the blue and white plates and the polished saucepans on the shelves.

"That'll be Mr. Allan," Miss Tone said admiringly. "Mr. Allan and Mr. Potter always jump downstairs instead of walking. They're all gone now except for Mr. Potter. It's funny he's not down yet for his breakfast." She paused to sigh. "He's such a lovely, lovely eater, not one of these picky, choosy dawdlers. It's getting on for nine. He'd best get up or he'll be late for work. Do you suppose he's dead?"

As anyone who has ever written fiction knows, interruptions at any time are intolerable. They were, that morning, particularly hard to bear because Mrs. Webster was rewriting the opening scene of a short story that must be in the mail by eight that night to make the deadline for a story competition. A typist was coming by at half-past twelve to pick it up. Her heroine, sitting in a cow barn at sunset, was oblivious to the approach of a handsome stocky young stranger, with short black very curly hair. His eyes were black and hot and violent and his intentions were dishonorable.

Spot, an obese cocker spaniel, put sharp claws up onto Mrs. Webster's unupholstered knee.

The scene faded away. Mrs. Webster, already distracted by her lack of knowledge of the furnishings of the interior of a cow barn, brushed Spot's innocent and loving feet savagely off her lap, bit the end of her pencil viciously and laid it down on her manuscript; then she lifted the whole thing up and slapped it down on the red tablecloth.

But she spoke gently to Miss Tone because the poor thing was sensitive. She counted ten, calling on God for strength, and asking herself "Who else would put up with such eccentricity?" The answer, of course, was "No one." It was a good thing that poor daft Miss Tone had someone to look after her, to shield her, to be her refuge from a mocking world. But sometimes it seemed too difficult a task; sometimes not even the flattering respect of bank managers and bond salesmen that Miss Tone's highly marketable agility with pots and pans earned for Mrs. Webster seemed sufficient compensation.

The statutory counting finished, she said

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BY R. B. IRVINE

Illustrated by Robert Buckham



MACKENZIE KING and the "REVOLT" OF THE ARMY

A POSTSCRIPT

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

Was King really faced with wholesale resignations of top army brass in 1944 when he changed his mind about conscription? The biographer of The Incredible Canadian now has the answer to this sensational question

IN AN excerpt from Bruce Hutchison's *The Incredible Canadian*, published here last Oct. 15, Maclean's recorded an important, and up to then almost completely unknown, chapter of Canadian history:

The spectre of a "revolt" within the Canadian Army's higher command hung over the deliberations of the late Prime Minister Mackenzie King during the last decisive stages of the conscription crisis of 1944. King, a firm opponent of the overseas draft, called suddenly for the draft on Nov. 22, and induced his divided

cabinet to support him in a reversal of policy which even the cabinet did not fully understand.

In later years King's explanation of his abrupt change of mind was this: his new Defense Minister, General A. G. L. McNaughton, himself an opponent of conscription, had been forced to tell the Prime Minister that unless conscription were put into force the army's upper command would resign.

As he made these disclosures Bruce Hutchison admitted one part of the story was still missing. Had King really been

confronted with the threat of a military sit-down strike, or had he invented the threat to justify his own change of heart and save the government—and possibly the country—from disintegration?

In the article that follows the mystery is at last cleared up. The threat was genuine.

The sources of Hutchison's information, though not the information itself, were confidential. Through other, and also confidential, sources Maclean's has been able to verify the information in all its main particulars.—THE EDITORS.

MACKENZIE KING accepted conscription because he had no alternative except a ruinous series of resignations in the high command of the Canadian Army in Ottawa.

The threat of those resignations has been the best-kept Canadian secret of our time. It has been known to only a handful of men. It is still unknown to most of King's former cabinet colleagues.

When King retired for the night on Nov. 21, 1944, he had endured weeks of turmoil. He had already dismissed Colonel Ralston as minister of defense and replaced him with General McNaughton because Ralston demanded the conscription of the home defense army for overseas service and because McNaughton undertook to secure adequate reinforcements by an appeal for volunteers.

By now McNaughton's appeal patently had failed. Some of the most powerful members of the cabinet—Howe, Crerar, Macdonald, Ilsley and others—were ready to resign immediately if King did not reverse the whole course of his life and policy by invoking conscrip-

tion. Nevertheless, on the night of Nov. 21 King was still determined never to use conscription.

Those who read extracts from my book in this magazine will remember what happened when King rose on the morning of Nov. 22. The story there told is King's own version, given to many confidants but, so far as I know, never given in full.

About noon, according to King, McNaughton telephoned him and in a voice harsh with emotion said: "I have terrible news for you, Chief! What I must tell you will come as a body blow." When he heard McNaughton's news King knew he had to accept conscription.

What was McNaughton's news? In public—for reasons which will be plain in a moment—King said only that McNaughton had realized the impossibility of securing sufficient volunteers in the short time available.

King, on Nov. 22, told only one man what McNaughton had discovered. That man was Louis St. Laurent. Hastily summoned to King's office St. Laurent found the Prime Minister almost beside *Continued on page 57*



Early action at 1952 Grey Cup game at Toronto's Varsity Stadium is provided by Nat (left) and Lou Turofsky with the aid of a suspiciously stagey cop.

By TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTO BY TUROFSKY

THE BIGGEST BROTHER ACT IN PICTURES

With a deadpan nonchalance Lou and Nat Turofsky have turned their cameras on politicians like Winston Churchill, pitchers like Carl Hubbell, high-society weddings and winners at the Woodbine

WHEN the Duchess of Windsor, acclaimed as one of the world's best-dressed women for ten successive years, went fishing with her husband to a remote lodge on the Restigouche River in Quebec in 1944, she sat wearing flat flapping brogues, a plain skirt and a sweater and talked for an hour with Nat Turofsky.

When the Chicago "Black Sox" were blowing the World Series of 1919 to Cincinnati, Hap Felsch and Swede Risberg, two of the players later banned from baseball for life for their part in that crooked series, sat on the Chicago bench in their sock feet and swapped baseball stories with Lou Turofsky.

When George McCullagh became in 1939 the only Canadian race-horse owner ever to accept personally from King George VI the reigning monarch's traditional fifty guineas that go annually to the owner of the King's Plate winner, the picture of the ceremony was made by Nat Turofsky and no other of the fifty-odd cameramen who flocked to Toronto's Woodbine race track on the historic occasion.

Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt sat on a parapet and discussed the future of the world at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec while Lou Turofsky snapped his shutter. When Carl Hubbell, one of baseball's immortal pitchers, was an obscure left-hander with the Toronto Maple Leafs in 1926 Lou took his picture because he felt sorry for the overlooked, solemn pitcher on the eve of the Little World Series. A year later, when a bombastic little fellow named Conn Smythe purchased the Toronto St. Pats hockey team, Nat Turofsky told him to take off his hat while he recorded the event on film.

For forty-three years the Turofsky brothers, Lou, sixty-one, and Nat, fifty-seven, have operated a unique photography business in Toronto called the Alexandra Studios where today are filed more than one million negatives of events great and small. The Turofskys have taken *Continued on page 39*

THE DAY I RAN AWAY



EVERY TIME strange-shaped children waddle up my walk with stacks of comic books under their arms, look right through me, disappear into a bedroom, close all the windows, pull down the shades, silently distribute the stuff like junior Communists, and lie there reading with joyless concentration, I end up hollering, "Doesn't anybody ever *laugh* at those things?" and trying frantically to draw their attention to clouds, jets, cops, big dogs and the great outdoors. The kids look at me coldly, sniff, and go on reading, and it always reminds me of the gulf that lies between children and adults and how little the world has changed since the day I ran away.

In my day it wasn't comic books, it was books about wild animals. And I mean *wild* animals. I used to tell about them at supper.

"So then Slobber Jowls the Grizzly," I'd say, "slunk under Flathorns the Moose and disemboweled him."

My father would put a piece of rare roast beef back on his plate, look imploringly at my mother and say, "Confound it, can't we have *one* meal without something having its stomach torn open?"

"What's the matter with that?" I'd say, round-eyed with surprise. "I'll bet you'd try to disembowel a moose if you had your throat torn open and a flap of your lung hanging—."

"Stop it!" my mother would say. "Do you want to make us all sick? Why can't you try to be like Horace Treadwhistle and read poems, like the Wreck of the *Hesperus*?"

Horace, of course, had about as much appeal to me as a visit to a demonstration of batik work. He always led his class, dressed neatly, answered adults solemnly with a little frown of concentration and laughed as if he'd got some milkweed seed stuck in his nose. He was a long way from my ideal, a kid named Pickles McGuire who was always spitting through his front teeth without the slightest change of expression, which was always one of bland cynicism. He was, as far as I know, the inventor of streamlining. He used to pin the top of his peak cap down to the leading edge, hold his head down and his arms in tight to his sides to cut down air resistance, and move from the hips down, starting off suddenly, as if his legs had thought up where he was going all by themselves.

Anyway, all this criticism of Nature in the Raw struck me simply as further evidence that my parents had missed the boat somewhere and had to live in a house and never got in fights with Indians.

"You're just sore because you're not a trapper," I yelled at my father, with a flushed face, dancing from the table, out the door and onto the lawn in imitation of another pal of mine, a sweet-faced little cherub named Herb who gave his parents more lip than any kid in the block. What I overlooked was that Herb could run like a gazelle and that his father was a wheezy unwieldy man with bent arms and short legs, whereas my father was built like a pole vaulter. He caught me in centre field and punted me in the seat of my little plus fours and batted me like a fly at the same time. He had big calloused hands that felt like warm boxing gloves. Also it hurt my dignity to be momentarily squeezed together like an accordion, and so I decided to run away.

I talked the rest of the gang into it, a tall thin lazy boy with the posture of a pelican, named Art, who, whenever his father started trying to talk some sense into him, used to release the inner tension by picking up a stick and plodding around the back yard with it, his hands cupped to his mouth, calling in a high, tremulous voice, "A-a-a-ron! A-a-a-a-ron!" until his old man would start throwing rocks at him.

We decided we were going to make for the bush, a ravine that ran through the city and, as far as we knew, went right to the north pole. We spent about fifty percent of our lives there anyway, hiking off to it whenever we got the chance with enough of our mothers' cooking utensils hanging from our

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

belts to camp out in Labrador for a month. The other fifty percent of the time our mothers would catch us before we got away.

I still have a very clear recollection of my mother bringing me back up the alleyway by the ear, saying in a peculiar singsong, "Now — you — just — waltz — yourself — back — to — those — ashes — my — fine — handsome — young — fellow," me with my shoulder raised to lessen the pressure and all my little billy tins and frying pans jingling at my belt.

But this time we were going to the bush for good, and it took quite a bit of preparation. We started gathering supplies: forks, plates and clothing, and each night sneaking them into a sort of secret cave of ours, a cross between a tent and a coal bin down behind our furnace, made of old rugs draped from a rack of my father's loose lumber. We were usually accompanied by my two Boston bulls, Pat and Peggy, who were mother and daughter and hated one another with feminine thoroughness and used to get into some of the most hair-raising fights I've ever seen.

Three days before the Friday night we were going to take off we pooled our money and bought our meat rations, some liver, from our butcher, a Mr. Thompson, a man with a flaming red face about a foot wide and an ink-black mustache and the fiercest look I have ever seen on a human. When we boys would come in for our mothers' orders he'd fix us with a horrible glare, march up to a rack, take down a knife about three feet long and start honing it, never taking his eyes off us until we were quivering in ecstasy. Then he'd advance on us and bring the knife down flat on the meat block with a slap that would make us all jump like cups on a table. Mr. Thompson, who occasionally used to deliver his own orders on his way home from the store, had another trick when some woman came in asking if her rump roast was ready, of turning to his assistant and bellowing, "Percy, *Continued on page 76*

**Bob was once an intrepid trapper
and when his folks couldn't get that
through their thick skulls
he decided to head for the bush.
Trouble was, it got dark**

The drain exploded like Old Faithful, the kids jumped from the tent for dry land, the two dogs fought — it was more fun than ringing doorbells.



The Cursed Stones of Louisbourg

By David MacDonald

Across the desolate ruins of what was North America's gayest and most important city blow the healing breezes of Cape Breton — but they cannot blow away the memories of death and lost causes that still lurk among the rusted cannon

NTHE bitter days of the struggle between France and Britain for the New World two centuries ago the most valuable piece of real estate in America was a misty mile-long point of land poking out into the Atlantic off the southeast coast of Cape Breton Island. On it stood the gay glittering French city of Louisbourg, surrounded by mighty walls and an aura of invincibility. More important than New York, Boston or Quebec City, more populous than any place in Canada, it was the key to conquest of North America.

It was a proud fortress, a lusty city of intrigue

where the elegance of the old world combined with the rough vigorous life of the new. Its people were noblemen and rogues, veiled nuns and pompadoured camp followers, rum-loving soldiers and Parisian courtesans in powdered wigs. Young officers and their ladies danced minuets in its magnificent citadel, the Chateau St. Louis, while in the darkened streets below painted Indians rubbed shoulders with swashbuckling pirates.

The world has known nothing quite like Louisbourg. The suffering taxpayers of France poured so much money into its massive fortifications that their king, Louis XV, once said he expected to

look out his bedroom window one morning to see its far-off walls and spires rising over the horizon.

Its oval harbor, cutting into the jagged coastline against a backdrop of rolling highlands, sheltered the square-rigged trading ships and privateers that brought the wealth of two continents to its wharves.

Louisbourg's role in the changing history of America was brief, momentous and uncommonly tragic. In the space of a single generation it shuddered and fell under two sieges, several mutinies and a devastating plague. It was also responsible for one of the world's worst naval disasters. The price of this mean and vital spit of land that two world powers wanted—but hated—was an incredible sum of suffering and bloodshed. It was paid many times over.

The twenty thousand tourists who visit Louisbourg every year find it hard to picture it as it was. For today the site of the old fort is probably the lonesomest spot in Canada. White-topped waves drum a mournful tattoo against its stark shore and a thick fog hangs over the land like a shroud. It has the approximate charm of a graveyard, which, in part, it is.

For years the ancient city was left to decay. Herds of sheep grazed quietly in its forgotten ruins and restless ghosts were reported moaning at night. The author of a travel book took one look at it, cringed and wrote: "The gloomiest spectacle the sight of man can dwell upon is this desolate but once populous abode of humanity. Egypt itself is cheerful compared with Louisbourg."

Today a single building, a museum housing the relics of Louisbourg's past, stands out on the bleak point, like something left behind. All around it are the vague outlines of what Louisbourg used to be, the excavated foundations of great buildings, shapeless piles of rubble where once stood towering ramparts, and the shallow graves of its dead.

The present-day Louisbourg, a mile across the harbor from the old site, stretches along the waterfront on both sides of a rutty Main Street, once advertised in the Sydney Post-Record as "the worst road in the Dominion of Canada." Set back from the road at the western end of town is the rectory of a small Roman Catholic church. Behind it, a stone's throw from the site of a great French



"Two and a half miles of walls girdled the town . . . inside it was complete in every way." Scale model of Louisbourg at the height of its power is displayed in the museum on the site today.



The Louisbourg of today, across the harbor from the ruined fort, is little concerned with the violent history of its namesake. A large new fish-processing plant is sparking a local boom.

gun battery, the laundry of the Rev. Michael MacSween snaps in the breeze.

In the harbor billowing sailing ships have given way to squat trawlers trudging in from the teeming Newfoundland banks and to grimy coal-carriers heading out.

The eleven hundred inhabitants of Louisbourg (its population hasn't changed in fifty years) maintain a casual indifference to the history that is all around them. The story is told of an American tourist who asked a citizen of today's Louisbourg for directions to the fort. He got the reply, "What fort?"

In fact Louisbourg's only authority on itself is Melvin Sanford Huntington, a seventy-seven-year-old storekeeper. Huntington was mayor of the town for twenty years.

"Now you take James Townsend," he will say, as if Townsend had just come in the door. "He was one of the original settlers here, he was. Got a grant of land after the second capture and stayed on. One time you could walk down the street here and call everyone Townsend and be right most of the time. Good man, Townsend."

The chief reason why Louisbourg hasn't had time for the past is that it has been too busy trying to find a future. It tried its hand at shipping, fishing and naval refitting, with only brief success. At one point even the board of trade went out of

business. A newspaperman remarked, "The last time anything happened here was when Wolfe left for Quebec. And who could blame him?"

Lately things have been changing. Soon after World War II a group of citizens, men like Tom Wong, who runs a café, Gordon Cameron, a trainman, Allister McDonald, the druggist, and fisherman Bert Wilcox, got together and formed the Louisbourg Development Company. They collected four thousand dollars, bought a piece of waterfront and turned it over to the Nova Scotia government. The government went fishing for an industry for Louisbourg and landed a five-million-dollar whopper. Last summer, on the site provided for them, National Sea Products, of Halifax, and Gorton-Pew, of Gloucester, Mass., opened the biggest and most modern fish-processing plant on the Atlantic seaboard. The town's only sizeable full-time industry, it employs more than two hundred men and women and pays them four hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year.

Slowly the town is coming to life. The people have gone in hock for close to half a million dollars for water and sewage systems and paving. Houses are being painted for the first time in years. Louisbourg will get its first theatre this year and is talking of a forty-thousand-dollar hospital.

The man behind it all is George Lewis, the town's mayor and leading merchant. He is a jaunty



Mayor George Lewis, biggest merchant, set plans rolling which promise a new prosperity to port.

five-eight, wears bow ties, glasses and a boyish crew cut. It was Lewis who suggested that Louisbourg, the closest port on the Canadian mainland to the Newfoundland banks, should get into the fresh-fish business in a big way. He organized the Development Company and became its president.

"Almost everyone was in on it," he says. "We just pulled Louisbourg up by its own bootstraps."

Two years ago during a minor controversy over the spelling of Louisbourg (urg or ourg) someone suggested, "Call it Lewisburg—they run it anyway." He wasn't far off. The first mayor of the town was William Lewis, George's sea-captain father who once made national headlines by deliberately snubbing the Governor-General, the Earl of Minto, on a fish wharf. Because Minto went to the Louisbourg ruins as guest of a local clergyman rather than of the town, William Lewis called off the official welcome. When the two came face-to-face later on a pier Lewis turned his back on the vice-regal caller.

Today's Mayor, George Lewis, and his brother Bill, also a Development Company member, run the biggest store in town. Another brother, Earl, is assistant manager of the Gorton-Pew plant and a former town councilor. Chief of the volunteer fire department is Harvey Lewis, the mayor's son.

Most of the remaining positions in the town used to be held by Dan

Continued on page 33



The French taxpayers spent so much money on Louisbourg that Louis XV expected to see its spires rising over the horizon. This artist's view is dated 1731.

THE TOUGH



George Burnstein, of Montreal, a towering two-hundred-pound dumbbell enthusiast, is also George London, the matinee idol of the Met who leavens his repertoire with items like Home on the Range

By CLYDE GILMOUR

GEORGE LONDON, the Canadian-born bass-baritone of New York's Metropolitan Opera, is a large young man with a cheerful air, a robust sense of humor, and the kind of laugh that rattles the crockery. A musical celebrity on both sides of the Atlantic, he receives more fan mail than many a movie actor. Both customers and critics are solidly in his corner. A reviewer for the Vienna *Tageszeitung* once asserted that London's voice was "capable of restoring one's health." A few weeks ago, after London became the first non-European to sing the tremendously difficult title role in *Boris Godunov* at the Met, Virgil Thomson, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, wrote that although the voice was still "a bit light" for Moussorgsky's doom-haunted Russian czar, "his vocal line is always of the most distinguished now



Back in Vancouver recently — he starred there in *Theatre Under the Stars* in 1944 — London greets Thora Anders. He once used her to batter open a warped door. At left: As *Boris Godunov*, London hit the peak of his career at the Met.

GUY OF THE OPERA

available anywhere on the stage, and his dramatic skill and temperament are far above current operatic standards."

Although he is outwardly serene, London's personality and career are filled with ironies and contradictions.

He refuses to include in his concert programs hoary encore-type favorites like *Trees*, *The Rosary* and *Short'nin' Bread*. To him, they represent trashy sentimentality. Yet he admires and often sings the equally familiar *Ol' Man River*. In the bathtub and at parties he likes to sing corny cowboy ditties as nasally as any cactus crooner.

Most operatic big-leaguers begin humbly; their conceit, if any, develops later. London, who had a swelled head when he was nobody, got over it and today seems remarkably free of vanity.

His fee for a single concert has risen in five years from three hundred to fifteen hundred dollars and his annual gross income now exceeds forty-five thousand dollars. Yet it's only a few years since he was singing gooey ballads at ice carnivals, and tap dancing to turn a buck.

London was born George Burnstein in Montreal in 1921 and lived there fourteen years before moving to California. His father came from Lithuania and his mother from Poland, and they now live in Hollywood. The new name, which he bestowed on himself, has a tweedy British flavor but is borrowed from an American—Jack London, his favorite boyhood author. Although he is now a citizen of the United States, his musical fame was first established in Germany, Italy and Scotland. His "home" nowadays, if he has any at all, is in Vienna, which makes him at least partly a European.

Even his appearance is misleading. When he was only twenty-three, in 1944, as the swash-buckling "imported male lead" in Vancouver's

Theatre Under the Stars operettas, most people thought he was in his thirties. A city-slicker mustache, which he privately thickened and darkened with a charcoal pencil, fostered the illusion. Nowadays, still a bachelor at thirty-two, he looks like a man in his mid-twenties.

Although he has not yet reached his peak vocally or artistically, London is established as a big name in opera, concerts, radio, and recordings. Yet he still lifts his strong dark-chocolate voice in song in the midst of casual conversations—a traditional mark of the callow amateur. Paradoxically, he has rejected several of the most tempting offers in recent operatic history because he didn't feel ready to do the roles justice. London's buoyant manner makes him seem carefree, yet he has planned every step of his career with the canny caution of a bank president mapping a long-range program of investments.

Only Dumbbells Could Steal Some

On the concert platform, standing in the curve of his accompanist's grand piano, he is an impressive figure. His height is six feet, two inches; his weight, two hundred pounds. His thick lips and his large brown eyes are mobile and expressive. His hair is a black mane, although he keeps it neatly barbered in the non-Bohemian mode. His waist is lean, in spite of a sweet tooth for sugar and pastry. His movements are those of a heavyweight athlete in good condition. For this he gives partial credit to the gymnasium weights and dumbbells he takes with him on his travels for regular hotel-room workouts.

His interest in calisthenics dates back to the season of 1947-48 when he toured North America with Hollywood tenor Mario Lanza and soprano Frances Yeend, soprano. London and the plump Lanza

exercised like mad at every opportunity. They carried their equipment in an extra-strength handbag which indignant redcaps and bellhops could hardly lift. The weights were stolen once between trains in Chicago, presumably by someone who imagined the satchel contained gold bullion.

As a singer London is a hard man to pin down with a single label. He is neither a bass nor a baritone, but both rolled into one. In full voice he can sing down to a low D, which is in the basso profundo territory, and up to a high A-flat, which many a tenor doesn't find too easy. In falsetto, just for the fun of it, he can duplicate the coloratura cadenzas recorded forty years ago by soprano Luisa Tetrazzini in the Mad Scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor*; in fact, he once taught them, trill by trill, to a grateful feminine colleague of the Vienna Opera.

In opera London is aided by a flair for languages. Besides English, he is adept at French, German, and Italian. His knowledge of Russian is meagre, but he sings in that tongue so accurately that he was once embarrassed by a swarm of Slavic congratulators who rushed backstage in Vienna and began chattering at him in the language of *Boris Godunov*.

His boyish appearance and his still-recent rise to prominence make many people believe success has come easily to him. On the contrary, he is a perfectionist who has toiled like a galley slave, undaunted by reversals and disappointments, ever since he decided at sixteen that he wanted to become an opera star.

His job in opera is one of the most demanding in the world. It requires a combination of voice, musicianship, histrionic skill, imposing appearance, a scholar's knowledge of languages, a quick and dependable memory, a magnetic personality, and the true trouper's ability. *Continued on next page*



At nineteen, London (then George Burnstein) was in *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Girl is Virginia Card.



At a reception following his Met debut in 1951 muscular London towers over his parents, who once ran a Montreal millinery. Popular in Europe, he now regards Vienna as his home.

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

ANGEL FACE: Some excellent acting in the minor roles helps to redeem this lurid melodrama from total stagnation. It's about a beautiful but deranged murderer (Jean Simmons), her uneasy chauffeur-lover (Robert Mitchum), and her lawyer (Leon Ames).

CITY BENEATH THE SEA: Routine pulp-fiction mixture of sex and underwater heroics, spiced by a bit of humor. Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn are the daredevil divers, and Mala Powers and Suzan Ball are the gals who keep them tantalized.

THE CLOWN: A modernized remake — not too maudlin but still a contrived tearjerker — of a 1931 picture called *The Champ*, which starred Wallace Beery as a has-been boxer and Jackie Cooper as his manly little son. This time Red Skelton (as a broken-down comedian) and Tim Considine are involved.

CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE: Humorist Max Shulman wrote this engaging little comedy. It has to do with a poor professor (Van Johnson), his hungry and pregnant wife (Janet Leigh), and the blundering efforts of his cattle-baron father (Louis Calhern) to fatten their larder without hurting their pride.

DESTINATION GOBI: Richard Widmark and other embarrassed sailors, trapped on the Mongolian desert and fighting off the Japanese, in a mildly amusing war yarn. Casey Adams' forthright pursuit of a native belle (Judy Dunn) is good for several chuckles.

I CONFESS: Largely filmed in lovely Quebec City, this newest suspense item from director Alfred Hitchcock is occasionally slow and garrulous but a pretty absorbing movie in spite of that. Montgomery Clift is a priest who hears a murderer's confession and then is himself accused of the unsolved crime. Anne Baxter is his long-ago sweetheart, and Karl Malden superbly portrays an intelligent detective.

LAST OF THE COMANCHES: A fair run-of-the-range western in spite of its corny title. Broderick Crawford fights the redskins.

THE MAGNETIC MONSTER: An impersonal new "element" threatens to devour the world in this science-fiction thriller, which is neither the best nor the worst in its special category.

MOULIN ROUGE: The best-ever Technicolor and some wonderfully atmospheric scenes of sinful Paris in the 1890s make John Huston's new film a "must" for choosy customers. José Ferrer, in my opinion, doesn't quite penetrate the character of the stunted artist, Toulouse-Lautrec, but Colette Marchand is unforgettable as a lady-of-the-streets, the frowsiest of his numerous *objets d'amour*.



Janet Leigh and Louis Calhern in new comedy. Quebec-made suspense movie stars Monty Clift, Anne Baxter, snare Robert Mitchum.

Gilmour Rates

Above and Beyond: Drama. Good.

The Bad and the Beautiful: Movieland comedy-drama. Good.

Battle Circus: Love and war. Fair.

Bear Country: Nature short. Excellent.

Blackbeard, the Pirate: Sea-action mel-

lerdrammer. Fair.

Breaking the Sound Barrier: Jet-pilot aviation thriller. Excellent.

Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.

Desperate Search: Drama. Fair.

Girls in the Night: Drama. Fair.

Gunsmoke: Western. Fair.

Hans Christian Andersen: Danny Kaye in fairy-tale musical. Good.

High Noon: Western drama. Tops.

Home at Seven: Suspense. Fair.

The Jazz Singer: Musical. Fair.

The Naked Spur: Western. Good.

Never Wave at a WAC: Comedy. Fair.

Niagara: Sexy melodrama. Good.

Off Limits: Army comedy. Good.

Park Row: Press drama. Fair.

Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.

Ruby Gentry: Sexy melodrama. Fair.

She's Back on Broadway: Show-business musical. Poor.

Stolen Face: Drama. Poor.

The Stooge: Martin & Lewis. Fair.

Stop, You're Killing Me: Comedy. Fair.

Taxi: Manhattan comedy. Good.

Thief of Venice: Drama. Fair.

Thunder in the East: Drama. Poor.

Tonight We Sing: Musical. Good.

Top Secret: British spy farce. Good.

Treasure of the Golden Condor: Costume adventure drama. Fair.

The War of the Worlds: Science-fiction thriller. Tops.

Washington Story: Comedy. Fair.

Without Warning: Suspense. Fair.

The Tough Guy of the Opera

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

to think rapidly in an emergency. His acting must be an honestly felt and intellectually planned portrayal of a real character, not the arm-waving and eye-rolling that used to pass for acting in opera. All the while, he must integrate every syllable of his acting and singing into the ever-changing mood and tempo of a complex orchestral score. Moreover, he must constantly keep one eye on the guiding hands or baton of the conductor, the active musical boss of the entire production.

London is such a compelling actor that he was invited last year to play Othello, not the lead in the Verdi opera (which is for tenor, not bass or baritone) but the tragic Moor in the original Shakespeare drama, a role containing not a note of music. London, though flattered, declined the offer.

George was the only child of Louis and Bertha Burnstein who owned the Ma Belle Hat Company in Montreal. At the age of two he fell in love with the family phonograph and by the time he was four or five, his father remembers, the boy would sit for hours listening to Caruso, Farrar and Scotti. George flopped at his piano lessons, but became proficient at basketball, skating and swimming.

In 1935 the family moved to California and, at Hollywood High School, future movie queens Lana Turner and Alexis Smith were among George's fellow students. George was too shy and too broke to run around with dream girls. Besides, he had something else on his mind — his voice, which had exploded overnight into a booming bass.

He auditioned for the male lead in a school production of *Sweethearts*, the Victor Herbert operetta, but barely qualified for the chorus. "My voice," London says, "was big but unmanageable, and I was the clumsiest oaf who ever stumbled before the footlights. I had two left legs, and four thumbs on each hand."

At Los Angeles City College he studied theory and harmony, learned to read music, sweated over several languages, and took a special course in sight singing. Dr. Hugo Strelitzer, chief of the college's opera workshop, coached him privately.

"George came to me," Strelitzer said recently, "like a dry sponge, ready to absorb knowledge and inspiration. Nothing on earth could have shaken that boy's determination."

At seventeen, he earned his first money as a singer — forty dollars a week. This was a nighttime job in the chorus of an eight-week Los Angeles run of *Countess Maritza*. Soon afterward, able to afford more tuition, the big skinny Burnstein kid barged in on a concert baritone named Nathan Stewart and pleaded for a few professional pointers.

"The first thing I knew, I was in the teaching business," says Stewart, who had never taken pupils until then.

George was so hard up that he used to hitchhike across Los Angeles instead of riding on the buses. One day, a few minutes after he had finished his lesson and gone, he staggered back into Stewart's house, his forehead gashed and bleeding. His explanation: he had started singing on the sidewalk, closed his eyes in a spasm of operatic fervor, and smacked into a telephone pole.

London made his debut as a soloist on Christmas night in 1939 in a small

role in Rudolf Friml's *The Vagabond King*. By this time he had changed his name to Burnson.

"I sang my head off all over town," London says in describing the next few years. "No place in L. A. was safe from me. I sang at weddings, banquets, smokers, conventions, and as a member of the Hollywood Bowl chorus. I was one of four professional soloists in the choir of Wilshire Christian Church. They paid me fifteen dollars a sabbath."

In 1940 he landed an obscure part in *Meet the People*, a touring revue. Soon he was not only singing but performing in skits and sketches, and doing occasional tap dances in the ensemble. His weekly salary climbed to sixty dollars and he sent money home every week. When he was suddenly dropped from the show because the company had a "prior commitment" with another baritone, he invaded New York alone. "After knocking on agents' doors for a few weeks," he says, "I glumly returned to L. A., a failure at nineteen."

He started in again with the American Music Theatre of Los Angeles, which presented operas in English. London learned a lot from the late George Houston, a leading spirit in the group. Houston taught him how to jump up on a table gracefully, how to wear a cape, how to handle a sword without looking too stupid, how to sing properly while sitting or lying down or even running, how to watch the conductor's beat while appearing to be gazing spellbound into the eyes of a soprano who is also pretending to be consumed with passion. Most important of all, Houston forced him to "get the words across" with maximum clarity.

Smiles for a "Silly Ass"

London was pocketing an occasional twenty dollars for a day's work on the Hollywood movie lots, where he recorded "dub-ins" for actors who couldn't sing.

In 1942 he toured in a quartet with the Ice Follies. "We were so cold while working," London remembers, "that we had to sing in our overcoats."

All the while, his voice was developing in range, color and flexibility. In 1943 he sang one of the lesser roles in Verdi's *Rigoletto* with the San Francisco Opera Company. This was the beginning of his friendship with tenor Jan Peerce. "George impressed me as being a very gifted, very solid young fellow," Peerce said recently. "I remember thinking, 'They won't ever turn this boy's head with a lot of flattery.'"

Ironically, the modest bass-baritone soon afterward surrendered briefly to what he himself now calls "a siege of silly-ass vanity." He was engaged for the summer of 1944 to play leading roles in three operettas at *Theatre Under the Stars*, Vancouver's popular open-air bowl in Stanley Park. His name glittered on the billboards. He dwelt in comparative splendor in Hotel Vancouver, and the elevator girls gave him their most dazzling smiles.

"I'm afraid I took myself pretty seriously that summer," London acknowledges wryly. "When I went out walking around English Bay on a Sunday afternoon I must have presented quite a picture. I wore a single-breasted navy-blue suit with vest, Oxford-grey herringbone tweed coat, two-tone imported English shirt, a sincere conservative tie, kid gloves, royal-blue bowler, and black shoes you could see your face in at fifteen paces. I was the star of the operetta, and I wanted everybody to know it."

Some of his Vancouver colleagues in

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those days considered his acting too flamboyant but liked him personally and admired him as a resourceful trouper. Comedian Barney Potts tells of the night in New Moon when a rain-warped stage door refused to open for London, an impatient lover carrying his bride into their honeymoon cottage. While the audience tittered nervously, the ardent hero stepped back and kicked the door. It still wouldn't budge. Then he took a firmer grasp of his delicate swooning sweetheart and briskly used her hips as a battering ram to open the stubborn portal.

After the Vancouver experience, the tempo of his career quickened. A 1945 cross-country tour in *The Desert Song* led to an audition with Columbia Artists Management Inc., who signed him up as a concert attraction. He was twenty-five when he gave his first solo concert, in the Iowa town of Estherville (population, four thousand). Soon he changed his name again after "George London" popped into his head one day while walking in New York with Mario Lanza. Then Columbia sent him and Lanza and soprano Frances Yeend on tour as the Bel Canto Trio.

Even in those happy-go-lucky days Lanza showed flashes of the temperament that later embroiled him with his studio bosses in Hollywood. He refused to enter an airplane, for example; and when London and Miss Yeend told him the trio would have to fly to keep their engagements in Newfoundland Lanza vanished. London and Frances Yeend went to the island without him.

London never ceased studying—polishing his languages, learning whole operas and hundreds of separate songs and arias, boning up on general musical knowledge. For a while he coached with Enrico Rosati, an Italian who had numbered tenor Beniamino Gigli among his pupils. Later he switched to his present teacher, Russian-born *Mme. Paola Novikova*. He absorbed further practical operatic experience in local productions from New Orleans to California.

His preparations were typically thorough. In learning the part of Escamillo, the toreador in *Carmen*, London took lessons from a Spanish ballet-master so

that he would know how to handle himself like a real bullfighter. The average Escamillo, a Mexican friend had once sardonically informed him, "would be gored to death in a few minutes if he ever stepped into the arena."

By now London was hungrily eyeing the Metropolitan. The Met, however, usually imposes a long and obscure apprenticeship on home-grown talent. London decided he would try to make the Met come to him by going to Europe and building a reputation there.

A New York accompanist named Leo Taubman, who admired his singing, helped him on his way. Taubman's brother, Martin, was an artists' manager in Vienna. Letters and telegrams between the Taubmans criss-crossed the Atlantic and, in 1949, London sailed from New York to seek his operatic fortune. Martin Taubman met him in Paris, heard him sing, and suggested a short train trip to Brussels where the great Vienna State Opera would be on tour a day or two later.

In the Belgian capital, conductor Karl Böhm paused wearily after a day of rehearsals and granted London an audition. The visitor sang, in Russian, I have Attained the Highest Power, the obsessed czar's famous monologue from *Boris Godunov*—a role London had coveted ever since his college days in Hollywood. Soon after he started to sing the artists of the Vienna Opera trooped silently back into the hall and listened, and cheered and clapped when the great aria was over. London doesn't expect he'll ever receive a finer compliment.

By noon next day he had a Vienna contract in his pocket. Three months later, after triumphs in *Aida*, *Prince Igor*, *Tales of Hoffmann*, and *Boris Godunov*, London was mentioned in a dispatch to the New York Times as "the darling of the Viennese bobby-soxers." Even his private life contributed to his artistic development: he fell in love with an Austrian soprano—who helped him complete his mastery of conversational German. His first solo concert in Vienna was sold out even before the placards were posted.

Since then he has triumphed at Munich and Milan, at the Edinburgh Festival in Britain, the Salzburg Festival in Austria, and at Bayreuth,



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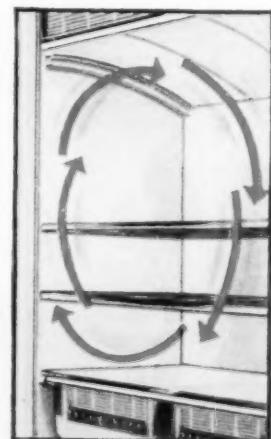
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the Bavarian shrine dedicated to the memory of Richard Wagner. Wieland Wagner, one of the composer's grandsons, offered London the majestic role of Wotan, the chief of the gods in the four-opera Ring cycle. London turned it down. He preferred to wait—wisely, he still believes—until he felt able to cope with Wotan's massive challenge.

It wasn't long before the Met beckoned. General manager Rudolf Bing heard George in Vienna, and London made his Met debut in November, 1951, as Amonasro, King of Ethiopia, in Aida.

The former Montreal schoolboy has gone a long way since he was the dude of the Vancouver operettas. Opera houses all over Europe want his services. This year's spring road-tour by the Met, which includes performances in Toronto and Montreal, should further establish his renown.

On the day of a concert London stays in bed until almost noon. In the early afternoon he visits the auditorium with his accompanist. Methodically, he checks the lighting setup, the dressing-room facilities, and the stage arrangements, especially the position of the piano. Then he tests the hall's

HERE LIES

I rationalize to myself to disguise
My failings, so they won't disgust me;
But I've gotten so glib with each
subjective fib
That I'm no longer able to trust me!

TOM TALMAN

acoustics and warms up his voice by vocalizing for about fifteen minutes. The presence of janitors and the slamming of doors never bother him.

After the workout he returns to his hotel and does some reading, or writes a few letters. Around three o'clock he goes to bed again and sleeps soundly for a couple of hours. Taking his time about getting up, he orders dinner—steak, big salad, perhaps a baked potato, and clear tea with lemon. He eats this alone in his room; he doesn't want to talk with anyone until later. Because haste and anxiety at such a time are upsetting to him, he makes a point of reaching the hall at least thirty minutes before the concert. A bit more vocalizing in his dressing room, and George London is ready for public duty.

A vehement man in an argument, London jumps up and strides and bellows when he talks about the "criminals" and "charlatans" who, he says, often masquerade as singing teachers. He believes incompetent teachers are destroying thousands of promising voices and should be required by law to prove their professional competence to the satisfaction of a board of experts.

London is sulphuric in his scorn for certain types of old-fashioned opera stars who "sing like a pig all evening, pull the house down with a high C at the finish, pick up their pay-cheques, and go home to bask in the flattery of their cronies." He feels that an opera singer worthy of the name should be preoccupied with "practically everything"—not classical music alone, but healthy jazz and folk ballads and popular songs, along with religion, literature, painting, the stage, history, geography, science, sports, good food, and the news of the day.

"I am convinced," he says, "that the only way to become a first-class singer is to become a first-class member of the human race." ★

The Cursed Stones of Louisbourg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Johnston, who was police chief, carpenter, painter, paper hanger, farmer, street superintendent, sanitary inspector, jailer, coroner, tax collector and undertaker. Until he retired they used to say of Dan, "If he don't get you one way he gets you another." The current police chief, etc., is burly Charlie Peck, a prize fighter of local note. Arrests have been few in Louisbourg since the busy shipping days of World War I when there were twenty-one blind pigs along the waterfront. Today Louisbourg, officially, is dry.

The people highly resent being told the place is also dull. For Louisbourg has seen some events which, though less than historic, are memorable. Around Burke's barbershop they may tell of the day in 1936 when Beryl Markham, the British aviatrix, plumped down in a bog at nearby Baleine after flying the Atlantic nonstop. Or the time during the first war that the rum ship went aground on the rocks. Much of the cargo, rescued by the patriots of Louisbourg, was later unaccountably lost.

They had a pretty fair celebration last year when the fish plant opened. George Lewis predicted the town's population would double in five years and some of the government officials who came up from Halifax for the ceremonies spoke eloquently of Louisbourg's historic past and its great hopes for the future.

A few days later someone stopped elderly Clarence Connington, who lives near the ruins, and asked him what he thought of the prospects. "Well, I dunno," he said gravely. "Seems to me there's always been a curse on this place."

Connington was not merely fulfilling his duty as town cynic. There is a legend that when the French were driven from Louisbourg for the last time they wished a hex on it. It seems more likely that the curse is much older. For the Louisbourg story, almost from its beginning, is a succession of disasters.

It began in 1713 when the Treaty of Utrecht, one of the breathers in the fight for North America, gave Britain the entire Atlantic coast, leaving France with only Prince Edward Island, a few islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Cape Breton.

With large fleets fishing the Newfoundland banks the French needed a nearby port where they could refit their vessels and dry fish. They also required a stronghold to keep Ile Royale (Cape Breton) and to guard the entrance to the St. Lawrence and Quebec, the capital of New France. English Harbor was a natural site. With a narrow and easily defended entrance it offered a haven to fishermen and privateers. The townsite itself was flanked by impassable swamps.

The French have always put great stock in stout walls and huge guns. They began building their fortress in 1717 and kept at it for twenty-five years. Renamed for the reigning French king, Louisbourg took shape as the only walled city in North America. Two and a half miles of walls, thirty feet high and twelve thick, girdled the town. An eighty-foot moat yawned in front of it. Inside, it was complete in every way, with a large hospital, theatre, churches, gardens, taverns and the great stone citadel, where Louisbourg's governors lived in splendor.

Around the walls were places for one hundred and forty-eight cannons and

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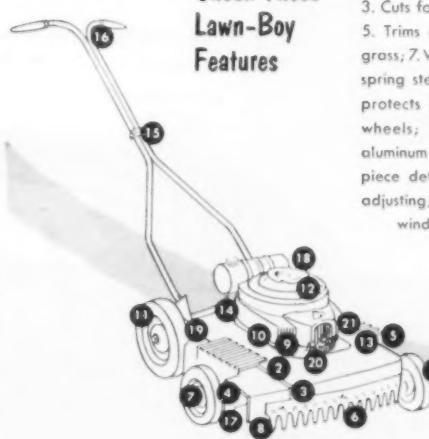


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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 15, 1953

sixteen mortars. A rocky island at the entrance to the harbor bristled with thirty heavy guns. Another twenty-eight, the Grand Battery, were trained on the harbor mouth.

Louisbourg's first settlers, fifty fishermen and their families, came from Placentia, in Newfoundland. The French tried vainly to entice the Acadians to leave their farms in the lush Annapolis Valley, then under British rule, and move to Louisbourg. Catholic priests even warned them that their souls would be endangered by contact with the English but most of the Acadians stayed where they were.

Louisbourg flourished as the centre of the largest fishing industry in North America. Grand larceny was also big business. To its French officers, Louisbourg was a Siberia. They wanted to get rich quick, then go home. Grafting officials pocketed millions of livres. The cut stone sent from France for the walls was either put into the governor's quarters or resold to eager New England traders. Many of the timbers and bricks that went into the building of Louisbourg were delivered by the same British colonials who were later to attack it. Louisbourg became such a haunt for privateers that England and her colonies protested. The governor, a hard-drinking unpopular man named DuQuesnel, blandly pleaded ignorance of what was going on.

In 1744 war broke out again between France and Britain. The news reached Louisbourg before the British in America heard of it. DuQuesnel immediately sent out an expedition to sack the homemade English fort at Canso, fifty miles southeast, a principal port of call for the New England fishermen.

The colonials, their vital fishing industry threatened by Louisbourg's might, decided that something had to be done.

What followed rates as one of the weirdest campaigns ever waged in the name of warfare. Military historians have been writing books ever since trying to explain why it was also incredibly successful.

Soon after the attack on Canso three men who had been held as prisoners at Louisbourg arrived in Boston. They told stories of mutiny among the French soldiers and Swiss mercenaries over short pay and poor rations. The fort's guard, they said, was down.

The idea of storming Louisbourg was pushed forward in Jan. 1745 by the governor of Massachusetts, bearded William Shirley, a lawyer from England. Sworn to secrecy, the lawmakers went home to think it over.

One of them, a deacon, knelt down that night to ask for guidance. He prayed so fervently that men in the street below overheard Shirley's plan. Practically overnight it flashed through the colonies. At first the plan was turned down, then reconsidered. On a second vote in the legislature the scheme was approved by a majority of one. It would have been a tie except that one of the opponents, hurrying to the meeting, slipped and broke a leg.

Within eight weeks a makeshift army of four thousand had been recruited in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire. The rustic recruits brought along their own guns. A request for naval support was sent to England.

Few of the volunteers had ever fired at more than a partridge. Later it was discovered that only six of them knew how to load a cannon. Their leader, William Pepperrell, a wealthy fish and shingle merchant and militia colonel, was chosen mainly for his popularity.

Governor Shirley drafted a madcap plan of action for Pepperrell and his ragged army of fishermen, farmers and

bushmen. Arriving at night, unseen, they were to march on the fortress with four detachments. Two were to move to within striking distance, "halt and keep a profound silence." A third was to attack the Grand Battery at the foot of the harbor, a mile from the fort. At that time the profoundly silent group was to rush one of the gates. The fourth detachment was to race along the shore, scale a certain spot in the wall and "secure the windows of the governor's apartment."

New England had just undergone "The Great Awakening," a Puritan revival sparked by a famous preacher, George Whitefield. Accordingly, the campaign against Louisbourg became partly a religious crusade against the papist French. The chaplain of the army was Sam Moody, a truculent seventy-year-old parson who frequently caned sinners. He climbed aboard a troop transport waving a hatchet, determined to chop down the "Catholic idols."

After a day of fasting and prayer the provincials sailed for Canso. They were escorted by a few colonial warships, the largest carrying twenty guns. They took along some forty-two-pound balls—too large for their own guns—which they intended to use in the French cannons they would capture. Historians later compared this to skinning the bear before it was caught.

French Went On Dancing

At Canso they were joined by Commodore Peter Warren, with four British ships. A freak storm blocked the entrance to Louisbourg with ice. The troops were able to train for another three weeks, during which parson Moody preached constantly and the colonial officers plied their men with rum to get them to obey orders.

Warren's ships blockaded Louisbourg harbor, but the French didn't seem to be alarmed. A ball was being held in the citadel as the New Englanders approached Louisbourg. Their arrival was announced at dawn by a captain who rushed into the governor's bedchamber in his nightshirt. Bells rang, cannon roared and French troops were ordered out to meet the invader. But the colonials landed a small force and drove the French back into the fort. The siege was on.

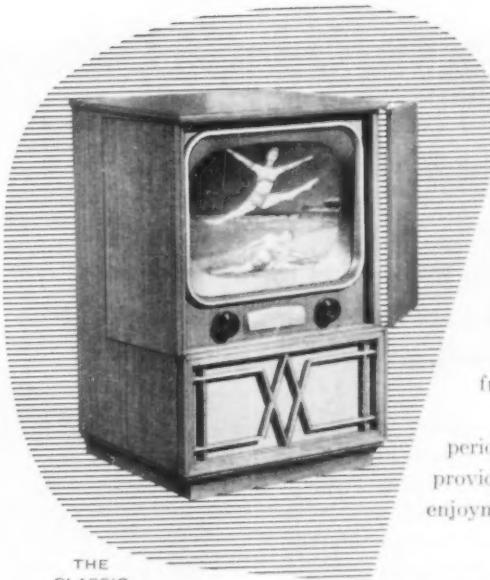
Pepperrell ignored Shirley's absurd plan and undertook one of his own that was successful largely on sheer luck. He sent Col. William Vaughan and four hundred men to scout the swamps and hills at the rear of the fortress. They crept out of the woods near one of the town's gates. In full view of the enemy they gave "three rousing cheers" and then disappeared into the woods again. A short time later they set fire to some storehouses.

Smoke from the fires blew into the powerful Grand Battery at the foot of the harbor. Thinking the entire colonial army was bearing down on them the garrison of four hundred fled. They made only a half-hearted attempt at spiking their guns, apparently heading an engineer who pleaded that they shouldn't be ruined. The attack on Louisbourg began next day with its own guns. Fourteen persons inside the walls were killed by the first shot. Parson Moody preached that Sunday on the text, "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

Pepperrell decided to set up a battery on the slope of one of the hills behind the fort. The guns had to be moved through a swamp. The first gun vanished in the muck. Then the colonials came up with one of the most remarkable feats of the siege, dragging the guns on wooden sledges through

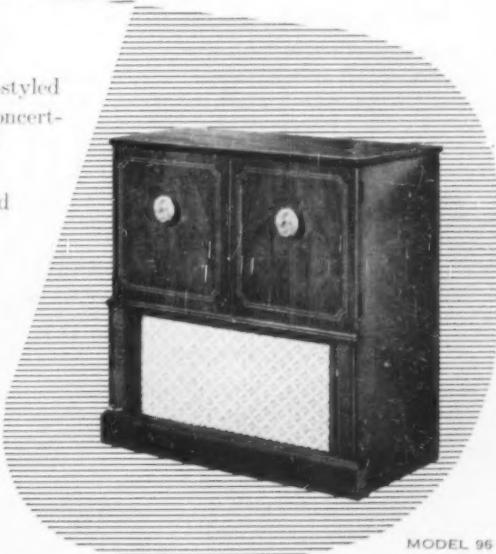
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the bogs, two hundred men to each. The French governor, DuChambon—DuQuesnel's successor—ignored the French and Swiss soldiers who asked to be allowed to make an attack on the colonial batteries. He suspected the mutinous men would keep on going.

As long as the Island Battery, at the entrance to the harbor was in French hands, Warren couldn't get his ships close enough for a shot at the fortress. Luck came through again. Years before, the French had dropped a reserve supply of forty-two-pound cannon into the water at the east side

of the harbor. The colonials found them. Seven of the guns were hauled up and mounted a thousand yards from the battery. For added spite they fired the old British cannon balls from Boston at the island stronghold.

The enemy weren't the colonials' only threat. Because most of them couldn't load cannon properly, guns exploded, wounding scores. Balls were so scarce during the siege that the New Englanders were paid a shilling apiece for retrieving them.

Inside the fortress supplies were running low, but the sixty-four-gun

French warship Vigilant, loaded down with provisions, was on the way. Just off Louisbourg she sighted a colonial frigate and chased the smaller vessel through the fog. When the mist cleared the French captain found himself surrounded by British ships. Commodore Warren added her to his fleet. The supplies fed the colonials and French morale hit rock bottom.

On a moonless night four hundred colonial volunteers muffled their oars and rowed out to the Island Battery. One chronicler says many of them were drunk. As the first boats reached the

island someone called for three cheers. The French opened fire. By morning sixty New Englanders were dead and one hundred and sixteen had been captured. It was their first and only setback. A short time later the island was reduced to rubble. Louisbourg surrendered. The impossible had taken forty-nine days.

The colonials lost one hundred men, sixty of them in the island raid and twenty-two to Indians. Of the remaining eighteen, half were the victims of their own bursting guns. Three hundred were injured. The French casualties totaled three hundred.

The French were allowed to surrender with honor, keeping all their personal property, which deprived the New England soldiers of the plunder they had expected. One man wrote in his diary, "Ye French keep possession yet, and we are forced to stand at their Dores to gart them."

The navy made a fortune. The French flag was left flying over Louisbourg and twenty vessels sailed into the trap. Warren's take alone amounted to sixty thousand pounds. Each sailor got at least two hundred and fifty guineas. Pepperrell, on the other hand, paid ten thousand pounds out of his own pocket to outfit his men.

By midsummer the colonials, hungry, homesick and angry, were on the verge of mutiny. There were several clashes between officers and men. They were calmed only by the arrival of Governor Shirley, who raised their pay from twenty-five to forty shillings a month and gave each man half a pint of rum. But the worst was still to come.

Remorse Killed the Captain

That winter a plague of fever and dysentery broke out among the tattered unhappy colonials. As many as twenty-seven were buried in a single day in the cemetery behind the town. Within three months more than nine hundred had died, eleven hundred were ill and only a thousand fit for duty. In the spring British regiments arrived from Gibraltar to take over the fort. The New Englanders at last went home, cursing the day they had ever seen Louisbourg.

In the summer of 1746 word came that the French were preparing a great armada to retake Louisbourg and Acadia and to burn Boston. New England hurried to rearm and the British at Louisbourg dug in. Nearly half the French navy, about sixty-five ships, sailed from Brest under the command of the Duc d'Anville. He was a nobleman who rose to high rank in the navy without going to sea.

Off Nova Scotia the fleet was scattered and wrecked by violent storms. Scorbutic fever broke out among the survivors. After months at sea D'Anville limped into Chebucto Bay (Halifax Harbor) with the remnants of his armada. Overcome by remorse he died of apoplexy. His place was taken by D'Estourmel.

Many of his sailors were starving and disease claimed scores every day. Grieving and ill, D'Estourmel suggested to his officers that they abandon any thought of Louisbourg and go back to France. They met and voted against him. He went to his cabin, bolted the door and ran himself through with his own sword. Finally, the fleet did set sail for France. Meagre rations were supplemented with rats, caught in the holds. The men aboard one frigate were on the point of killing five English prisoners and eating them when a Portuguese ship appeared and supplied five sheep. They were pulled apart and eaten raw. The final toll from sickness was twelve hundred. As many more were lost in the storms at sea.

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British troops, meanwhile, were guarding Louisbourg and enjoying it no more than had the French or colonial soldiers. The English governor, Commodore Knowles, proclaimed it the dreariest spot on the face of the earth and confided to his superiors that it wasn't worth holding. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 handed back to France all her former holdings, Louisbourg included.

The siege of Louisbourg had given the New England colonists their first test of arms. The subsequent treaty, which revived Louisbourg's old threat, left them with a bitter grudge. Both contributed to the American Revolution.

Back in French hands, the battered fortress was rebuilt and strengthened. Again it became the base of privateers and roving Indians. Louisbourg grew and prospered. It was the home of many romantic characters, among them Chevalier Johnstone, an aide to Bonnie Prince Charlie who fled with the young Stuart after the bloody Jacobite defeat at Culloden. He came to Louisbourg as an officer in the French army.

Louisbourg was stronger than ever before when the Seven Years' War, the last round in a fight that offered North America as the prize, began in 1756. Two years later a British fleet of twenty-three ships and fourteen thousand men sailed from Halifax to attack the French stronghold again. Quebec was to be next. Early in June it anchored in Gabarus Bay, seven miles west of the fortress. The first landing party, led by a lanky redhead named James Wolfe, waded through treacherous surf and fierce shore fire. And again the French and their Indian allies fled behind Louisbourg's stout walls.

Outnumbered three to one, cut off from all help by a harbor blockade, the French governor, Drucour, knew Louisbourg was doomed. But if he could hold the British off long enough they would have to wait until the next spring to attack Quebec. The French fought back stubbornly. They drew inspiration from the governor's wife, a plucky woman who fired three cannon shots every day during the forty-eight days of the battle. Meanwhile, two French fleets destined to aid Louisbourg had been bottled up by the British Navy on the other side of the Atlantic.

Fighting for time, Drucour held out until the entire town was in ruins and only four of his cannon could still fire. Then he surrendered, having won a winter's reprieve for Quebec and Montcalm. Chevalier Johnstone slipped out just before the British marched in and escaped to Quebec where he became Montcalm's aide.

In the spring of 1760 Britain decided to get rid of Louisbourg forever. A shipload of sappers and miners tunneled under the fortifications and set off dynamite charges. The man who directed the demolition was Commodore John Byron, whose reputation for bad luck at sea earned him the sobriquet "Foul-Weather Jack." Lord Byron, the poet, was his grandson.

When Commodore Byron sailed away he left behind a mound of blackened wood and broken stone, a monument to misfortune. In 1928 the old ruins were made a national historic site. They were partly excavated and in 1936 the museum was opened. Four years later the battleground became a national historic park.

Forty-eight years ago, long before the federal government got interested in them, Albert Almon, a plumber from nearby Glace Bay, began picking among the ruins and leafing through old books to reconstruct the story of Louisbourg. Now a sprightly eighty-one, he has written several books and

countless pamphlets and essays on Louisbourg's past. In 1947 St. Francis Xavier University called him to Antigonish, N.S., to receive an honorary master of arts degree. "I sat between two archbishops and in front of the editor of something of the New York Times," Almon observed. "Me, I only went to grade nine!"

From time to time, fired with a healthy love of money, others have searched for the pot of gold that legend left in Louisbourg. The story is that just before the fortress fell for the last time a bridge spanning a pond in

the city collapsed while soldiers were carrying kegs of gold across. One soldier was murdered, his body weighted and tossed in to protect the treasure. Thirty years ago two Louisbourg men tried to pump the pond dry. They gave up when they found it was being fed by the Atlantic.

Louisbourg's celebrated ghosts seem to have long since departed. Years ago eerie sounds of moaning and groaning were solemnly recorded as coming from Gallow's Hill, an ancient execution ground. One day a man found human bones lying there. He dug a hole and

buried them. The noises were never reported again.

Last summer D. W. MacKinnon, who guides visitors around the Louisbourg ruins, was hard at work. He had two schoolteachers from the Deep South in tow and was spelling off the details of the New Englanders' attack.

As they approached the museum, one of the women stopped abruptly. "I'm not going to listen to another word of this."

"Why not?" said the other.

"It's all about those damn Yankees. They were even up here!" ★

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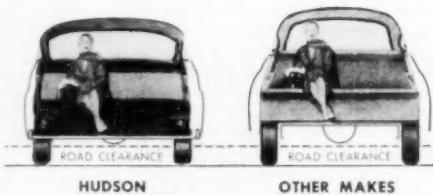
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The Biggest Brother Act in Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

so many pictures over the years that they aren't sure themselves what negatives they've got. Not long ago a book publisher called on them for pictures of each Canadian governor-general since 1910 to illustrate a textbook.

"What are their names?" demanded Lou Turofsky, munching a dead cigar.

"Well, don't you know?" enquired the publisher. "Haven't you a file?"

"A file on governor-generals!" exclaimed Lou, his eyebrows shooting up. "Hell, I dunno. Hey, Nat, have we got a file on governor-generals?"

"Of Ontario?" called the younger brother from the darkroom.

"Of Ontario?" enquired Lou of the publisher.

"No," said the publisher patiently. "Governors-general of Canada."

"No," Lou shouted back to the darkroom. "Governor-generals of Canada."

"I dunno," replied Nat. "Ask Thurz."

This is how almost all business discussions conclude at the Alexandra Studios—with the words, "ask Thurz." Thurz is Thurza Hesk, placid, unruffled, thirty-nine-year-old woman who brings

goes to the Maple Leaf hockey and baseball managements. In addition, pictures are supplied to any newspaper outside of Toronto that is willing to run them and thereby promote interest in the hockey and baseball teams, or to any firm which wishes to display them. The two Maple Leaf teams, which have separate ownerships, pay Nat's expenses in Florida for spring-training baseball and in St. Catharines for hockey and they pay him for every negative he prints, whether the newspapers use it or not. Maple Leaf Gardens spends about ten thousand dollars a year in such promotion and Maple Leaf Stadium less than half of that.

Lou Turofsky, on the other hand, takes promotion pictures for the Ontario Jockey Club. These pictures are also supplied free to Toronto newspapers and the tab is picked up by the Ontario Jockey Club—an estimated six thousand dollars a year.

While sport makes up the greater part of the Turofsky business it is by no means the only source of income and, indeed, is not even the largest single money earner. That distinction goes to the Canadian National Exhibition which in its annual two weeks runs up a bill of ten thousand dollars in buying prints of everything from the marathon swim winner to the boy with the most freckles.

The Turofskys do weddings, too, Lou being the specialist here, although he points out that he won't take "just any wedding." "It's got to be a good big wedding," he says, "like the time I took R. S. McLaughlin's daughter for two thousand dollars, or some of the other big men we know's daughter."

During the war the brothers went to every air-force and army-training school within one hundred miles of Toronto to take group pictures of graduating classes. They had thousands of these on file the day the story of the Dieppe raid broke in Canada and the Toronto Star ran five full pages of Turofsky pictures of one thousand soldiers, two hundred to a page. In many cases, these were the only pictures next-of-kin had of fallen relatives.

They took pictures in war plants, too, thousands of them at such companies as Massey-Harris, Ajax, John Inglis and General Electric. These served as identification for plant employees. They took pictures for the Department of National Defense of the tools and dies and machines that made the guns and shells and tanks and often they were requested to take pictures of war equipment which to this day is a mystery to them.

"We were working on the atomic bomb, who knows?" observes Lou thoughtfully, placing his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, munching his dead cigar and staring imposingly at the wall.

The Turofskys do close to \$100,000 a year in business and each is worth something approaching that figure. They attribute a good deal of their success to the fact that they've been taking pictures for more than forty years and everybody knows them. During the war their orders were so large they could scarcely keep pace with them. They do a good deal of their work themselves, although they always keep a man in the darkroom to develop and print pictures and over the years they've hired one or two staff photographers.

For brothers, the Turofskys are uncommonly close. Each turns to the other with personal problems and at one time or another during a day they'll sit down and talk to each other and discuss generalities. When Nat is away with the ball club in the spring

HEADWORK

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When ladies are there
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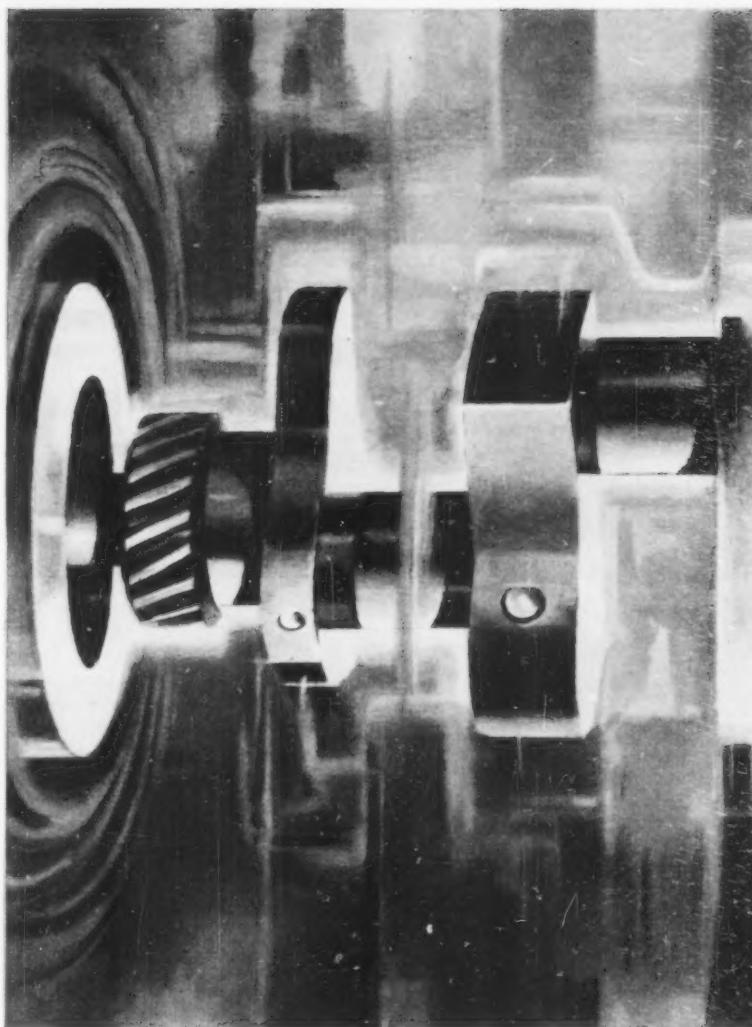
MARY ALKUS

order to the chaos in which the brothers usually find themselves. While they explain her vaguely to strangers as "the girl at the studio," Thurza is sort of combination general manager, secretary, auditor, clerk, accountant, mother-confessor and ballast for her gentle, often childlike, employers.

Thus, when Thurza was asked about the governors-general, she calmly acquired a list of them at the public library. She checked the long rows of filing cabinets upstairs at the Alexandra Studio for the names of the governors-general, then she went into the basement where large cardboard boxes contain thousands of negatives which the Turofskys have not yet got around to filing alphabetically. She found, wrapped in an old yellowed newspaper, a stack of films marked "Earl Grey" and in another cardboard box she came across "Lord Tweedsmuir," elastic bands binding him and the back of a cigarette box identifying him. In a few days she had supplied the publisher with pictures of every governor-general.

It has been suggested that if Thurza, who has been with the brothers for twelve years, ever were to leave them, utter confusion would take over. "I don't think so," she replies calmly. "I know pretty well how they think and so I file accordingly. I know, for instance, that they wouldn't look for something under 'children.' So I file it under 'kids.'"

The Turofskys rarely, if ever, solicit business yet few photographic companies in Canada have as many steady clients. Nat, for example, takes all hockey publicity pictures for Maple Leaf Gardens, and does the same thing for the baseball Maple Leafs. All these pictures are delivered free to Toronto's three newspapers; the Turofsky bill



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You're at the wheel of a 1953 Buick, ready to move when the light changes.

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Before you take two breaths—and in one mighty sweep of power you're up to 30 miles per hour, local law permitting.

That, mister, is getaway, in any man's language—swiftest of any Buick in fifty years.

But it's also *hushed* getaway—with little sound or sensation of engine rush.

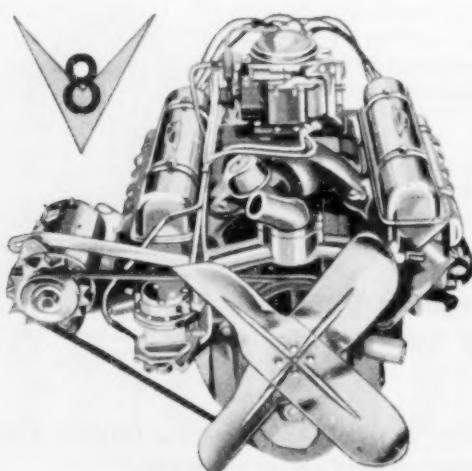
And, of course, it's absolutely and astonishingly *smooth* getaway—with no jerk, no lurch, no shift of mechanical linkage of any sort.

What works this wonder is a Dynaflow Drive* with two turbines instead of one—a simpler, more powerful and far more efficient Dynaflow than ever before.

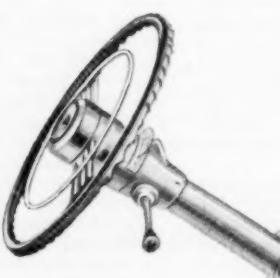
Acceleration is increased 20%, but with substantial decrease in engine revolutions—which means you get underway quicker, and with less engine speed, less getaway sound.

But that's just half the story.

The other half is in power—engine power—the highest horse-



Most Advanced V8 Engine In The World powers the 1953 Buick ROADMASTER and SUPER. 8.5 to 1 compression, vertical valves, and a host of other exclusive engineering features add to its spectacular performance. Newly designed F-263 Fireball Straight-8 Engine, with record high horsepower and compression, puts new brilliance and thrift in the performance of the Buick CUSTOM.



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powers and the highest compression ratios, Series for Series, in Buick's fifty great years. And it's power that gets more miles from each tankful of gas.

It all adds up to a performance story that could never be written before—a performance story that puts new thrill in every mile you drive.

As we said—you won't believe it till you try it yourself. So we cordially invite you to this eye-opening experience—at the wheel of a Golden Anniversary Buick. Why not drop in soon?

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The greatest
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WILL BUILD THEM

he'll call Lou for a chat about once a week and they correspond regularly. Lou, who is married and has two daughters, insists that bachelor Nat have at least one meal a month at his home.

Nat gets a great deal of enjoyment out of life though a somewhat needy childhood made him keenly aware of the value of a dollar. He has a warm sense of humor and a faculty for butchering the language. He detests an argument whether he is involved or not. Two of his friends, Sammy Gold and Sammy Shefsky, pique him

considerably because, as Nat says, "they'll argue till they're black and blue in the place." One time two baseball writers were arguing at Fort Lauderdale, the Maple Leaf training base in Florida, and Nat became more and more agitated as the reporters—one of whom was Gordon Walker, of the Toronto Globe and Mail—grew louder and louder. Finally Nat walked over to Walker and grabbed him by the shoulder. "Walker, you'll argue about anything," he said. "You and Gold and Shefsky are a pair."

Nat always turns for corroboration

to Thurza Hesk and she invariably humors him. One time he started in on an anecdote about a former Toronto pitcher.

"What a guy he was," enthused Nat. "I remember one time . . . what was his name, Thurz?"

"Tom Drake."

"Yeah, Tom Drake, I'll never forget it . . ."

Once a friend asked Nat if he could meet him for a cup of coffee at ten o'clock. "Well, now, I'm not sure," replied Nat, "I'll have to go look up my retinue."

Both Nat and Lou look considerably younger than they are. Both have short-clipped, tight curly hair, Nat's quite grey and Lou's almost black. Both are of medium height, Nat slightly the more heavy-set, and both are trim neat dressers. Nat's features are heavy and rather carelessly arranged. He has deep furrows in his forehead, merry twinkling eyes and a rather haphazard set of teeth, most of which are his own. A few years ago he lost six teeth in a collision with Ted Kennedy, Maple Leaf hockey player. He was trying out a new stroboscopic camera during a hockey practice and he wanted to see if it would stop movement at one three-thousandths of a second, as it was supposed to do. He asked Kennedy and another player, Syl Apps, to skate toward him at top speed as he took up a position near one of the goals. As Kennedy whirled around the net, a skate caught in the mesh and he tumbled at full speed into the photographer. Kennedy's stick caught Turofsky on the chin, part of the camera flew clear to centre ice and Nat fell on top of another part, landing on his mouth. He was carried to the dressing room where Tim Daly, veteran trainer of the Leafs, patched his chin. Nat paid three hundred dollars for dental repairs.

Lou frequently reminds Nat, who lives in a bachelor apartment, of his good fortune in not having to raise a family in these days of high living costs. "Shoes, sixteen dollars for a little girl. Sixteen dollars," Lou, married when he was forty-five, will lament. "Think of that for a while, Nat. Sixteen dollars for shoes for a little girl. It's something you hadn't thought about, isn't it? One pair of shoes, sixteen dollars."

"Ah, what are you crying about?" Nat will invariably reply. "In a hundred years from now, what'll it matter?"

Lou married Ruth Seigel in 1936 and the little girl he speaks of is Carol, thirteen. His other daughter is Rita, seven, who is usually called Rickey. Lou met Ruth seventeen years ago after Nat had taken pictures of the golden wedding anniversary of Ruth's parents. She went into the studio a few days later to see the proofs. Nat was out so Lou showed her the rough pictures. When Nat returned, Lou announced, "Miss Seigel was in to look at the proofs. I'm going to see her again. In fact, I'm going to take her out."

In recalling the incident Nat observed: "That led up to the hollow-cast."

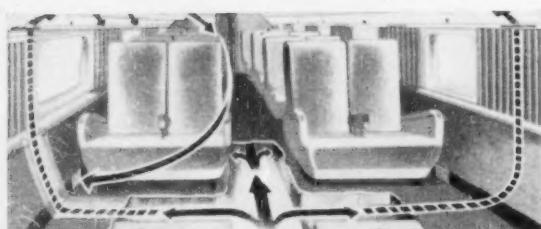
Lou is the quieter, more reserved and more considerate brother. Possibly because he's married, he shows more interest in the employees and is more inclined to worry about business. He refuses to reveal how many cigars he smokes in a day, on the grounds that his wife knows how much they cost, but he is rarely seen without one. He carries it at a jaunty angle that matches the high arch of his eyebrows and serves to give him a look of constant surprise.

Although he goes to the races every day Lou rarely bets on the horses, feeling that he knows so many owners and trainers who give him good tips



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on any given race that he can't bet on any of them.

"How can they all win?" he asks, to the consternation of those who'd bet on a horse if they even heard the owner cough.

Lou seems to get his greatest satisfaction out of horses when he throws away old negatives. He'll stand over a large wastebasket, running through a mound of negatives of winners for ten years back, discarding the ones that have been retired or destroyed or are no longer running. He holds them up to a light, identifying them from memory in most cases, and then drops them or keeps them, muttering all the while: "Imagine if a guy had bet two dollars on every one of these . . . Imagine if a guy parlayed his bet on all these horses . . . What'd a guy be worth, Nat, who bet on all of these?" If Thurza happens to walk past on her way to the filing cabinet, Lou will call to her, "Hey, Thurz, imagine if a guy had been on every one of these. How much dough would he be worth?" Lou rarely gets an answer. In his ruminations he never expects one.

Lou lives in Forest Hill Village, a handsome Toronto suburb, in a large house which has, for one thing, a crystal chandelier in the dining room. He is a sensitive, sentimental man and when Nat is away on sports trips he misses him greatly. He has concluded every letter he ever wrote his younger brother by asking him not to worry, that everything is fine and to have a good time. His mood around the studio fluctuates with the daily cash income. Even if the studio has covered a large assignment for which money will be forthcoming the first of the month, Lou will be glum if no cheques or cash arrived that day. On the other hand, while current business may be excessively slack, Lou's spirits will be high

if a few cheques have come in.

On quiet days he'll suggest to Thurza that they go over their books and draw up statements of outstanding accounts.

"Give me a list of 'em and I'll send out statements," Lou will say.

Thurza will hand him the list.

"Instead of statements, maybe I'll just phone these guys, eh, Thurz?" he'll say then.

After a few moments of looking at the list, he'll turn again to Thurza.

"It wouldn't look right if I phoned these people," he'll say. "Thurz, you phone 'em."

Thurza, the diplomat, picks up the phone, advises that Mr. Lou Turofsky and Mr. Nat Turofsky are out of town and that she's just checking the matter of a small outstanding debt.

Nat remarked one time that the business was called the Alexandra Photo Company when Lou bought it in 1910 for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. "There was this picture of a queen wearing a crown right under the words, 'Alexandra Photo Company' . . . Hey, Thurz, who would that queen be?"

"Queen Alexandra, naturally."

Nat gave her a beady stare. "Who asked you?" he demanded.

Before Lou bought the place he had been interested in photography as a boy in Chicago where he and Nat were born.

"This kid had one of them pinhole cameras, just a box with a pinhole in it, no lens or nothin', with a plate in the back," Lou recalls. "I wanted one so I got one, cost a dollar thirty-five.

"My father was a tailor in Chicago where he'd come from Kiev, Russia, I don't know when, and then he moved us to Cleveland and then we came here, I don't know when, around 1900 I guess. When he came here he sold them Swiss cheeses. He was sort of

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a, whattayuh call it, a general grocer. Yah, a delicatessen, he had a delicatessen I guess you'd call it. Anyway, I remember I was a little kid in short pants cleanin' off them Swiss cheeses."

Then Lou worked from eight a.m. until midnight every Saturday at Toronto's Centre Island amusement park taking pictures of people in a mock airplane. Then he graduated to Eaton's where he finished postcards in a darkroom. Nat, meanwhile, recalls playing hookey from school to play cent-a-game rummy with some older boys.

In those days a fee of one dollar was required of students wishing to try their entrance exams. "My mom didn't have a buck so I never tried my entrance," Nat recalls. There were six children in the family, Harry, Eva, Lou, Bess, Nat and Sammy, and they did well to get enough to eat in their early days in Toronto.

One day Lou heard of a job at the Alexandra Photo Company. By 1910 he was able to scrape up enough from his family to put with what he'd saved to buy the place for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"We all realized it was a lot of dough," he remembers, "and I guess a lot of us did without so we could get this business started. Two cowboy suits and one Indian suit came with the business and we used to dress people up in them and take their pictures. A year later Nat came out of school and I gave him a job at five bucks a week."

"You made me a partner," interjected Nat.

"Yeah, a partner," corrected Lou. "At five bucks a week. We got a telephone, an umbrella, a top hat, a

tennis racquet and a cowboy hat to go along with the Indian suit and the cowboy suits and people would get their pictures taken."

They moved to 322½ Queen Street West seven years later. Sometime during World War I the brothers bought a bicycle and started traveling around the city to take pictures for the old *Mail and Empire*. They were pretty good athletes, too, Lou playing rugby for Judeans and Nat leading the city senior baseball league in batting in 1916. Yellowed clippings establish a point Nat would have trouble selling to his friends today: he hit .407. A year later he was expelled from the league when it was discovered he'd been taking seven dollars a game from the team's sponsor.

No longer a player, Nat began taking group pictures of baseball and hockey teams in 1918 and Lou started going to weddings to make pictures. They sold these to the papers and in this way began the practice that grew into today's business.

In 1919 the brothers drove to Chicago to cover the World Series. Roads were bad and the horseless carriage was still something of an innovation. The trip, about five hundred miles, took six days. They mailed their pictures back to Toronto and some of them got into the paper even before the series ended! Each day they chatted with the players and Lou still can't be convinced that Swede Risberg and Hap Felsch could have been implicated in the fix. "They were great guys," he remembers. "They'd do anything for us. I guess it just proves that you never know, eh, Nat?"

"You're not telling me, you're telling him," observed Nat.

"I'm not telling anybody," remarked Lou. "Where was I?"

One of the longest stories in Nat's repertoire involves the time he photographed the Duke and Duchess of Windsor for the *Toronto Star*. The paper had a tip the couple was fishing on the Restigouche River and sent Nat to investigate. To summarize the story, Nat found them after hardship that increases with each telling.

"There was this woman, the best-dressed woman in the world, sitting there in her flapping brogues and skirt and sweater, talking to me for an hour," he recalls. "She was so refined, so . . . elegant. We were waiting for the Duke to change his clothes and we just sat there chatting. She is the most charming woman I ever met and she sent me a letter from the Waldorf-Astoria thanking me for the pictures." He got a bonus of one hundred dollars from the *Star* for the pictures.

His other greatest moment came when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth presented the King's fifty guineas to George McCullagh. The presentation was made high on the judge's stand and photographers were not permitted. Nat asked the president of the Jockey Club if he could get up there and was brusquely refused. Just before the race a mounted policeman approached the photographers' enclosure and asked for Nat Turofsky.

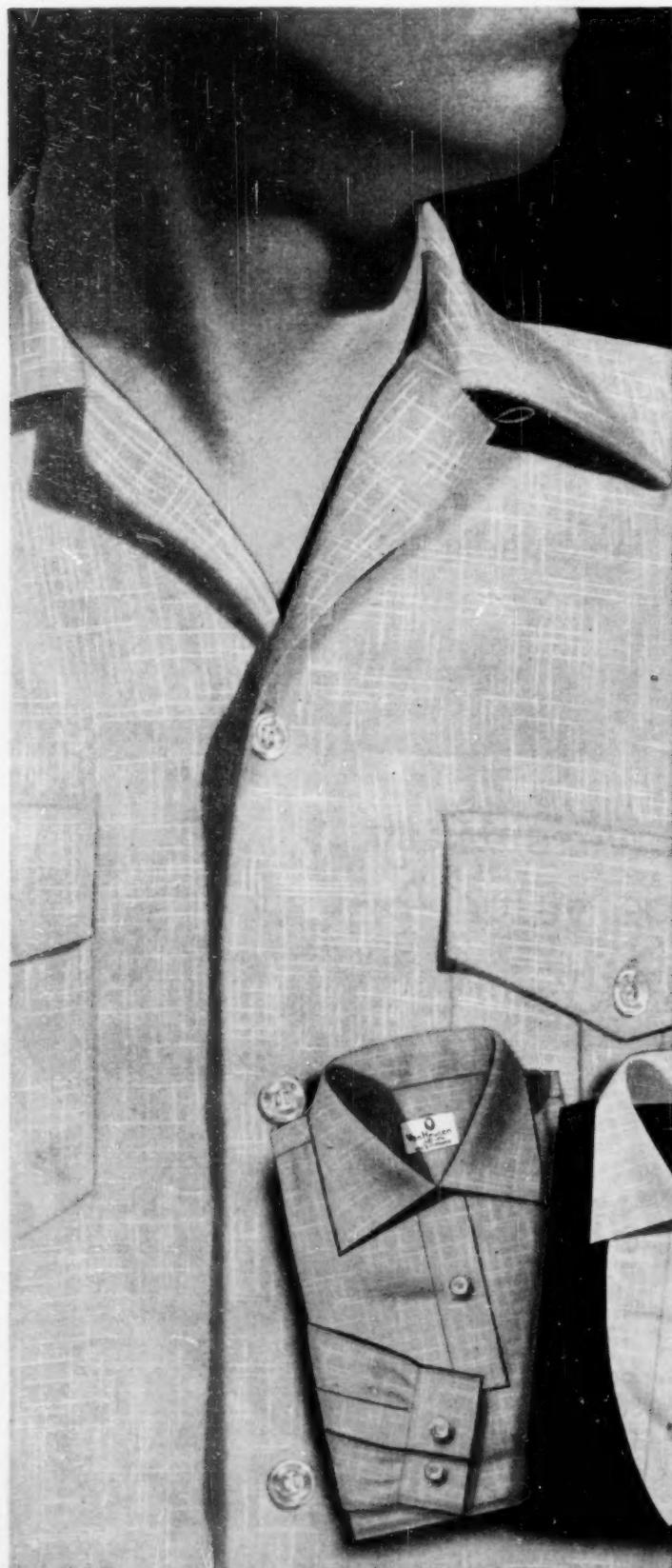
"I thought I was going to be thrown out of the Woodbine," he recalls. "Instead, the Mountie took me up on the stand and squeezed me in behind a post where I was able to get pictures of the whole thing."

"We never got an extra dime," interjected Lou, shifting his cigar.

"Yeah, they used them all over the world," explained Nat, "but when the King and Queen were here all the pictures were pooled."

"Not an extra dime," repeated Lou.

"Ah, what's the difference?" enquired Nat. "In a hundred years from now, where'll you be?" ★



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Brück
FABRIC

I Survived!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

other boys I thought they needed a rest. They weren't very interested, but they finally agreed.

It was then one of the airmen noticed I had been issued with two left mukluks. I asked if anyone had any distress flares. Flight Lieutenant Jim Wynn, a Korea airlift pilot who was highest-ranking officer on the course and had been chosen course leader, assured me that after another mile or two I wouldn't know one foot from the other anyway. Furthermore, he said, we were thirty-six miles from the closest town and twenty miles from the closest telephone, so I might as well plod on for camp.

We plodded on. My legs were stiffer than crutches, and I was now shivering under my sweat-drenched clothing. It was rolling foothill country with the Rockies prominent on the western horizon. The forest was predominantly open stands of second-growth poplar where the snow lay two feet deep, with denser patches of spruce and pine where the snow was shallower. We finally reached camp.

There were four shelters, large enough for about eight men each. Each looked as if the builders had started out to construct a log cabin, given up halfway through and turned it into a combination Indian tepee and spruce-bough wigwam. We broke up into four camps — one for each shelter. I joined a six-man camp headed by Wynn.

Stripped to the Gooseflesh

There was Flight Lieutenant Peter Cribb, a soft-spoken Briton who has been in Canada two years and is a week-end flyer with Toronto's reserve Vampire squadron. Cribb has a DFC and bar for eighty operations with Spitfires for the RAF during the war. Flying Officer Bob Mortimer was a lanky twenty-one-year-old from Vancouver now flying Sabre jets out of Bagotville, Que. Flying Officer George Zlatnik, twenty, was a husky six-footer from Glenside, Sask., a pilot with the photo and mapping 408 Squadron at Rockcliffe. Fifth member of the camp was Leading Aircraftman Glen Graham, a safety-equipment technician at Centralia, Ont. Graham, a rugged two-hundred-pounder with a snub nose that makes him look like a pugilist, is a former cowboy, rodeo rider and circus barker from Nevis, Alta.

We moved our packs into the shelter. It was too low to permit standing upright. The floor was covered with a thin tramped mat of spruce boughs. In the centre was a ring of blackened stones for a fireplace with a hole directly above in the parachute roof where smoke could escape. Numerous holes in the spruce-bough walls looked suspiciously like emergency windows where previous tenants had pushed their heads through for fresh air when the smoke grew too dense inside.

The thought of stripping off bare to shed my wet underwear started a spasm of shivering, but I had to get a fire started and dry out before the night cold really set in. I looked around for a pile of newspapers and a can of coal oil. I might as well have looked for the electric blanket that kept tormenting my memory. I whittled shavings off a piece of kindling and after several misfires got a fire blazing. The shelter filled with smoke in thirty seconds. We discovered that you lived in the shelter on your hands and knees because only the area two feet off the floor was free of smoke.

I finally got stripped to the gooseflesh

and dressed again in trousers, shirt and dry socks. I hung the underwear and wet socks on the roof poles over the fire and they started steaming like a geyser. I pulled on the mukluks and parka and stepped outside where Sergeant-Instructor Bob Sproat was beginning a demonstration on using an axe.

When my turn came for a try-out the axe seemed to be off balance. I couldn't hit closer than six inches to the spot at which I was aiming. Sproat yelled for everyone to stand back.

We had to climb a hill to find a tree

for a tree-felling demonstration and Sproat showed us how to climb, locking the rear knee stiffly at each step to take the weight off the thigh muscles. "You can walk twice as far in a day that way," he said. I tried it and felt like a storm trooper doing a reverse goosestep. I gave up. I had walked far enough, anyway. I couldn't see why anyone would want to walk twice as far.

Next, Flying Officer Jim Gourley, another ex-Mountie with years of Arctic experience, gave us a demonstration on shelter building and pointed

out that a parachute was a downed airman's department store. A parachute can provide shelter, a raft sail, emergency clothing, rope, fishlines, a pack sack, boot material, metal for hand-made knives and elastic bands for a catapult. I gathered that if you ever jump from a plane it is wise to make sure you have a parachute with you.

Then Chief Instructor Goodey told us very apologetically that the emergency food packets were in short supply and while at base camp we would have to survive on ordinary groceries such



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He did not live—but the life insurance he provided for his family enabled his boy to complete his education in preparation for the career of his choosing.

Today, thanks to his father's foresight, this boy sets his foot on the first rung of the ladder, trained and ready to climb steadily toward high responsibility.

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THE Salvation Army
RED SHIELD APPEAL

4-3

as pork chops, bacon, eggs and fresh vegetables. Nobody could raise a tear.

We drew rations, went to our shelters for the night and ate a supper of tea and bacon sandwiches, lying down to keep below the smoke.

The temperature dropped to around zero. Everyone was exhausted and felt like going to bed, but no one wanted to move from the fire to do it. We spread sleeping bags out on the spruce-bough floor and waited for someone to make the first move. Graham, the big ex-cowboy, went first. He was stripped to his underwear and inside his bag in thirty seconds.

"It's colder inside than out," he yelled.

Graham appeared to be still breathing. Encouraged, we all dashed for our bags at once. My underwear and socks felt almost dry so I took them with me and shoved them down into the bag where, according to the RCAF's textbook on survival, they would complete drying out from my body heat.

I was tempted to crawl in wearing everything I had, including the parka, but this is a survival taboo. The books say strip down to your underwear. I took stock and decided my bed clothing was going to be limited to woolen shirt, a sweater and socks.

I pulled off the parka and immediately became chilled through. My bare legs were shaking so wildly that they missed the sleeping bag and jabbed into the spruce boughs underneath. I aimed again and this time got them inside, squirmed downwards and pulled the top of the bag up around my neck. I tried straightening out slowly but my knees touched the wet bundle of socks, underwear and trousers in the bag beside me and bounced back up to my chin.

My legs stopped shaking and started aching instead because of their cramped position. I tried rolling over but the movement opened the top of the sleeping bag and a blast of air shot in. In one second I lost all the heat I had taken five minutes to produce. I had to choose between being kept awake by the leg cramps of my doubled-up position or being kept awake by the glacier which seemed to be waiting in the bottom of the sleeping bag whenever I tried straightening out. I straightened out. My feet felt as if they were in an ice pack. I can't say that I felt comfortable any time that first night, but at least the degree of discomfort changed a bit for the better and my tense shivering limbs slowly relaxed. I fell asleep, but seemed to waken again immediately. The fire was out now except for a couple of small embers, so I must have slept close to an hour. I straightened out and dozed off again.

The rest of the night broke itself up into hourly intervals of waking up with

leg cramps, straightening out, falling asleep, knees creeping chinward again, then waking with a new session of leg cramps an hour later.

The thermometer on the instructors' shanty that morning read eight below. My underwear had completed drying during the night in the sleeping bag and I pulled on the heavy woolen longies, keeping the lighter cotton longies in reserve. The woolies still felt as if they were lined with smoldering cigarette butts, but at eight below they were very comforting.

My legs were so stiff and sore I thought I had become an advanced arthritic overnight. I forgot the arthritis promptly and prepared myself for an attack of double pneumonia when I rolled up my sleeping bag and saw the shape of my body outlined in thick white frost on its bottom surface where body vapor had permeated through the down filling and frozen against the spruce mat on the ground.

Survival was never quite as tough again as that first night. Lectures continued for five days but we learned most from experience. We learned to make ourselves more comfortable at night by loosening up the spruce boughs under our sleeping bags and adding fresh ones every day or two. We learned the trick of rolling over inside the bag so that the neck didn't open and let the heat out. And we learned to keep a pile of kindling close so that we could start a fire in the morning without getting out of bed.

I also learned that RCAF research and experience have produced a mass of knowledge that every angler and hunter should salt away for the emergency when, lost, stranded or injured, he might have to use it to save his own life. In sub-zero weather the greatest menace to survival, surprisingly, is your own sweat. Damp clothing loses its insulating properties and after sweating you can freeze to death easily. If sweating can't be controlled it is always safer, regardless of the temperature, to strip and dry underclothing over a fire than to leave it on damp, especially socks, for once crippled by frozen feet your chances of surviving long are lost. Don't rub frostbites with snow. It does more harm than good. Thaw out frostbitten parts gradually with warm hands and gentle massage.

One of the first RCAF survival rules is build a camp and stay with the downed aircraft. It applies equally to anyone lost in forest country. Aimless wandering reduces the chances of rescue and uses up strength you should save for hunting to keep yourself fed. Climb the closest hill to reconnoitre, but don't travel long distances unless you are certain you know where you are going and have the strength to get there. If you do travel, and nine times out of

MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO DAWN

The long, slow shrieking bannered out
Beneath a quarter-mile of smoke
Trailing the engine's trumpet-shout
Far, far behind.

Yet, when it spoke
Immediately, we seemed to hear
The metronomic, wheeling rush
Like time, itself, more loud, more near
Than warning whistle.

Now the hush
Of soundlessness. The falling snow
Will carry hours down the night
As steadily as wheels that flow
In rhythm, from the dark to light.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



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Model A-1150 Illustrated



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Deepfreeze
HOME APPLIANCES

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ten you shouldn't, blaze a trail behind you and leave notes telling where you are heading. Don't let yourself get exhausted.

On a beach or clearing lay out signal fires of green boughs that will smoke heavily. Have them close to camp where they can be fired quickly if an aircraft flies over.

Rabbits can be easily snared with shoelace loops in their runways, but a week on solid rabbit diet will make you ill. They're too lean. Eat any greens you see rabbits have been eating, bulrush roots, the soft inner bark of poplar (not too much, it's laxative), but avoid berries you don't recognize as edible.

In the bush always be prepared by carrying a compass, a hunting knife or small axe, matches in a waterproof container, snare wire, a fishing kit, fly dope and a map of the area in which you are traveling.

Deer Were Not Cricket

On the fifth afternoon we were issued X rations and received instructions for the trek to begin next morning.

"This is where you'll have an opportunity to put your survival knowledge into practice," Chief Instructor Goodey told us. He made it sound as if he was offering us two-week vacations in Florida. "Each camp will get a civilian guide and trek into the bush, make shelters and live there five days. You'll have one box of X rations per man per day and for the rest of your food you'll have to snare or shoot game. Shooting big game like deer is not permitted, but you'll live fairly well off rabbits, partridge and roast porky." My ears pricked up momentarily, then I realized he meant roast porcupine.

"Some of the emergency food is none too palatable," Goodey went on. "It's designed to give maximum nutrition in a minimum of space. We wouldn't sacrifice twenty calories to make a thing taste good. Eating is largely habit anyway. A healthy man can live ten or twenty days easily without food. On actual survival you should fast the first two days because you don't need food for a day or two and to eat then is only wasting what might save your life later." Our rations could be carried easily under one arm.

We assembled at nine next morning. A fresh snowfall of several inches had filled in the trails and our packs were considerably heavier now with rations, cooking pots, axes, guns and ammunition. But we were hardened veterans now—or so we thought—and the packs didn't feel half as unmanageable as they had during the trek in from the bus.

Our guide was Mike Kelly, a short husky Athabasca trapper who figures he's walked fifty thousand miles on his trap line during the past thirty years. Our camp was joined now by Joe Smith, an Edmonton doctor on the RCAF reserve squadron there.

Kelly took us north on the lumber trail and for the first two miles the walking was fairly easy. Then he said we had to head into the bush. We turned onto a narrow foot trail single file, Kelly leading. It was filled in with new snow, but the old snow beneath had been packed down by previous parties. The trail was less than a foot wide, on either side was two feet of soft snow, and every half-dozen paces one foot would slip knee-deep into the snow at the side. It was like walking a greased tightrope. If Blondin had wanted to try something really tough he should have tried his tightrope stroll across Niagara Falls wearing two left mukluks and a heavy packsack with a frying-pan handle jabbing between his shoulder blades.

After half an hour the shoulder straps of the packsack had practically amputated both my arms. Kelly was plowing ahead at at least fifteen miles an hour. Doc Smith asked him if he was trying to reach Montreal for lunch. Kelly said unless we got cracking we wouldn't reach the McLeod River, half a mile away. But we did, and stopped for a rest. I asked Kelly how many miles more. He said we'd done about four miles. I didn't have the wind to start an argument, but I knew it was at least fifteen. Then he said the walking was a bit hard on account of last night's snow. I guess he thought we hadn't noticed. "Maybe we'd better camp," he suggested.

With frying pans and spruce boughs we shoveled out an area of snow for our shelter and erected a framework of poles so that a parachute would fit as the roof. We concluded it would be a tight fit for five, so Smith and I started work on a lean-to of our own. Kelly was building his lean-to a hundred yards away because he was on regular rations and the RCAF figures morale might suffer if instructors eat their steak and onions in front of students nibbling on dried meat bars.

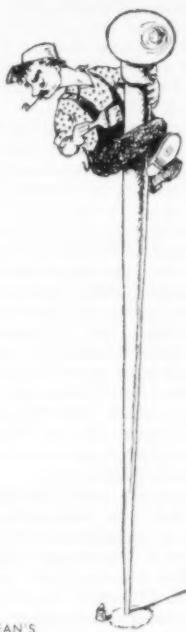
We had the framework erected when it was lunch time. Each of us opened our first X ration box. On the top was a suggested menu for breakfast, morning lunch, noon lunch, supper and evening lunch. The RCAF doesn't do any kidding—there wasn't a word about dinner.

The box was packed tighter than the toes in a woman's shoe with a package of cocoa (milk powder and sugar included), an oatmeal block to be eaten as is or cooked into porridge, chocolate bar, a packet of biscuits, two dried meat bars, two tea bags, chicken noodle soup powder, six sugar cubes, a small package of hard candy, salt, a box of "windflamer" matches, and a small plastic spoon. It weighs one pound, twelve ounces, yet contains twenty-eight hundred calories—eight hundred more than the RCAF considers a man needs to sustain life indefinitely.

The most nutritious items are the meat bars which contain a thousand calories alone. They are seventy percent fat, thirty percent meat, harder than a hickory axe handle, and represent a pound of beef and a pound of pork dehydrated into six ounces. The biscuits, ten of them, are brittle as shingles and about as tasty. The candy is excellent—you can't taste a trace of the fat and vitamin C with which they are fortified.

According to the menu, I was supposed to eat half a meat bar, two biscuits, a piece of candy and one third of my cocoa. The meat bar looked like a piece of varnished wood and tasted like sawdust with a faint flavor of last Sunday's roast. I understood why they recommend fasting for two days. You have to starve yourself before you can eat more than the first mouthful. I put the meat bar back and started to work on the biscuits. I wondered if all the chewing such iron rations required wouldn't use up more energy than they provide. The doc and I heated up a billy can of cocoa and finished off with a candy. According to the RCAF book on survival I should now be satisfied. I always knew my stomach couldn't read.

We threw spruce boughs on our lean-to framework until we had a roof a foot thick and packed another foot of boughs on the ground for a mattress. Wynn and Cribb went out to set rabbit snares. The rest of us spent the next two hours scouring the vicinity for firewood. I found where beavers had girdled and killed dozens of poplars. The trees were well seasoned; they were also a quarter of a mile away.



MACLEAN'S

of the bags. I intended to boil up my oatmeal block into porridge, but I tried a nibble raw and found it tasted like an oatmeal cookie. It was so tasty I ate it that way and used the melted porridge water for tea instead. I finished breakfast in bed. By drinking plenty of weak tea I was able to get down two biscuits and a quarter of a meat bar (the menus said I should eat half a bar).

For the next hour my stomach felt flatter than the frying pan. Then the hunger pains suddenly cleared up and I didn't experience anything more than a mild stomach discomfort during the four days of X rations that followed. After about twenty-four hours of rumbling rebellion our stomachs adapted comfortably to a quarter or third of the food normally eaten. Goodey was right. Eating is largely habit.

That morning I borrowed a shotgun and a pocketful of shells, promised bear steaks for dinner and went hunting. I didn't even see a snow flea. The game must have gone into hibernation en masse the night before. I waded snow for an hour and had just decided that I was three miles from camp when I came across a man track. I studied his trail and noticed at once that the unfortunate chap was wearing two left mukluks like me. I figured he was lost and decided I'd better trail him down. Ten minutes later his trail was joined by another chap, and the other guy was wearing two left mukluks too. Now I had two lost men to rescue. Ten minutes later the trail was joined by the tracks of a third man, also wearing two left mukluks. I stopped and began to apply my seven days of bush experience to the problem. I knew that even the best of woodsmen sometimes walk in circles without knowing it, so I followed the trail backwards for a brief reconnoitre. I landed back in camp in two minutes. I hadn't found any game because I hadn't got farther than two hundred yards from camp the whole morning. I told the boys there wasn't a game animal within ten miles, and five minutes later Wynn and Cribb returned from their hunt with three rabbits and a partridge.

The Meat Bars Survived

That evening we tossed everything into a pot and had a very satisfying meal of rabbit-partridge-meat bar-chicken-noodle stew thickened with oatmeal. Doc demanded that we include the rabbit and partridge stomach contents for vitamin C. The rest of us said firmly we preferred scurvy.

It had turned milder during the day and that night we went to bed warm and with a pleasantly full feeling around the middle.

We spent two more days and two nights in the camp, snared and ate a couple more rabbits, but most of the time we strictly followed the first rule of survival—conserve energy—by diligently steaming our mukluks beside the fire. Yet somehow we came out a lot tougher than we went in. On the last day we trekked the four miles back to base camp, then the six miles out to the bus at the highway, and felt we could turn around and do it over again if we had to.

I survived, and I didn't eat grasshoppers either. I can light a fire in one minute flat, I can hit the same spot twice with an axe, and I can make a bed out of spruce boughs that will keep me warm at fifteen below. But I have six meat bars left which survived too. They still taste like sawdust.

If I ever have to survive on X rations again I hope it will be summer so that I can eat toasted grasshoppers and save the meat bars for fish bait. ★

We started a fire without getting out

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The Mermaid On His Stomach

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

mildly, "Is there any more coffee in the pot, do you suppose?" and raised a hand to pat the wreath of rosebuds that crowned her high-piled dark-red transformation, feeling that it must have become disheveled from the tumult of her thoughts. She wore rosebuds in her hair that morning because she was

writing of young love, of fresh dewy innocence. "Most likely he misjudged last night," she went on, referring to Mr. Potter. "Probably all the breakfast he wants is a raw egg and Worcestershire sauce. Or black coffee and aspirin."

Miss Tone, before answering, tilted her chair forward, cranked herself to ground level, spun around three quarters of a circle until she faced the stove and picked her empty coffee cup off the little china shelf that had a most conveniently adjustable arm and was part of the chair.

"We'd have heard him when he came in last night if he'd misjudged," she said. "He and Diana Croston were among those present at the Huntley-Mathewson's ball last night, the paper says. He'd hardly misjudge at a ball. And if he had we'd have been sure to hear him. Remember last week how he wrestled Mr. Allan and they got over-excited and knocked their bureau down and broke a chair? The poor boy may be lying in his bed, too ill to cry out, writhing in mortal agony, stricken, and not a soul to tell."

She had stepped from the chair and

moved slowly across the blue linoleum to the chromium-trimmed electric range. "There's lots of coffee," she said. "I'll make fresh for Mr. Potter." Lifting a saucepan lid she stirred for a moment and a waft of fragrant chicken soup escaped.

Regardless of the exorbitance of the fees they paid, there was no justification for making fresh coffee for boarders who overslept. But Mrs. Webster did not comment.

"Somebody ought to take poor Mr. Potter up some breakfast," Miss Tone said as she recrossed the blue linoleum, carrying the glass coffee pot. Her round blue eyes were very wide and her voice sank almost to a whisper. "He may have been stabbed in some vital part with a dagger in an alley, defending the honor of his betrothed. He may have crept home to die. He may be bleeding to death. To get bloodstains out of sheets they should be put to soak in cold water immediately."

The somebody who should carry breakfast was Mrs. Webster because Miss Tone, a spinster, did not venture upstairs when the young gentlemen were at home, it being known that they were careless about wearing their dressing gowns or anything else for that matter, in the hall. The mild rebuke was hardly noticed, though, for Mrs. Webster's mind was examining the scene in the dark alleyway; Mr. Potter and Miss Diana Croston, his fiancée, splendid in evening dress, on their way home from the Huntley-Mathewson's ball; the blackness of the alley; the garbage cans on either side; the drunken hoodlum insulter; the gleam of steel in the moonlight; the blood on Mr. Potter's white shirt front—.

She recalled herself sharply and brought her eyes down from the ceiling where she had been estimating the red stain that would spread slowly through from the room above where Mr. Potter lay. It was time the kitchen was repainted, anyway.

"I can't imagine anyone fighting over that spoiled scrawny-faced debutante," she said practically. "And besides, if he was ill or anything, Mr. Allan would have said something when he came down. He wouldn't have eaten three sets of griddles if Mr. Potter was dead in the bed upstairs."

Miss Tone mounted her chair and cranked herself up a foot. "It's not like him to miss his breakfast," she said, fanning her big round red face with her apron. "It's not good for him to miss his breakfast. High-strung excitable young men like Mr. Potter who can't stay out of love for two days running, poor souls, need their meals regular."

Mrs. Webster, stirring thick cream and sugar in her coffee, paid no attention. She was thinking that perhaps Miss Tone, having been brought up on a farm, might have some useful information about cow barns. The trouble was that cow barns had probably changed a lot since Miss Tone's time; probably they didn't have electric milking machines thirty or forty years ago and that was the sort of thing needed for atmosphere. For instance, the sound of the curly-headed hot-eyed stranger's approach might be covered by the whir of the electric milking machines so that the first Mary would know of his presence would be his big hard sensitive brown hand on her white shoulder.

"Perhaps," Miss Tone said loudly, "perhaps it was one of those girls he has the photographs of on his bureau. She may have done it with a thin jeweled dagger or a paper knife, plunging it deep down into a vital part and twisting it. One of those eight, or is it nine? One of the ones he scorned when he took up with Diana Croston, that's who



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the police should investigate first."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," Mrs. Webster said under her breath. Out loud she said, "I'll go up and see in just a minute, dear. Just let me finish my coffee," and she picked up her cup and drained it, adding silently that God only knew how anyone expected her to get her story ready for the typist by twelve o'clock or anything else done for that matter with a crazy loon like Miss Tone around the place.

"Tell him it's griddle cakes and sausages," she heard Miss Tone call as she left the room.

She thumped upstairs, promising to hire a housemaid, two housemaids, to run up and down the stairs all day finding out if people had been murdered. If she had some help with the beds and the cleaning and the picking up the young gentlemen's clothes off the floor she might get somewhere with her writing. But the wish was fleeting because an intruder in the companionable kitchen was unthinkable. And there was a pang of something that might almost be forlornness at the idea of losing touch with her young gentlemen which she would do if she didn't tidy up their rooms.

She paused on the landing to settle the flowers on top of her red transformation and to touch up her cheeks and her lips from the big red leather bag that she carried with her always. And then, munching on a stick of gum that she took from the bag, she climbed on, her heart beating a little faster than usual because Mr. Potter might come bursting out of his room at any minute dressed in whatever it was he wore in bed which wasn't pyjamas because he didn't own any—she had picked up his wardrobe from the floor enough times to be sure of that. And her heart beat faster, too, in anticipation of the corpse she might find in the big high-ceilinged room where he and Mr. Allan lived frantically in a welter of clothes and squash racquets, skis, fishing rods, books, shotguns, gramophone records, girls' pictures, magazines and, it sometimes seemed to Mrs. Webster, a hundred thousand ties.

IT WAS dim at first when she pushed open the heavy dark-oak door after Mr. Potter called "Come in." But the dark-red curtains drawn across the windows were billowed out by the breeze and, in the changing light, her heart skipped a beat because the shape that lay so whitely still, hunched on the bed under a sheet, might easily have been a dead body. But after a second she made out the short black hair that lay in tight curls over Mr. Potter's square head and saw that his bright black eyes were looking at her hostilely. There was no blood.

She tucked her gum into her cheek, cleared her throat and said nervously, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," he answered in a polite flat voice. "Just dandy."

Then there was silence. Mrs. Webster settled her gum securely and said "When will you be down for breakfast?"

"I'm not coming down for breakfast," he answered, looking at her belligerently. "Or lunch either, maybe." He pulled a bare arm out from under the sheet, ran his fingers through his close thick curls and tucked his arm away again.

Then the fresh breeze that blew in from the summer morning street outside suddenly bellowed out the red curtains violently, letting sunshine spill in, and the door behind Mrs. Webster blew shut with a crash. She started and swallowed her gum. The red curtains fell straight again.

When she was recovered, she said cajolingly, "Maybe a cold shower? And

then a nice fresh country egg in Worcestershire sauce. Miss Tone could fix you one. I've heard it's good after a person has misjudged."

Mr. Potter hunched his five feet ten of solid meat a little further down under the flimsy sheet and shut his eyes.

"How about some nice black coffee and aspirin?" Mrs. Webster persisted.

"It's not that," he answered crossly. "I'm just staying in bed, that's all. Can't I just stay in bed without everyone getting all excited?"

"Did you get fired perhaps?" Mrs. Webster asked, sympathy welling up.

"No. At least not yet, I haven't," he said. "I'm just not going to get up. That's all."

"But they'll be expecting you at the office."

"Oh, to hell with them. See if I care."

Mrs. Webster, disturbed, moved into the room and stooped automatically to pick a disordered heap of clothes from the centre of the floor: a long-tailed evening coat with a brown-edged gardenia, a ruffled evening shirt, black trousers, green-striped underwear, socks. She carried her load

over to a big crowded table that stood in the window and served as writing desk, workbench, bar and clothes horse. The explanation came to her.

"A lovers' quarrel," she said and, when he didn't answer, she gave him advice from her extensive experienced novelist's store. "Don't let it upset you. Young girls are all alike. The thing for you to do is to get up now and get dressed and go to work and then, this evening, take her flowers. White roses. Or violets." The scene began to come alive in her mind. For inspiration she glanced to the bureau where Diana



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Croston's photograph stood with seven others, all inscribed with intimate dedications. The reconciliation would take place in an expensive modern living room. Diana Croston, fashionably gaunt, would sit on a backless aluminum sofa wearing strapless pastel-blue nylon and her eyes would be made up slantwise. Mr. Potter, in a white dinner jacket, would kneel in an old-fashioned way on a thick white rug at her feet. "Be bold but very gentle," she went on slowly. "Be inexorable but very gentle. Impetuous hot-blooded young men sometimes forget that girls are shy things. They are delicate like—like—wood violets. Take her in your arms gently and reverently but inexorably and ask her forgiveness. Promise her that whatever it was that gave the offense you'll root it out."

When she stopped Mr. Potter said loudly, defiantly. "But that's just the trouble. I can't root it out. Or wash it off, or any other thing."

Wrenched back from the chromium living room Mrs. Webster said blankly, "What can't you?"

Mr. Potter was holding the sheet up tightly around his thick neck and his black eyes were very bright. They glittered in the dim light. "My mermaid," he said shortly, and then, because Mrs. Webster didn't answer but stood beside the desk with her mouth open, he added bitterly, "My mermaid. She's only a little one. Really. But she's tattooed on. Really she's quite small. There's no need to make all the fuss."

"Ah," Mrs. Webster said almost inaudibly. "A mermaid."

Mr. Potter propped himself up on one elbow and wiped his face with the sheet. The movement disturbed a round shaving mirror that had been hidden under the pillow. It slipped off and fell to the floor with a clatter. It did not break and Mr. Potter paid no attention to it.

"Don't you think it's sort of unreasonable for a girl to get sore simply because her fiancé goes and gets a mermaid tattooed on him?" he said. "Honestly, is that a reasonable thing to get all worked up over or not? They told me she'd like it. Actually that was why I had it done. The man said girls thought mermaids tattooed on were nice. Much nicer than snakes." He ran his agitated fingers through his short black curly hair again.

"What man?" Mrs. Webster breathed. "Who told you?"

"Why the man in the tattoo place. It was when we were downtown the other night after my stag dinner and Herc McGowan said let's go in this place and we did. And then they all said how I ought to have something tattooed on for Diana. Something she'd like. Well, I knew they were exaggerating a little but the man seemed so certain and it did seem like a good idea somehow so I had it done."

He paused and his black eyes wandered. "I guess Diana hasn't a sense of humor, or something." His voice shook a little and his face remembered something very unpleasant. "Last night at the Huntley-Mathewson's Herc McGowan had to go blabbing his big mouth off and the fellows got me out in the conservatory and made me open up my shirt so they could see the way I can make her wiggle, my mermaid I mean—I had her done on my stomach. And of course Diana had to hear about it."

He stopped to pull the sheet up and mop his face again. "I'll have to go away. I think I'm going to Alaska. I'm just lying here thinking about it. I bet people in Alaska aren't foolish about a little thing like tattooing."

Mrs. Webster, swept away by pity for all the world's young lovers who

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quarreled over foolish trifles, who misunderstood one another tragically, saw wolves and snow and Mr. Potter in an icicle-trimmed parka, supporting Diana Croston who had, years later, come out to find him. But then he had to go and spoil everything by muttering, "Diana a wood violet. Oh, my God. A wood rattlesnake's more like it."

The circle of bearded miners who stood about the lovers' lifeless bodies, with bared heads, vanished. Mr. Potter was, she saw suddenly, just an ordinary rude ungrateful young man, a clod like all the rest. She remembered her manuscript and Miss Archibald who would arrive at twelve-thirty to pick it up. If Mr. Potter and Diana Croston refused to behave worthily she had no more time to spend on them. They could go without.

"Look," she said briskly. "You ought to get up and go to work." Going to work did wonders for young gentlemen she had noticed during the past fifteen years.

"I can't," he said. "Diana's father is my boss and she'll have told him all about it. And anyway, even if he didn't mind, who's going to take advice on their investments any more from a man who everybody knows publicly has a mermaid tattooed on his stomach?" And with a tremendous flurry of sheet he turned over so that he faced the wall.

MAKING her way downstairs, when the back of his head remained stubbornly unresponsive, she asked how anyone expected anyone to win short-story competitions if they had to spend all day arguing with rude young men who wouldn't get out of bed. She would have to let the housework go until after lunch; she was so upset already it would take all of two hours to get the manuscript ready for Miss Archibald.

Crossing the kitchen to pick up her papers, she gave Miss Tone the news briefly.

"Oh, the poor sweet lamb," Miss Tone said from the sink where she was washing dishes. "Has he tried baking soda? I'll put the kettle on. Hot water and baking soda does wonders often."

"No, no, no," Mrs. Webster said, gathering up her things. "It's a mermaid, I said. Mermaid. It's tattooed on his stomach, on the outside. It's a picture. If the laundry comes before I get back be sure to remember about the shirt Mr. Smith says isn't his. It's on top of the refrigerator in a brown paper bag." She started for the door.

"A mermaid. Think of that. Is she in full colors? If Diana Croston objects there's some of those others on his bureau won't mind, I'll bet a dollar."

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Webster said from the doorway. "It's more than that. He's worried because Diana Croston's father is his boss and won't like it. He says the customers won't come to him for advice now he has a mermaid on his stomach."

"But he's got to have his breakfast," Miss Tone shook her head. "If he knew it was griddles he'd come. Did you say it was griddles?"

"He won't come down, I tell you," Mrs. Webster's voice rose a little even after counting ten and then five more

for good measure. She rattled the door knob almost imperceptibly. "Once and for all, he's going to stay in bed. Did you hear what I told you about Mr. Smith's shirt in the paper bag on the refrigerator?"

"Let's see," Miss Tone said. "Go up and tell him the exterminator's coming to fumigate the place. No, that won't do. Yes. Yes, I've got it. The poor lamb. Go out in the front hall and shout 'Fire, Fire' and then when he comes running down he'll smell the sausages and coffee and stay to eat his breakfast like a gentleman."

A vision of Mr. Potter's costume if aroused hurriedly swept over Mrs. Webster. "Oh, no, no," she said. "He'd know we were fooling him and he'd be angry."

"Well, then, we'll have to set fire to the house, then," Miss Tone said thoughtfully. "Only a little, of course. Then he couldn't be angry with us."

Mrs. Webster held onto the doorknob very tightly. "He's not coming down to breakfast. He's not coming down to lunch either, maybe. I wouldn't be surprised if he never came down again. He's trying to decide whether to shoot

himself or go to Alaska. Now, once and for all, did you hear what I said about Mr. Smith's shirt?"

"Who? The laundry? Of course, dear. What gun is he going to use?"

Mrs. Webster unclenched her teeth far enough to say, "Oh, my God. How should I know? Mr. Allan's shotgun, probably," before she turned and pulled the door shut firmly behind her.

ESTABLISHED at her desk in her quiet bedroom at the head of the third-floor stairs, with the door open so that she could hear if any crisis hap-

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pened, she took up her pencil. But her breathing was heavy and her hands trembled. She could not write legibly enough for Miss Archibald.

"Mr. Allan's shotgun. Pah!" she said under her breath and thought of other, even more cleverly sarcastic things she might have said. Though it was a waste because poor Miss Tone didn't understand a quarter of what you told her. Set the house on fire to get Mr. Potter to come down. "Only a little, of course," Mrs. Webster echoed. "Really, I don't know how I stand it." She said it out loud and tapped on her teeth with her pencil.

But the thing to do was to free her mind from petty trivialities, to become cosmic, to let her soul swing in free space, picking up vibrations from the infinite. She took up her pencil again.

Mary, lulled by the hum of the electric cow-milking machines and the low moos of contented cows, sat dreaming the long, long dreams of youth. When the stranger approached, a stocky young man with short, very curly black hair glistening in the evening sunlight, she did not hear it, nor did she feel the hot violence of his black eyes as he...

The grammar was vaguely disquieting; and then the scene was gone and she was back in her narrow bedroom, motionless, suddenly conscious that the first-floor telephone extension on the landing at the foot of the stairs was tinkling gently in sympathy with the kitchen extension which someone was dialing. It must be the laundryman calling his office about the shirt. She turned her eyes back to her papers.

But she hadn't heard the back doorbell ring. It must be Miss Tone. But Miss Tone never telephoned. Miss Tone complained that her fingers got caught in the little holes and the noise of the dial turning gave her a funny feeling as if she was being tickled.

Mrs. Webster stood up after a moment and walked slowly down the stairs to the telephone. After hesitating a moment, after twice stretching out her hand and pulling it back again, she lifted the receiver very gently and put it to her ear. Miss Tone was saying:

... think you should come at once. He may be going to shoot himself we think. He's lying upstairs forlornly in his bed. First he says he's going to Alaska and then he fondles Mr. Allan's terrible big shiny shotgun and examines it. He won't eat any breakfast. No one should shoot themselves on an empty stomach. It's 1475 Beach St. We don't know what to do. Hurry, Miss Croston, please hurry.

"I'll come," a girl's voice said shakily. "I'll be there right away. It won't take me more than a few minutes."

"Hello," Mrs. Webster said. "Hello, Miss Croston. Hello."

But there was no answer. Nothing except two little clicks and then the wire hummed emptily.

Everything conspired against her. The dog-eared telephone directory slipped off its hook when she reached for it and fell down onto the floor; her rosebuds tumbled from her hair when she stooped to pick it up; a torn page delayed matters; then she sneezed suddenly and had to stop to blow her nose. When she found the list of Crostons at last, there were two full columns of them and she didn't know the initials of Diana's father or what their address might be.

So in the end she had to go downstairs and ask Miss Tone.

"You shouldn't have done it," she said as she pushed through the kitchen door. "I've got to call her right back. Whatever would Mr. Potter say if he found out? I hate to think. Besides he's in bed. She can't come here. What's her number? How did you know her number?"

Miss Tone, elevated in her chair and lying back at a luxurious angle, didn't deny anything. She pumped herself upright, saying, "But you said he was going to shoot himself." Her blue eyes were wide and anxious. "Somebody had to do something."

"I did not say he was going to shoot himself," Mrs. Webster's voice shook a little. "I said no such thing. What's her number? I've got to call her back."

"You did say it, you did." The corners of Miss Tone's mouth began to tremble. "With Mr. Allan's shotgun, you said. I heard you, dear. And now you blame it all on me. The poor lamb. If only he'd just eat a little something first. I said to myself, I said—"

"Look," interrupted Mrs. Webster. She spoke very patiently and quietly and slowly and distinctly. "It doesn't matter now what I said. The thing is we've got to call her back and tell her it was a mistake. What was her number? How did you find it?"

"Cardinal 4552," Miss Tone told her. "You said he wasn't coming down to breakfast or lunch, either, or dinner. And the only reason he would miss his meals is because he's dead. He's one of the loveliest eaters we've ever had. With Mr. Allan's shotgun, you said. Anyway why shouldn't she come?"

Mrs. Webster, perched on the counter, had dialed and waved her hand at Miss Tone, signaling her to keep quiet.

Cardinal 4552 was busy first and then turned out to be the residence of a quavery old woman who had never heard of a Miss Croston.

Perhaps it was Cardinal 4255, Miss Tone admitted. Come to think of it, it was Cardinal 4255 after all; she remembered now. She knew the number because she had written it down only two days ago when Diana Croston had phoned and left a message. But it

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turned out that she was wrong; Cardinal 4255 had been disconnected. The nearest thing to it in the phone book was M. M. Croston, Cardinal 3475; but when applied to, a frightened half-deaf child denied there was anyone named Diana there. Perhaps, Miss Tone thought now, washing dishes dangerously fast at the sink, perhaps the exchange had been Terminal or Central after all. She simply could not understand how it had gone so completely out of her head so quickly.

And then the doorbell began to ring.

MRS. WEBSTER'S stomach sank heavily. "What'll I say?" she asked, licking her dry lips and letting the telephone directory slip off her lap onto the linoleum.

"Just tell her the truth, dear, tell her you made a mistake. Tell her how we tried to call her back when you found out the mistake you had made." Miss Tone spoke cheerfully, drying her hands on a dishtowel.

The bell rang steadily, one insistent peal after the other.

"Maybe it's the laundry," Miss Tone said. "Don't forget that shirt of Mr. Smith's."

But it was not the laundry; it was Diana Croston. Mrs. Webster recognized her easily. She was a tall girl, and she was very pretty, even with her gold hair in curling pins only partially covered by a blue handkerchief. Her eyebrows were thin, level lines over anxious eyes and her cheeks were very white. Her lipstick was smudged. She wore a camel-hair sport's coat over a green cotton dress that had obviously been retired from public wear some time ago. She had feather-trimmed slippers on her feet.

"Is he all right?" she cried. "Am I in time? I drove through two red lights. Oh, where is he? Oh, can I see him?"

"Look, Miss Croston," Mrs. Webster started and then stopped to swallow and compose her mind. Miss Tone, who had followed along behind, interrupted.

"Before you see him you'd best plan a minute what you're going to say and do, young woman. Giving us such a dreadful fright. What's all this about you telling him it was wrong for him to get himself tattooed? What's wrong with a man getting himself tattooed, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing," the girl said breathlessly. "Oh, nothing. It was just that he hadn't told me. And everyone was laughing and whispering about it and I didn't know what was going on and—I guess I got angry because he was keeping a secret from me, that's all. I guess we've both been going to so many parties lately we're sort of run ragged. They kept talking about his new girl and raising their eyebrows. Where is he? I want to see him and tell him how sorry I am."

"You made him miss his breakfast," Miss Tone said. Her round blue eyes were indignant. "Griddle cakes and sausages it was. He thinks your father won't employ him any more because he has mermaid tattooed on his stomach. He thinks the customers will object. Why do the customers have to see his stomach?"

"Oh, how silly he is," Diana cried. "He's an idiot. Of course Dad won't mind. Dad has a snake tattooed all over his stomach himself. Please can I see him?"

"Mrs. Webster will take you up," Miss Tone said.

"Oh, no, no, she can't go up," Mrs. Webster started. "Mr. Potter's not—" but Diana was already halfway up the stairs.

"It's the first door on the right," Miss Tone called and Mrs. Webster followed.

He was still lying with his face to the wall when Diana pushed open the dark-oak door and passed inside. The red window curtains billowed out into the room, letting sunlight fall onto the floor. He was probably asleep because he lay quite still while she ran lightly across the carpet and, kneeling down beside the bed, put her hand onto the curly black hair that showed above the sheet.

"I'm sorry, Paul," she said in a low voice.

Mrs. Webster, chaperoning from the hall outside, felt her throat tighten and tears welling in her eyes.

Mr. Potter spun over with a flurry of sheet. "Diana," he said hoarsely. "Where did you come from? What are you doing here?"

"They called me," the girl said brokenly. "They said you wouldn't get up for breakfast and I came right over to tell you I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was sore last night. You can have a dozen mermaids tattooed all over you. And don't worry about Dad. He has a snake. He can't criticize."

Mr. Potter pulled a bare brown arm out from under the sheet and put it around Diana's shoulders. "Diana," he began earnestly. "I did it for you. Honestly. When they—"

And then the treacherous morning breeze blew the door shut suddenly, without any warning, bang, right in Mrs. Webster's face. And it was a long full minute before she realized that it was probably not going to be opened again.

She turned and started blindly down the stairs. Miss Tone would know what to do. Miss Archibald was coming at twelve-thirty for the manuscript. Miss Tone would have to do something. Perhaps it might be necessary to set the house on fire, just a little, after all. ★

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The "Revolt" of the Army

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

himself with alarm. As the two men faced each other across the desk of the old-fashioned office in the East Block King told his Canadian lieutenant the truth.

The government, said King, faced an uprising by the military if it did not enforce conscription instantly. Incredulous but ice-cold, St. Laurent replied that if the military proposed to control the government it must be resisted. Otherwise Canada, he added, in a memorable phrase, was reduced to the status of some South American banana republic. The Cabinet must fight the uprising. Fight? King retorted. Fight with what? Our bare hands? No, if conscription were resisted longer not only the government and nation but the whole war effort would fly to pieces.

On hearing King's further explanations St. Laurent agreed then and there to accept conscription. He took his own political life in his hands and hoped—it was no more than a hope—that he could persuade Quebec to follow him.

When parliament met in the afternoon only King, St. Laurent and McNaughton knew what King intended to do. All the rest of the cabinet still assumed that there would be no conscription and a smashup by evening. Instead, adjourning the House after a few formalities and then adjourning the Liberal caucus immediately afterward, King entered the cabinet chamber that night and recommended the passage of order-in-council No. 8891 to conscript sixteen thousand of the Home Army zombies immediately.

That is King's version of the famous

secret interview with St. Laurent, and what followed in public.

It was true as far as it went but it was not the whole story. King held back the final fact which would have gone far to justify his great decision. He said repeatedly, growing more emotional with each repetition, that he had been faced at that dreadful noontime by a military uprising but he never supported his statement with any clear facts. Those facts, he said rather mysteriously, would be revealed in his autobiography, complete with names. He died before he could begin the autobiography.

When I visited Ottawa a few weeks ago certain military men who had kept silent for more than eight years evidently thought the time had come for full explanation. They knew I was puzzled by King's incomplete story, as I had fully admitted in my book, and that I suspected, like most other people, that King, clutching wildly for a way out of the crisis, had greatly exaggerated the danger of an open split between Canada's political and military leaders.

But King did not exaggerate. Up to Nov. 22, 1944, the army command had loyally attempted to carry through King's policy of voluntary enlistment under McNaughton. It did not believe the policy would work but it was willing to try to make it work with every resource of persuasion in its power. While the cabinet wrangled and split, the General Staff and its district commanders exhorted the zombies to volunteer for overseas service. All but a few of the zombies replied that if the government wanted them overseas it should conscript them. Against that hard rock of resistance the recruiting drive was failing. By Nov. 22 the army leaders judged that it had completely failed.

On that morning McNaughton met his leading military advisers. His overseas commanders were not, of course, among those present, but most members of the Ottawa-based Army Council were. Some of those present did not speak at all and I have not been able to ascertain whether they all accepted the opinion of the majority. For that reason, although I know the names of most of the men who attended the meeting, I am not identifying any of them as individuals.

When the meeting came to order McNaughton must have realized at once that he faced a situation without parallel in the record of the Canadian Army which he had recently commanded overseas. The men responsible for that army at the Ottawa level now laid before him a chilling memorandum. It recommended that the zombies be conscripted because they could not be persuaded to go overseas voluntarily.

This, then, was the end of the voluntary method which McNaughton had undertaken to carry through when he replaced Ralston as defense minister. On the word of the men ultimately responsible for the maintenance of the overseas army the King-McNaughton policy was a failure. If the army commanders could take no further responsibility for enforcing it no government could hope to maintain it, even as a fiction.

The memorandum is in the official files and presumably will be published at the proper time. But it was the lesser half of that memorable interview. The larger half was verbal and never recorded. It explains everything.

When they had handed their memorandum to McNaughton the army officials added bluntly that if their recommendation in favor of conscription was not accepted they must resign forthwith. That was the terrible news,



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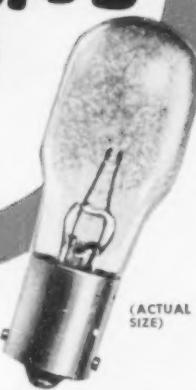
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the body blow, which McNaughton quickly communicated to King by telephone.

McNaughton must have known and King saw instantly that a general resignation among the chief army officials was not only unprecedented but unthinkable. It would destroy the government, of course—a government which had lost the confidence of its military advisers—but that would be an incident in the larger damage to the unity of the nation and to the whole war effort. In King's judgment, government, nation and war effort were

locking down the gun barrel of total catastrophe.

Nothing less than that danger would have altered King's policy or moved St. Laurent. The danger was so overwhelming that King did not dare to confide in his cabinet.

That night, a few minutes before he asked the cabinet to impose conscription—ostensibly because the recruiting drive had failed—he appealed to C. G. Power, his minister for air, to retract the resignation which Power felt bound to offer because he had promised his people never to support a conscrip-

tionist policy. Yet King never hinted to Power, his oldest confidant, that the army commanders were ready to resign.

This fact is cited by King's critics as proof that the whole story of trouble in the army was pure invention, for if it were true why was Power not told and persuaded to remain in the cabinet? The question was raised in my book but not answered.

Now the answer is obvious: Knowing the gallant and unshakable Power, King knew that just as he would never accept conscription, he would be just as ready to resist the army command.

Had Power been told the whole truth, he would have made King's position still more difficult. So he was told nothing.

The rest of the cabinet could not be told either, for the secret thus widely shared would have leaked, as all the cabinet's recent secrets had leaked, and for both political and patriotic reasons King could not afford to let the public know that the nation had come within an inch of what he was to call "anarchy."

He used that word a few days later in parliament—guardedly, obliquely in a tortured speech—and he meant it. The House did not understand his meaning because it did not know what lay behind it.

Nor did the House understand St. Laurent's curiously reticent speech on Dec. 6 in which he said:

Dec. 6 in which he said:

"The Prime Minister has told the House that on Nov. 22 General McNaughton himself, *in conference with his staff*, had come to certain conclusions and had presented them to the government on the evening of that day. As a result of that presentation I had to bring my mind to bear upon two different aspects of the problem which had not before impressed me as they had perhaps already impressed some of my colleagues."

These two aspects were the technical difficulty of getting fully trained infantry reinforcements and the dangerous psychological effect on the fighting army overseas if it believed that those reinforcements would be inadequate.

When King referred to the possibility of "anarchy" and St. Laurent to McNaughton's "conference with his staff" both had in mind the secret they could not divulge, the awful knowledge that the army high command would resign and perhaps could not be replaced if conscription were longer resisted.

For similar reasons of patriotism the military men kept their unspoken vow of silence so long as it was required. They had only one interest—to maintain the overseas army at full strength by any method which would work. They were concerned solely with the facts, not with the politics of any government or party. They had no selfish motives of any kind. They had come to the point of resignation—an act without precedent in wartime—simply because they placed the safety of their army above their own careers or any other consideration.

How many of them actually would have resigned if King had rejected conscription will never be known. The final threat was not put in writing along with the officers' memorandum and, in that tense hurried interview, no one seems to remember exactly what was said or who said it. There can be absolutely no question, however, from the information given me quite voluntarily from military sources, that the resignations would have been wide and distinguished enough to produce disastrous consequences.

As he grew older King may have exaggerated those consequences. He spoke repeatedly of a military uprising and of anarchy. Nothing of the sort was intended by the officers, who only intended to resign quietly when they could no longer take responsibility for the existing policy.

At the time of the crisis King took no one into his confidence except St. Laurent (McNaughton necessarily being the third confidant) until the cabinet meeting on the night of Nov. 22. And then he withheld the final facts, as too damaging to himself, to the government, to the nation, to the army and to the war effort. He was waiting for the publication of his autobiography, which he would never write. ★

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THE MUTUAL LIFE of CANADA

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I Married a Corporation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

an arrangement with the auctioneer, who would take the article back to be palmed off at a subsequent auction on some other eager bidder. Since she invariably bought items that were rank bargains at the price she bid, this arrangement worked quite well. But some of the bulkier purchases, notably beds, cost a couple of dollars' cartage, and that was a dead loss.

I did not learn of my wife's method of solving this economic block to her trading until the secretary-treasurer of the magazine which employed me remarked to me one day: "Do you know, Mr. Johnstone (he called everyone Mr.) I had the strangest impression driving down Bay Street today. I thought I saw your wife walking along the street carrying an enormous bed on her back. Of course, it couldn't have been her. But the lady looked most extraordinarily like your wife."

"Of course not," I agreed with an uneasy laugh. Then I rushed to a phone and laid down the law in no uncertain terms. She told me that she had beaten the cartage company for four dollars already, and only after I threatened to hand in my resignation at the office did she agree to abandon the practice. But I am certain to this day that she merely took to the lanes not likely to be traversed by prying secretary-treasurers.

The Princess Couldn't Stay

Then I went to Ottawa to work for the National Film Board and, at the conclusion of the ballet season, my wife joined me. The Ottawa Civil Servants Recreational Association was then embarked upon an ambitious program to cater to the after-work needs of thousands of new wartime employees, and my wife was engaged to direct a broad dance-instruction program. About seven hundred civil servants enrolled for classes that ranged from ballet to ballroom and included modern dancing, tap dancing, folk dancing and jitterbug.

My wife, who is primarily a ballet and modern dancer, rushed off to New York where she took an intensive teaching course in ballroom dancing. Then, further fortified by Arthur Murray's book on the subject, she undertook to offer instruction to classes that ranged up to one hundred pupils at a time. The only snag was that in a group of eighty students there would be seventy-six girls and four bewildered men. Soon all our male friends were invited to attend as assistants. We numbered at most about ten, and it was a frightening experience which still haunts me to hear my wife announce midway through the lesson, "Choose partners," and to see fourscore eager-eyed girls bearing down with the fixed determination to secure at least a male coat sleeve for the next waltz.

During that sojourn in Ottawa one of the local ballet teachers one season invited my wife to take over her classes. The pupils included among the children of the diplomatic corps one of the daughters of Holland's present Queen, then Princess Juliana. It is my wife's fixed opinion that parents at dance classes only distract the children. So, when Princess Juliana arrived one day to watch her daughter perform, she was gently but firmly informed by my wife that it was not permitted. The Princess raised no objection.

It was about this time that my wife made her debut as a public speaker and I got my first taste of the nature of our

future collaboration in that field. A friend in Peterborough invited her to speak at a meeting of the University Women's Club there, and the topic was to have something to do with dancing. My wife has never been able to resist the opportunity of appearing before the public. But, she told me almost tearfully, she had no idea of how to prepare a speech, and she was frantic with anxiety at the approaching ordeal. Generously, I agreed to write the speech for her and I did so, laboring far into the night for several evenings until I had what I modestly considered

to be a charming and effective effort. She read it carefully, I'll say that for her. Then she went off to Peterborough, leaving my script behind. She spoke to the University Women's Club, and she also threw in a lecture at the high school. But she carefully avoided all the material in my speech. I learned that from the report that was subsequently published in the Peterborough Examiner. It was well received, too, and that hurt me worst of all.

Yet, on the whole, I cannot complain too much about that period. I ate well, and my laundry was always in

order. Furthermore, when my wife took her annual three-month summer study course in New York she was able to pay for the expenses with her earnings from the Recreational Association and the dance school. I did think it rather silly at the time that a person who had danced professionally for more than ten years should still think it necessary to tour the New York dance studios, taking three and four professional classes daily in ballet, modern dancing, oriental dancing, Spanish dancing, and what have you, and in the middle of a blasting hot New York



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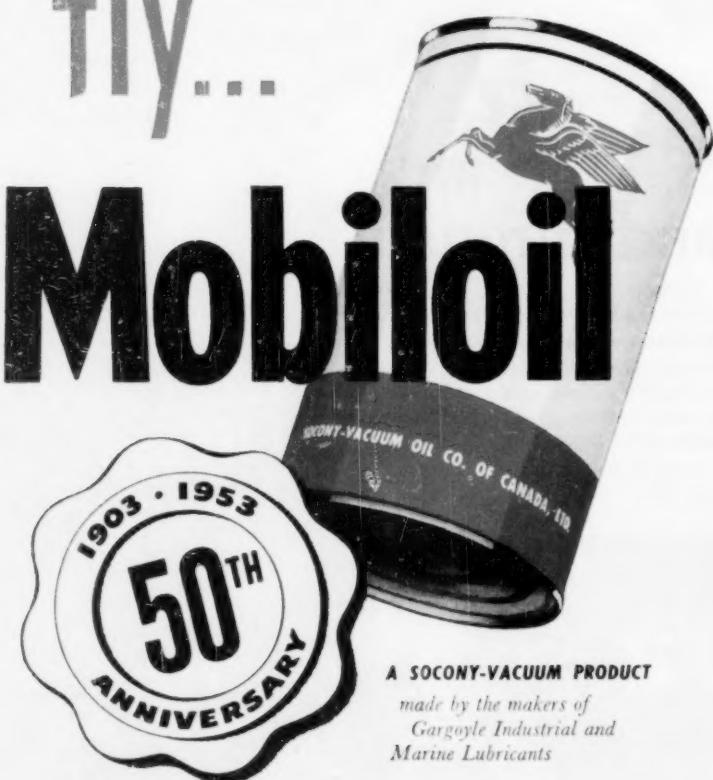
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summer at that. I complained, but after all it was her money. My laundry used to get all out of order in her absence. Only the fact that my job kept me traveling most of the summer anyway reconciled me to her holiday.

At the war's end we came to Montreal, where I was employed by a publication in that city. As my job took me out of the city for the greater part of the time I lost track of just what my wife was up to. It probably wouldn't have made much difference anyway, for by this time she had the bit between her teeth. She started teaching dancing and soon had a quite effective dance group organized. This group she employed to fulfill choreographic assignments which she received from Montreal theatrical organizations. She was a hard taskmaster. I shudder when I recall her measured praise for one of her soloists when the latter had performed at one of those open-air symphony concerts which were given at the McGill stadium. The girl presented herself at the end of the dance to my wife and asked her anxiously: "How did I do?"

My wife reflected. "Well, you didn't fall off the platform," she offered cautiously.

But dancing, teaching and choreography failed to keep her sufficiently occupied though she worked for such groups as the McGill Revue, the University of Montreal Bleu et Or Revue, Les Compagnons de St. Laurent, Henri Deyglun, Pierre Dagenais, André Audet, and practically any other organization which required dances or dance movements in their presentations. She decided to become a radio actress.

Soon she was performing on the air in French programs, German programs, and in English programs. She studied English diction with Eleanor Stuart and French diction with Mme Audet. She studied the recorder with Mario Deschenes, and the piano with Herman David.

Herbert Whittaker, now a Toronto theatre critic, was active then as a director with the Montreal Repertory Theatre. He selected Elizabeth to play the title role in *I Remember Mama*, and even crusty old Morgan-Powell, trenchant dean of critics, accorded her a rave notice.

She continued her career as a public speaker, both in French and in English, and added that of fashion commentator. And she continued to badger me for help in the preparation of lectures, although she never made use of the notes which I painfully compiled. Her lecture methods were decidedly unorthodox. On one occasion, lecturing at the Montreal Repertory Theatre, she started to speak, then raised a hand dramatically to her forehead, then slumped slowly to the floor. When front-row spectators rushed to her assistance she gracefully rose to her feet and announced brightly: "I love to act." That was the theme of her lecture.

She did one film stint, a night-club dance solo in the picture, *Forbidden Journey*. The film, produced by Selkirk Productions, had some excellent photography but no story and was deservedly a flop.

In the last year, television has claimed her attention and she has added that medium to her repertoire, both as a performer and as a choreographer. But she has not allowed these diversions to interfere with her activities as a dance teacher, choreographer and performer for the live stage. This month she is playing the lead in *Anna Christie* for the Montreal Repertory Theatre. This will be her third successive year of participation in the Canadian Ballet Festival, where she appears with her dancers in ballets of her own devising.

We have been in Montreal about eight years now and things have changed for me very much for the worse. True, we have accumulated some worldly goods; a home in the country, a car, a dog and a cat, and the most bewildering collection of old furniture gleaned from a haunting of country auctions on my wife's part. She will buy anything, if it is cheap enough. One day she came home triumphantly with a wooden yoke which used to be employed on the farm for carrying two pails of water. Fortunately we have running water in the country, and I pointed this out. "But I only paid six cents for it," my wife objected indignantly. So I turned it upside down and fastened it by its hooks to the ceiling and she keeps ivy in it.

Busy with dancing, radio, television, speech-making and her eternal lessons, my wife now finds little time for my socks and shirts. But she discovered that nylon socks never seem to spring holes. So now my bureau drawer is piled deep with nylon socks. And nylon shirts which can be rinsed out in the bathtub at night and save laundry expense. And nylon underwear. But the cotton thread used in stitching nylon underwear eventually wears out and my nylon shorts developed many draughty vents until my brother's wife took pity on me recently and sewed up a couple of pair. The gesture roused some dormant sense of conjugal loyalty in my wife's breast and she promptly sewed up the balance of the seams, using nylon thread for the purpose.

Her sense of humor is something that has puzzled me ever since I met her. It was a year after our marriage that we met a couple of her former dancing associates on the street one day. She introduced them, and they had back-

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breaking names. Then she turned to me and looked at me with puzzlement "And what is your name?" she asked me. I've never been able to figure out whether she was kidding or not.

There was also the time that an old lady came to the door of our country home, which is in an area where only French is spoken. I heard the old lady mumble something about *propagation de la foi*, which I considered to be a touch for the church. I saw my wife slip her a dollar, and I asked afterward: "What did she want?"

My wife blandly replied: "I am buying some *pâté de foie gras*."

I waited weeks for the *pâté*, and then I looked up *foi* in a French dictionary.

Even the dog took lessons

She considers herself something of a psychoanalyst and reads Freud with diligence. When she heard that the Dr. A. A. Brill translation of The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud was not too accurate because Brill apparently misunderstood some of Freud's more subtle points, she wrote to her father, who is a philosophy professor at Hamburg University, requesting him to send her Freud in the original German. She was determined not to fall into Brill's errors. And she makes thumbnail analyses of backward pupils at the drop of a hat. When I remonstrated with her that psychoanalysis was somewhat more subtle than her methods, she replied: "Oh, I refer the really complicated cases to a real analyst."

She is a great believer in lessons and in study. She spends her summers customarily in New York or in Europe studying dancing, every aspect from ballet to primitive dance. She finds that yoga exercises are excellent in dance training and she employs them

in her modern-dance classes. Fencing and judo she has also included in her own studies though I have seen no pierced or flying forms in the dance classes so far.

Her faith in lessons—any lesson on anything—is so powerful that she enrolled our poor bewildered boxer dog in an obedience class and didn't relent with him until he had won the first prize for advanced obedience. But around the dance studio he is thoroughly spoiled and specializes in hiding one of each pair of slippers that she possesses. He made that mistake only once with my shoes and now leaves them severely alone. Kindness and a good swift kick will work wonders with dogs, I find.

Some women like to spend money on clothes. My wife likes to get her clothes secondhand from friends who have good taste. She accepts them unblushingly and even gently hints that it is time they should freshen up their wardrobes. As a result she is probably one of the best-dressed women in Montreal. Instead of buying clothes she buys plants, usually on the dollar-down system, which I never before knew to be applied to plants. But she puts the dollar down and then watches the plant in the florist's shop for weeks. When she is finally convinced that the plant has not been forced and therefore is likely to have a long life she parts, reluctantly, with the balance of the price, trying to cadge some other small item as a bonus for having returned to complete the purchase. Florists wince when they see her come in the door.

She is proudest of a couple of small plants which she brought back from Hamburg last summer, the gift of her mother, who had grown them from a slip which she had filched from a railway station flowerbed in Switzerland. They didn't cost a cent.

She never throws anything away. When she considers a thing absolutely past all hope she sends it to her mother in Europe and in due course it comes back in good repair, ready for another couple of years' use. There is a certain camel-hair coat which she had when I first met her. She wore it. Her sister wore it. Her mother wore it. Her mother took it apart and turned it inside out. It is now in pieces, neatly wrapped away in mothballs awaiting some inspiration that will put it to good use. [I have just been brought up-to-date. She made it into a spring coat for one of her assistants.]

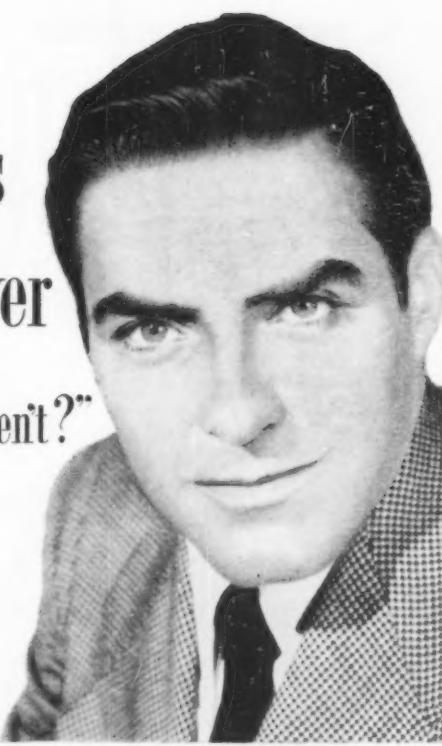
Alice Bradshaw, a very talented Toronto artist, moved to Montreal and my wife helped her pack. Alice collected a number of her old drawings and paintings that she didn't like and dropped them in the ash bin. They have turned up on the walls of our country cottage and now Alice looks at them enviously.

Other artists have learned to their cost that to bargain with Elizabeth is like kicking an angry cobra with your bare feet. She bought a painting from Montreal artist Jori Smith, and a bit of the paint flaked off. Years passed. One day when the unsuspecting Jori was visiting, Elizabeth drew her attention to the blemish. Jori took it back and invited Elizabeth to choose another to replace it. In due course Elizabeth visited the artist at her studio and selected a replacement. But she liked the original painting, too. So she emerged, happy, with both. Never was the old flimflam executed in more masterly style.

Her bargaining with the villagers of St. Marc where we have our country cottage has gained their grudging admiration. Beautiful old handmade kitchen chairs, which sell for twenty dollars each when scraped and offered in Montreal antique shops, are offered

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to her for a dollar each. She counters with fifty cents. After a month of haggling she gets them for sixty cents, and usually with an old pot or something thrown in. A friend of mine recently visited one house that had been the scene of this interminable bargaining and saw a bench that caught her eye. "How much is that?" she asked.

"Oh, it's no good," the housewife replied. "Or Mme Johnstone would have bought it long ago."

I may add, bitterly, that it is only in St. Marc that she is "Madame Johnstone." At her studio I am "Mr. Leese." I have an office there and keep a vigilant eye on her accounts. But on the apartment directory in the lobby she gets top billing in letters an inch high, solid type. My name, in anaemic Gothic, is barely half an inch.

Like most people who pride themselves on their sound business sense she is actually a sucker for stray kittens

and humans. At night, when we walk through Montreal streets after a late rehearsal, I have to drag her forcibly past anything that mews plaintively in a doorway. And on one occasion I had to move to a hotel and threaten to stay there to make her find other lodgings for one old reprobate whom my wife has on occasion bailed out of jail and nursed through numerous emotional and financial depressions.

A program that includes dancing, teaching, acting, lecturing, creating dances, purchasing plants, haunting secondhand shops, reading, studying, practicing the piano and training the dog is one that causes a drain on the constitution, particularly mine. My wife herself finds no difficulty coping with her week. She has developed a Spartan diet of yogurt, wheat germ and honey which she consumes in appalling quantities. She is also good for about two quarts of coffee a day and the same

CANADIAN ECDOLE



How Tom Burnley Missed His Million

WHEN he was laying plans for the visit to North America of the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) in 1860 the Governor-General of Canada was faced with a problem of transportation. He soon saw that night travel between centres would be necessary. He asked for designs for a railway coach that could be used for sleeping quarters, as well as for daytime traveling.

No one had heard of such a coach before, but Thomas Burnley, of Brantford, Ont., sketched a model and was awarded the contract. The car was built in Brantford under Burnley's supervision. Carved coats of arms decorated the exterior. The interior was as princely as marble washstands and ball-fringed draperies could make it.

The Prince was delighted with the unique carriage that was to be his home for two months. He used it for the complete tour.

But Burnley didn't patent his invention. In his mind it was a one-time affair to meet a situation. Who else would want to sleep on a train?

George Pullman, an employee of the Buffalo and Lake Erie Railway, had to visit Brantford often. He saw Burnley's car being built, examined it closely. Quietly in Buffalo he built his own sleeping coach and put it on the market.

The rest is history. While the word "Pullman" is now synonymous with luxurious railway travel Burnley, the name of the real inventor, has become lost in the mist of years. — Herbert L. McDonald.



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amount of orange juice, the latter laced with a couple of ounces of brandy when she has to face a rehearsal after her third evening class. She smokes too many cigarettes. In addition to about two packages that she buys daily herself she cadges mine, and no package of cigarettes left carelessly in view in the studio by some unwitting adult pupil is safe from a sudden raid.

Right now she is engaged in a search for larger studio space to accommodate swelling classes. She confided to me: "I want a place with two studios and lots of room so that I can open a little shop on the side. I'd like to sell old things, and plants, and maybe coffee and milk shakes. A health bar would be nice, too."

All this I have endured with a certain resignation. After all, I started the chain of events back in Toronto twelve years ago. But there is one straw which is threatening to break the camel's back. Since, during weekdays, there is little time for the kind of meals that once convinced me that I was the luckiest of all mortals—soups and stews are the staples at the studio apartment—I always look forward to our week ends in the country as occasions for gastronomical orgies. And, when my wife does not stay in town for Sunday rehearsals, they still are. But who cooks them? You guessed it. I do.

How to Handle Husbands

Last Christmas, with touching solicitude, she presented me with André Simon's encyclopedic treatise on all phases of cooking, together with some excellent recipes. I feel, and I think with some justification, that I have developed a certain culinary skill. Like all artists, I recognize that it is not merely the recipe, but the chef's interpretation of the recipe that is all-important. My soups are beyond reproach. My salads, she has admitted handsomely, are a triumph. But she detests onions, and no matter how I disguise them, subtly blending them with other ingredients, she spots them in a flash and complains bitterly. I'm getting awfully sick of that.

And, last week, she pulled the cheapest trick of all. I had prepared a really excellent Saturday evening dinner, with steaks broiled to perfection, mushrooms done gently in butter, and a crisp green salad, the whole finished off simply with a nicely matured cheese which I keep in a crock in the cellar. It was washed down with a fine Liebfraumilch wine, her favorite. Then there was coffee and a liqueur. I washed the dishes afterward, too, and tidied up the kitchen, scoured the pots and pans. When I retired that night I slept the sleep of the just and the full.

Next morning, she nudged me: "It's awfully late," she complained. I glanced at the bedside clock, and it was past eleven. I roused quickly, scuttled downstairs and soon had a brisk fire in the old-fashioned range, the coffee percolating, and breakfast well under way. She had her coffee and orange juice, according to custom, in bed. Then, at the breakfast table, she complimented me unstintingly on the sausage and scrambled eggs. I mix the latter with water rather than milk, as she likes them better that way. Following breakfast, as I reached for the comics, she began bustling about, hauling the rugs out on the veranda, running the vacuum cleaner, waxing the floor. After some bitter protest, I joined in, and when I had finished polishing the last piece of peasant furniture she said to me brightly: "Wasn't it such a good idea that I put the clock three hours ahead?"

Sometimes I feel like going straight home to mother. ★

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The Car of the Future

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

ever send our cars scooting down the highways. The difficulties of size, weight and safety are too great. Many people seem to think that atomic energy could be used with the present automobile engine. They have vague ideas about dropping a "pill" into the gas tank and traveling thousands of miles on it. It isn't quite that simple.

The energy that drives a car—or produces most kinds of work, for that matter—is heat. In the engine cylinder, air is heated by combustion of gas; it expands and drives a piston. Now, nuclear fission will certainly produce plenty of heat, but this heat must be transformed into driving power. This would probably be done with a steam boiler which is heavy and cumbersome and, as we shall see, not very satisfac-

tory in other respects. Also, nuclear fission is dangerous. Scientists working with it in laboratories are protected by a screen of glass and oil thirty-six inches thick. Lead or other materials can be used instead, but the weight and bulk required to protect the occupants of the car from radioactivity make the whole idea impractical.

Then there are jet engines. They send aircraft through the air fast enough. Why can't they send cars along the road just as well? Let's take a look at the jet engine to see how it works. Basically, air is drawn in through the front of a chamber, compressed, heated in a combustion chamber, passed through a turbine that drives the compressor and then allowed to escape through a jet pipe at the other end. It is this escaping air that provides the forward thrust that drives the plane.

The first difficulty of using a jet engine in a motor car is high temperature. The air shooting out the back is between seven hundred and fifty and

twelve hundred degrees Fahrenheit. How would you like to drive behind that? Just picture a line of traffic with each car spewing air heated to around one thousand degrees F. into the nose of the one behind. Second, aircraft people have found that jet engines are not efficient at speeds under five hundred miles per hour. They may be used in racing cars but hardly in the family automobile.

Then there is the gas turbine. This works on the same principle as the one described above except that the heated air passes through another turbine which turns a propeller or wheels. This has already been tried on the Rover car in England. It has the advantage of using kerosene instead of gasoline and requiring no cooling system.

It also has a few disadvantages. A gas turbine small enough to fit into a car is a relatively inefficient engine, since it converts less than twenty percent of the heat produced into work as compared with twenty-five to forty percent for the internal combustion

engine. In other words it takes about fifty percent more fuel than a gas engine. Also, although kerosene is cheaper than gasoline at present, it is made from the same petroleum (which is scarce, remember) and if it did replace gasoline it would soon be taxed enough to bring up the price.

Another phrase you sometimes hear concerning automobile driving power is the "closed circuit." This sounds like something pretty fancy but actually is nothing more than a variation of the steam car. Steam has been tried many times since those first cars, as in the Stanley steamers, the White steamers and others. The theory is wonderful. You just heat water and it drives your car. There is plenty of power at any speed and all you hear is a slight hiss.

Actually steam has drawbacks. In the first place, some of the water boils away. The early steamers required twenty gallons of feed water every one hundred miles (later improved to three hundred miles). You had to get your water where you found it, which often meant using hard or alkaline water that played havoc with the boiler. Besides, sitting on a high-pressure steam boiler that might get overheated wasn't the most comfortable feeling in the world.

An alternative is to substitute for the water a chemical with a low boiling point, such as sulphur dioxide. The vapor passes through an air-cooled radiator where it is condensed back to a liquid and used all over again. Unfortunately when you need the most liquid and power (say, when laboring up a hill or starting) you get a minimum cooling effect because of the relatively slow air speed through the radiator or condenser.

Also, there is bound to be some leakage, however slight, and sulphur dioxide when mixed with water becomes sulphuric acid, which will corrode almost anything—including the human skin. Besides, we are still faced with the problem of providing a suitable fuel to heat and vaporize the liquid. This, again, would probably be a petroleum product. You can't get around that.

Gas at 11 Cents a Gallon

During the past war producer gas was used in many countries to power trucks, buses and some cars. This gas was made by heating wood or charcoal in a steel stove mounted either on a frame at the back or side of the chassis, or pulled along on a trailer. Perhaps the car of the future will pull its own furnace around with it.

Before this happens there are two ways of counteracting the diminishing petroleum supplies. The first is to make gasoline out of something besides petroleum, and the second is to put more economical engines in our cars.

Gasoline can be made from bituminous or other coal of which there are still in the earth an estimated six thousand billion tons, or enough to last about four thousand years at the present rate of coal consumption. At present gasoline can be made from coal for about eleven cents a gallon.

Also, about one gallon of alcohol can be added to four of gasoline without decreasing efficiency. Alcohol can be made from our surplus wheat (one bushel gives two gallons of alcohol), beets, sulphite liquor (a byproduct of pulp-wood manufacture), or from trees.

We can make the gasoline engine more economical by making it smaller and by throwing away the carburetor entirely.

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increased speed. We're going too fast for safety now.

Now for the carburetor. In the carburetor gasoline is partly vaporized, mixed with air and fed through a long pipe called an intake manifold to the cylinders where it explodes and drives the pistons that drive the car. But the distribution of the gasoline to the cylinders is uneven. Tests on aircraft and automobile engines show that the amount of tetraethyl lead (the substance that keeps your engine from knocking) may vary in different cylinders from four to twelve percent. Be-

sides, carburetors are tricky. In Great Britain last year 11.41 percent of all cars that stalled on the road did so because of carburetor failure.

We can replace the carburetor with a fuel-injection system: a series of little pumps that spray gasoline directly and independently into each cylinder. This system is used in aircraft engines and has been tried experimentally in car engines where it increases efficiency.

But this still leaves the complicated electrical system for igniting the gas in the cylinders. Trouble in the ignition system was responsible for no less than

19.66 percent of all engine breakdowns in Britain last year. The Ford Motor Company is reported to be experimenting with a method of igniting gas with shock waves that produce temperatures of up to forty thousand degrees centigrade.

But why bother about all this? By using a diesel-type engine that requires neither carburetor nor spark plugs—compression in the diesel cylinders raises the temperature of the air so high that it ignites the fuel—we could eliminate thirty-one percent of engine headaches at one stroke.

What about the safety and comfort of the car of tomorrow? Undoubtedly puncture and blowout-proof tires will be used on most cars. We will have special glass to cut down glare. Cars may have stronger materials in top and sides for greater protection. One designer has suggested an oval-shape car with bumpers all around so that even in most head-on collisions it would receive only a glancing blow. It may be advisable to sacrifice a little comfort for safety.

Today's cars are just about as comfortable as our living rooms. Heaters keep us warm in winter. Ventilators bring in fresh air from outside. But we still roast under the direct rays of the sun. Why not put a refrigeration system in the car? Refrigeration, like all other work, can be accomplished with heat. Thirty to forty percent of the heat produced in a car engine goes out the exhaust as waste. A small refrigeration unit, possibly of the Servel type, with no pumps or other moving parts, might change that heat to cold to keep your car at a lovely seventy degrees temperature under the boiling sun. In wintertime you could switch it over to heat your car.

No Limit to Leopard Skin

What about design? Your guess is as good as mine. There is talk of doors that slide open instead of swinging out into the street, of three-wheeled cars that are easy to park, of engines in the rear, of convertibles with retractable hard tops and so on.

It seems to me, though, that there will be not one car of the future, but two—the luxury car and the functional car. For the luxury car there are no limits to the amount of chrome, gold, silver, leopard skins, gadgets and cost. The functional car will be simple, sturdy, reliable, economical and comparatively cheap. It will be "an extra set of legs" as necessary to most of us as the two we were born with. It will range in size from the two-seated puddle jumper to the ten-passenger station wagon. It will probably be powered with an internal combustion engine, possibly using gasoline made from coal with alcohol added. The body will be made of light, strong, noncorrosive metal or plastic and the design will change little from year to year. This car will last as long as we take care of it.

When will we get such a car? Just as soon as enough of us want it. As long as we ride the present crest of prosperity we'll want new and fancier cars each year. And the manufacturers will be happy to accommodate us. However, the popularity of small English cars seems to indicate that more and more drivers are looking for utility rather than style. American and Canadian manufacturers know a trend when they see it. They will give us what we want. ★

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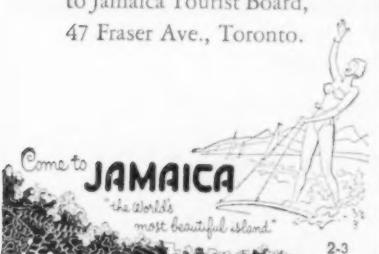
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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

irrepressible humor who is standing up to a bombardment of questions and making the House roar with delight at his replies?

It is the seventy-eight-year-old Churchill, a little hard of hearing although that does not matter much since he was never a great listener. "I think I should tell the House," he says, "that this morning I received the Russian Ambassador who came to Downing Street at my invitation, and I asked him to express to his Government and to the Russian people the British nation's gratitude for the money so generously sent for flood relief."

That was all. A lesser figure would have dramatized it, or expressed a pious hope that this might lead to better relations, or even meditate aloud on the brotherhood of men when disaster overtakes them. Churchill had invited the Russian Ambassador, the Ambassador came, and thanks were expressed. That was all—but the House was gripped as by a great drama.

Then minutes later: "The Government has decided to grant an amnesty to all deserters of the 1939 war who are not guilty of any subsequent civil or criminal offenses." Churchill looks around the House and then says in quiet tones: "I think it is the right thing to do."

Here is the paradox of this man of paradox. In the election of 1945, although the supreme figure of victory over Germany, he was a liability to the Conservative Party. In the election of 1950 he was less of a liability but a very doubtful asset. In the election of 1951 he was to some extent an asset but by no means an irreplaceable one. The unfair cry of "Churchill the Warmonger!" did us Tories a lot of damage and there is no doubt that under Eden's leadership we would have had twice the majority that we now possess.

Heaping paradox upon paradox I must now set down that if we go to the country this autumn or sometime next year Churchill, in spite of the weight of years, will be our ace of trumps.

It is as hard to explain the movements of British public opinion as it is to predict the vagaries of the British climate. But this strange truth exists—Churchill today is almost as completely the spokesman of the nation as he was in the war. His is the authentic voice, the voice that links the greatness of Britain's past with the problems of Britain's future. As he approaches the opening of his ninth decade he is winning his victories in the realm of the mind and the spirit.

But Churchill cannot go on for ever and we turn our gaze on the crown prince or the perpetual bridesmaid—whichever you prefer. Anthony Eden is very tired. There are dark shadows under his eyes as if he could sleep for a week if he had the chance. One day he faces an angry House of Commons and then he flies to Paris or Lisbon or Bonn or New York for a conference. The Persians are gun-running another tanker, the Nazis are rearing their cropped heads in West Germany, Chiang Kai-shek holds up a British merchant ship, British Catholics protest at Tito's visit, Egypt acts as if the days of the Pharaohs have returned, the United States demands his presence.

His close friends urged him not to take the Foreign Office when the Tories won the last election. "At this stage in our history," they said, "there can be no triumphs in foreign affairs, only a mitigation of disaster." But Eden insisted that he should take on the

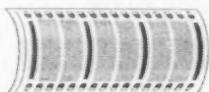
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task for which he was best fitted.

Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers have conducted a merciless campaign against him and some of his own Tory colleagues have criticized him openly in parliament. It is to Eden's credit that he has kept his head and has shown little bitterness no matter what is boiling up inside him.

Inevitably there has resulted a lively discussion as to his future. No longer is he the acknowledged, unquestioned heir to the throne. Other challengers have appeared to the open huzzahs of their supporters.

The strongest challenge comes from R. A. Butler who has achieved the greatest metamorphosis in modern politics. This bookworm, this intellectual, this diffident fellow, this unambitious second-grade minister of other days . . . Is it possible that he is really our powerful Minister of Finance who lays down the law to bankers and industrialists while actually mutilating the welfare state that Aneurin built?

We cheered his budget madly last year. Then when it began to hurt we treated him pretty roughly. The financial journals said he was mad. The socialist newspapers howled that he was the despoiler of the temple. "I am going to make this country solvent," said Butler, "and there is no one so significant or insignificant he will not be made to help."

Instead of doing everything for the casualties of Britain's economic existence he offered inducements for the workers to produce more. "I didn't invent human nature," he said blandly, "and since it exists I must deal with it as a fact."

I am writing this before he introduces his 1953 budget. However, with the spirit of prophecy upon me, I predict that it will be greeted with cheers, jeers, doubts, fears and deep-seated feeling that Butler is a man who knows, not merely where he is going, but where the nation is going.

But who is this other Tory minister who looks rather like General Buller of Boer War fame, this bland fellow who speaks in the grand Victorian manner, this political Left-over from the great days of the past?

Can he be the Harold Macmillan who married the boss' daughter when he was ADC to the Duke of Devonshire at Ottawa? Is this the old Etonian and ex-Guardsman who became so Leftish that he was almost drummed out of the Conservative Party?

Macmillan was a successful administrator in the Hitler war and had a right

to expect high office in the present government. Instead Churchill gave him housing, the department that did so much to lower the prestige of Aneurin Bevan. Macmillan was keenly disappointed but, like a good Guardsman, he summoned his departmental chiefs to a conference and nearly startled them out of their chairs by his opening sentence:

"Gentlemen, since we are the Ministry of Housing, what do you say if we build some houses?"

Neither Whitehall nor the builders nor the suppliers of materials nor the workers quite knew what had hit them. "I don't want to hear why houses cannot be built," he said. "That does not interest me."

He and I are very old friends, in fact we were in the same military hospital in 1918 and we dined together a couple of nights ago. "The greatest value of a minister in a department like mine," he said, "is that he is an amateur. Experience breeds fatigue and a too ready recognition of difficulties. The inspired arrogance of the amateur can always be useful up to a point. Now I understand the difficulties of housing so I should be transferred to something else."

But during his period of "ignorance" Macmillan broke all records. He is in fact one of the outstanding successes of the government and must now be included with Butler and Eden as a potential prime minister.

Therefore, as Hamlet observes, look on this—and this. Look first at the Conservative Party of 1945, bewitched, bothered and bewildered, a party of extinct volcanoes as Herbert Morrison said at the time. And now look at the Conservative Party today, so strong in personnel and purpose that nothing that can be seen or foreseen could prevent a decisive victory at the polls if Churchill decides on an autumn election. And this has been accomplished in a year of vast upheaval, sharp humiliation and mounting danger.

I do not claim that the British Conservative Party is a galaxy of all the talents, nor do I deny that the socialists are also developing new men of high ability, but the astonishing fact remains that eight years after its crushing defeat and Bevan's boast of "twenty-five years of Socialism" the Conservative Party is strongly entrenched and is producing leaders from a womb that was supposed to be barren.

Meanwhile the emperor's antechamber is becoming somewhat overcrowded with heirs apparent and presumptive.★



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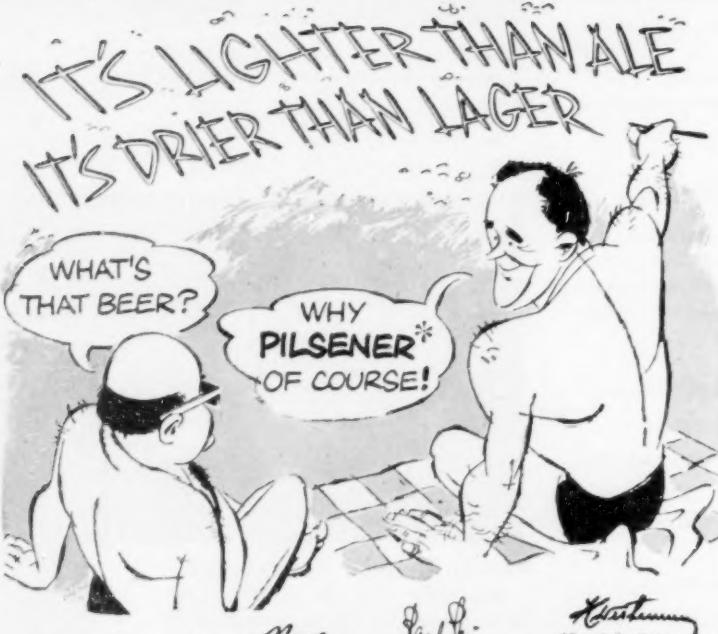
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Louis Bégin, Raymond Rouleau and Rodrigue Villeneuve—in the provincial capital Quebec City. Another cause was Léger's comparative youth. All his French-speaking predecessors and his English-speaking contemporary James Cardinal McGuigan had been at least ten years older when they were raised to the purple. At forty-eight Léger had become the second youngest cardinal in the world and one of the youngest ever received into the Sacred College since medieval times.

By all the standards on which the Vatican gauges the strength of a particular Catholic region, Léger's domain is without peer among the domains of the church. Three and a half million people, eighty-eight percent of Quebec's population, belong to the Roman Catholic Church. Their faith was built solidly on historic ethnic foundations. It grew to great political significance in rural isolation, unimpeded by the schismatic influences of Europe, the United States and other provinces of Canada. The future of the church is guaranteed by publicly supported Catholic schools. Catholic festivals are properly observed through the proclamation of religious holidays. Between the American border and the Arctic, between Hudson Bay and the Atlantic, there is hardly a hamlet which has not pushed up to the clouds the tall silver spire of the characteristic Quebec church. And although the expanse of postwar industrialization is shaking its tranquil country traditions, the fabric will hardly disintegrate so long as one hundred thousand workers are organized in stanchly Catholic unions.

As captain of such a resolute and compact Catholic redoubt Léger's voice is heard in the Papal Senate. His large, wealthy, volatile North American archdiocese, second in size only to Chicago, has meant his appointment to three of the twelve committees of cardinals who transact the global business of the Vatican.

Léger was born at St. Anicet, in the extreme southwest corner of Quebec where the St. Lawrence becomes Lake St. Francis and runs deeper inland to form the border between Ontario and New York State. He was the elder of two sons of Ernest and Alda Léger who kept a little clapboard general store and observed the classic Quebec life of thrift, austerity and piety. Léger's brother Jules was to become private secretary to Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent and today holds high rank in the Department of External Affairs.

Léger's vivid imagination was evident in his boyhood. He sat wide-eyed on his father's cracker barrels listening to villagers tell lurid legends about wolves, hunting and ghosts.

Lake St. Francis fascinated Léger. One day he fell in and was pulled out, looking "as white as a sheet," by a man called Mallette. The experience contributed to his boyhood nervousness, but he proved he had not lost his fundamental courage a few years later when he rescued his brother from the same waters.

After this the two boys kept away from the lake and played around St. Anicet church. The bells regulated their daily life. Unlike most little boys, Paul-Emile Léger went eagerly to Mass every day. People who remember him climbing the church tower to write his name in chalk on one of the bells now see the act as symbolic. Miss Lucy Leehy, a childhood friend of Léger's mother, recalls seeing

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him perched high in a tree sadly chanting the *libera* prayer for the dead. His pale devoutness was the talk of the district.

At twelve he entered the Seminary of Ste. Thérèse in the nearby town of Salaberry de Valleyfield, where he studied so hard that he almost wrecked his constitution. When he was fifteen a Montreal doctor said he was suffering from "a deep depression" and ordered him not to open a book for two years. The prospect of slipping behind his classmates left Léger distraught.

After a year of rest he began secretly swotting up Latin with his friend, neighbor and fellow pupil Percival Caza. Although his physical health had improved his temperament was still shaky. "He admitted to me years afterward," says Caza, "that when he was walking home from our house by the shores of the lake he was frightened of his own shadow in the rays of the moon."

Back at Ste. Thérèse at seventeen Léger caught up on his class with such remarkable speed that his tutors singled him out as an exceptional pupil and sent him to the Grand Seminary in Montreal run by the Sulpician Fathers — whose predecessors were among the founders of the city.

Léger's zeal, however, attracted him to the Jesuits who pledge themselves to "poverty, chastity and obedience," who give up all their personal property, eschew all ecclesiastical honors for a life of learning and instruction and who agree to go anywhere in the world to promote the cause of the church.

The Local Boy Makes Good

Within a month of his entry into a Jesuit college he was found unsuitable. A Quebec City Jesuit who recalls his brief novitiate says: "He was so emotional he used to cry during spiritual exercises. Our life demands men of different fibre." Léger returned to the more easy-going Sulpician Fathers. In 1929 he entered the priesthood.

Impressed by his scholastic brilliance and his sense of vocation the Sulpician Fathers sent him to La Solitude, their mother house at Issy-les-Moulineaux, near Paris. Here the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice receive the pick of students from seminaries in England, France and North and South America. Léger continued his studies at the Paris Catholic Institute. During the next four years he rose to be assistant to the superior, the only Canadian ever to attain this post. The news was received with pride by the Sulpicians in Montreal.

As a Canadian in Paris he was indefatigable in helping visiting compatriots. When Canon J. H. Martel, an elderly pastor from St. Polycarpe, Que., visited Lourdes it was Léger who got him the coveted permission to say Mass at the shrine. Through Léger's influence the pastor's turn came right behind the Cardinal of Paris. A dozen such little favors were soon talked about in Quebec. And they reached the ears of the high-ranking clergy.

In 1933 Léger was suddenly transferred from Paris to Japan. Here, he knew later, was the church's test of his calibre. From the atmosphere of study he was plunged into the rugged practicalities of missionary life. He became a humble priest in the diocese of Fukuoka. In six months he could say the catechism in Japanese. In twelve months he could conduct retreats in that language. After four years he was made superior of a new Canadian Sulpician seminary in Fukuoka and began lecturing in philosophy to Japanese in their own tongue.

Léger was so intent on speaking Japanese correctly he refused to chat

with a servant in the presbytery because she spoke a dialect which, he feared, would impair his own accent. When he learned that Japanese students have more respect for professors with beards he obligingly grew a heavy black specimen that gave him a volcanic aspect.

In 1939 he shaved the beard off because he was recalled to Canada and appointed vicar-general in his native diocese of Salaberry de Valleyfield. He ranked as assistant to the bishop and his duties were largely administrative.

About this time St. James Cathedral

found itself deprived by the war of European preachers to hold its famous Lenten services. By tradition these services constitute a breakaway from local subjects and sail out into world affairs. Léger with his European and Asian background made an ideal substitute. Old friends noticed that the fragility and confusion which had marked his adolescence had given place to a robust form of speech and a precision of thought.

Although Léger still remained unknown to Quebec as a whole it was now evident to the clergy that he

had a future in the church. Léger himself has revealed: "Three cardinals had a profound influence on my life. Cardinal Rouleau guided my steps on the uncertain road of youth toward the seminary; Cardinal Verdier guided my steps through the first illusions of the priesthood toward the ideal of complete self-giving; Cardinal Villeneuve guided my steps along the road . . . toward Rome."

This last event, which determined Léger's destiny, took place in 1947 when he was sent to the Eternal City to become rector of the reopened



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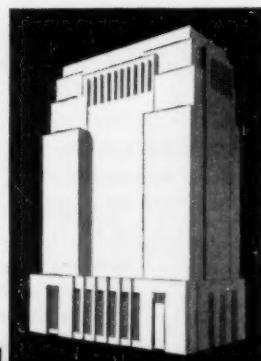


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Because Canada has no diplomatic representative at the Vatican, Léger, to some extent, was the emissary on state matters between Ottawa and the Holy See. But he was never too busy to get visiting Canadian bishops and statesmen an audience with the Pope or a good seat at ceremonies in St. Peter's. Nor did he overlook his duties as adviser to the forty Canadian priests who were studying in residence at his college. Some of the priests were musicians and on his forty-fifth birthday they composed a symphony in five movements and played it for him.

One of the acts which kept Léger constantly under the eye of the Pope was his organization of the Croix d'Or. This brought thousands of dollars' worth of food, medicines and clothing from Quebec for the relief of Italian distress.

In 1950 the new postwar industrial revolution was igniting new conflicts in the Archdiocese of Montreal. The cities were restless under a political regime which had been elected by the hamlets. Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale Government was on the side of the farmers and the financiers and cool toward the workers and the unions, Catholic though they might be. Two battles were developing: one between capital and labor and the other between rural and urban communities.

Here lay a great opportunity for the church to act as a conciliator. But here also lay a severe test of the church's tact. The then Archbishop of Montreal, Joseph Charbonneau, by his open support of the unions in the bloody Asbestos strike of 1949 had, in the eyes of many clergymen, overstepped the bounds of discretion. It was argued that he had allowed his Christian charity for the workers to blind him to tactics on the part of certain union leaders which hinted at power politics.

The Crusader Banned Bingo

When Charbonneau resigned because of "ill-health" the Vatican looked for a man who knew Quebec well and could be counted upon to exercise diplomacy. To the laity in Montreal the elevation of Léger was unexpected. The general reaction was "Who is he?" The library of the Montreal Star hadn't a single line about him on file.

In Montreal as archbishop Léger soon rode like a crusader, with all bugles sounding, against all affronts to Catholic doctrines. He attacked euthanasia, divorce and contraception. He denounced comics, movies and radio plays dealing with sex and crime, and also cabarets. He banned bingo, then played regularly by hundreds of Catholic communities to raise funds. "The church is not a gaming house," thundered Léger. His decision was widely applauded though there were many who looked on his criticism of such pastimes as dancing and such innocent profit-making pursuits as church bazaars as old-fashioned.

Another of his highly publicized moves was getting the Montreal City Council to order the closing of all stores on religious holidays. The Catholics were united in their approval of this but open flouting of the bylaw by Protestant-owned stores led to the imposition of trivial fines and much ill-feeling.

Léger helped spark a cleanup of prostitution and a more rigid enforcement of liquor laws. Other efforts have included the organization of shelters for the city's down and outs; the building by volunteer Catholic groups



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P. J. BLACKWELL

of a home for old folk, during which Léger himself sawed lumber and pushed a wheelbarrow; the opening of a reading room where non-Catholics could receive written and verbal answers to their questions about the church; and the establishment of an Association of Catholic Businessmen as an alternative to the "neutral" service clubs like Rotary, in which Catholic participation is discouraged.

On political issues he tightropes between two extremes, repeating papal warnings that until the western world reconciles the differences between capital and labor by Christian co-operation it cannot erase the threat of Communism.

Léger has never supported a Quebec union merely because it is Catholic. The long bitter textile strike at Louiseville was allowed to fizzle into failure last February without a word from Léger, probably because the Catholic union leaders, by preventing the factory executive staff from entering the premises, had violated property rights the church espouses. When he does raise his voice on labor matters his public words are seldom contentious. What he says in private seems to be heeded by both employers and unions. Last year a department-store strike in Montreal ended when Léger quietly let both sides know how he thought it should be settled.

There has never been an open quarrel between Léger and Premier Duplessis but tension is believed to exist. Their relations are the subject of much excited gossip. A Quebec City Jesuit says: "Duplessis is always reminding the public that he helped the Sulpician Fathers out of bankruptcy during the depression. This is a deliberate dig at Léger." A prominent Montreal Catholic layman says: "Duplessis likes to think he can get along without the church. But he's going to have a heck of a time getting along without Léger."

Even though he is a typical Quebecer, jealous of his provincial rights, Léger is believed to look upon Duplessis' extreme nationalism as out-of-date. Many times he has praised the Commonwealth ideal in Canada. He paid a moving tribute to the late King George VI and always refers to Elizabeth II as "our gracious Queen."

On social doctrine he sometimes

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speaks bluntly. Last year he told the Montreal Chamber of Commerce: "The day that commerce no longer rests on the solid foundations of religion it will become a vampire at the throat of economic life." Two years ago at a Catholic workers' rally outside the huge St. Joseph's Oratory on Montreal mountain he said: "Proud man has given us electricity and forgotten that God gave us the sun."

Léger tells his hearers that Communism is the logical development of liberalism. Liberalism, he says, started from a false concept of freedom—the freedom of every man to pursue his own interests without regard to the welfare of others. "How could the order of common good spring from the clash of deep-rooted egotisms?" he asks. In the early industrial world, he says, there was contempt for human dignity.

"This so-called free enterprise which had been dreamed of soon became an odious economic dictatorship. From the heights of a wonderful dream man fell rapidly into the sad reality of a society crowned in anarchy. And so, leaving liberalism aside, he took the highway that led to totalitarianism."

Thus, he says, the vaunted individual freedom became submerged in the omnipotence of the state which protected its authority with bloodshed and terror.

In the West, Léger insists, there is still time for reform. But he warns: "Only anarchy lies ahead as long as big business battles to build the empires of monopoly and big unionism battles to break down the bulwarks of capitalism."

A Student of Other Faiths

In Léger's ideal Catholic world neither capital nor labor would hold the place of power. The economic system would be built on Christian co-operation. Its practical application would be the establishment of industry-wide councils. Workers would be organized and represented by the best brains at these councils. The employers would be united and similarly represented. Every phase of the industry would come under the jurisdiction of the combined authority and be free from the tamperings of the state. The government would step in only to curb any tendency on the part of both capital and labor to monopolize the machinery in a conspiracy against the consumer.

Léger maintains that the Roman church today is, by virtue of its adherence to doctrines stemming direct from Peter, the one stable force on earth. Yet he neither shuns nor criticizes other churches. He is in fact a student of their beliefs. Last year he was guest of honor at the Montreal Council on Christian Social Order, presided over by a Church of England priest, Canon R. K. Naylor. Léger spoke on "God, Man and Human Labor." Canon Naylor says: "I have never in my life seen such a depth of good feeling and warmth at an interdenominational gathering."

At six o'clock every morning Léger says Mass. Then he takes a frugal breakfast. By eight he is at his desk dealing with correspondence and giving audience to callers. Then he sets out on a whirlwind tour. He visits children's hospitals, Boy Scout headquarters, the Catholic Women's League, speaks at lunches and dinners, celebrates Mass for European immigrants at the docks, talks of plans with Catholic Action and the Knights of Columbus, addresses university groups and fulfills a bewildering catalogue of obligations.

On a recent visit to a rural parish he found the local pastor faced with a long line-up of penitents awaiting to confess. At once Léger took a second con-

fessional box and helped him out.

Nothing interferes with his daily religious service, Crusade of the Rosary, on the Montreal French-language station CKAC. Ferdinand Biondi, the program director, gave Léger the "spot" gratis three years ago. Its commercial value was nil because almost every family was listening to Quebec's favorite soap opera, *Un Homme et son Péché*, on the rival CBF at that time.

Within a few months it was estimated that six out of ten Quebec families were tuning in to CKAC, taking out their beads, kneeling by their radios, and repeating the Hail Mary prayer from St. Luke in response to Léger's broadcast interpolations of the pater-noster. CBF hastily moved *Un Homme et son Péché* fifteen minutes forward.

Léger has not missed more than a dozen broadcasts in three years. When he is in Rome he makes recorded programs of the service with an Italian congregation and has them flown to Montreal.

The effect has been remarkable. Last summer Léger heard of one little boy who had built an elaborate toy altar in the back yard beside which he knelt to take part in the radio service. The next night Léger was out broadcasting from the boy's altar while hundreds of neighbors at windows, on walls, on rooftops and in adjacent gardens looked on reverently.

At his consecration with twenty-three other new cardinals last January, a four-day ceremony in the beautiful basilica of St. Peter's, Paul-Emile Léger kissed the slipper of the Pope who then placed on his head the huge crimson hat with fifteen golden tassels, a garment which is never worn again, and is seen for the last time on the cardinal's casket.

The Pope said: "Receive ye the red hat, the special badge of the cardinal's rank. By this you are to understand that you must show yourself fearless even to the shedding of your blood in making our Holy Faith respected, in securing peace for the Christian people, and in promoting the welfare of the Roman Church."

Then the new cardinals prostrated themselves before the Pope's throne, their rich crimson robes spread wide.

At a final conclave, attended only by the College of Cardinals, Léger went through a ceremony known as "the closing of the mouth of the newly elevated." Whatever secrets of the church this ceremony is designed to guard it has in no way impaired Léger's loquacity or the passion which has shaken him since youth.

On his arrival back in Canada he faced the crowds before him at Windsor Station, stretched out his arms, and cried: "Montreal! Oh my city! I give you my life . . . all my life!"

From any other man such effusion would have sounded false. But most of those in the crowd knew that Paul-Emile Léger meant exactly what he said. ★

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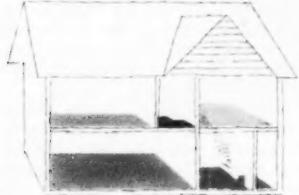
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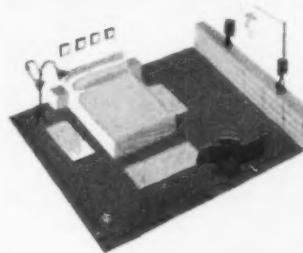
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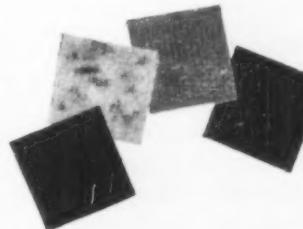


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The Day I Ran Away

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

what do you know about Mrs. Brown's rump?"

I don't know what would have happened if everything had gone to schedule. We stored our meat down in the hideaway behind the furnace, which completed our preparations, and, as a last gesture of defiance against the adult world, went out and rang a few doorbells, a favorite sport of ours.

Our favorite victim was a Mr. Green, a dark-countenanced cranky old man who used to wear collarless pink-striped shirts and swear perpetually. I'll say one thing for Mr. Green. He never ran to our parents, the police, the child welfare, PTA, or tried to resolve our inner conflicts. He concentrated on trying to catch us. Mr. Green thought there was nothing wrong with boys that catching one wouldn't cure, and he developed a gratifying cunning. He'd hide behind his door, pretend he was painting, or stand out on his lawn whistling and looking up at the sky with his hand out as if feeling for a drop of rain. Then he'd spring, with an exhilarating sound of grunts, loose change, jingling watch fobs and his big heavy boots clumping, and shouting muffled oaths about you little bastards until he tripped over something, usually his own little wire fence.

The night of the big break we wandered one by one, with innocent expressions, down our cellar and disappeared amid the rugs—Herb, Pickles, Art and myself. We were going to take off around eight. But several things happened. First, it got very dark at eight and, sitting down there among the rugs, we began to get very quiet. Even Pickles stopped spitting. Second, we began to notice quite a smell from the meat. It even caught the attention of Pat and Peggy, who began nosing around stiff-legged and bristling and eyeing one another suspiciously, and of my father, who came down the cellar, snorted a couple of times and said the confounded drain was plugged again and got the plunger.

Our house had a connecting drain with the house next door, occupied by Mr. Ronan our neighbor, a man with seven daughters. Father and Mr. Ronan had decided that next time the drain clogged they'd try a new system, turning a lot of water loose in both houses and both plunging down their cellars at the same time, figuring that the resulting deluge and pressure would move anything.

While we sat in our hide-out, pale-faced and secretly thinking it really wouldn't be so hard to put up with our parents for another few years, we could hear my father and Mr. Ronan making preparations. We heard my

father fill the kitchen sink with water, then go upstairs and fill the bathroom sink and the bathtub and post my brother there to pull the plugs and flush the toilet at a signal. He posted my mother at the kitchen sink. Mr. Ronan had deployed his seven daughters around his sinks and toilets. The cellar windows to both houses were propped open so that my father and Mr. Ronan could call to one another and synchronize the whole effort.

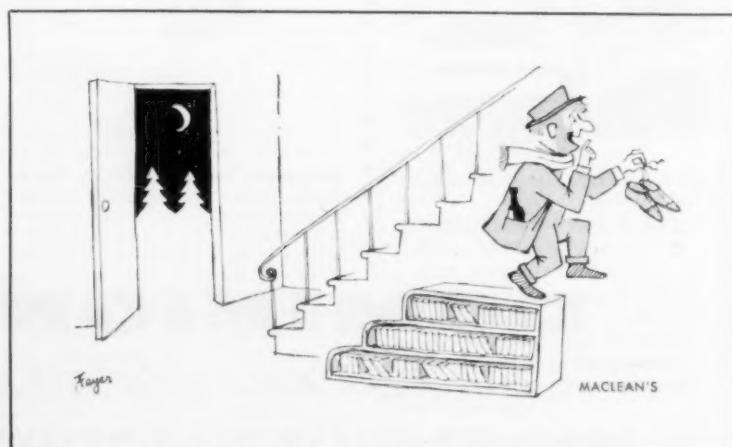
An air of tension built up throughout both houses. Mrs. Ronan was out on her veranda wringing her hands. We four boys sat looking at one another and listening to the ominous sounds of lapping water. Then Mr. Ronan's voice came faintly through the earth. "Let 'er go!"

There was a great roar of water as plugs were pulled and toilets flushed and my father started working with the plunger like mad. There was a moment of queer silence, then all the water from both our house and Mr. Ronan's exploded out of our drain like Old Faithful, my father let out a wet "Pshaw!" and the water began to rise in our hide-out. We all jumped for dry land. Herby hit a key piece of lumber and the whole woodpile came in on top of us, and the Boston bulls, Pat and Peggy, stimulated by the whole thing, started in to try to kill one another.

I can remember amid the confusion of water, falling lumber, fighting dogs, and floating rugs how Mrs. Ronan let out a scream just as we all shot out from behind the furnace and Mr. Green came down our cellar steps, I suppose to borrow a wrench or something from my father, saw Herby and shouted, "Ha! There he is!" Mr. Green started to chase Herby through the water, just as the voice of Mr. Thompson, who had opened the back kitchen door to deliver a roast, hollered "MRS. ALLEN'S RUMP!"

I don't suppose we ever laugh with quite the same wholehearted wild abandon as we do when we're kids. Suddenly the whole scene sent the four of us into wild hysterics—Mr. Green who had abandoned Herb and was cursing and kicking the dogs apart, my father calling upstairs for my mother to put the plugs back in, and Art wandering around with a stick, ankle deep in water, calling "A-a-a-ron! A-a-a-a-ron!" Nobody did find out that we were going to run away that night.

Right after that an uncle of mine who ran a small roofing business and loved to play jokes on people he knew by including in his invoices items like \$1,500 for silver nails arrived with about ten pounds of ice cream, told us to go get all the kids we could find, and we all had a party. We even got Horace Treadwhistle to come over and have some. ★



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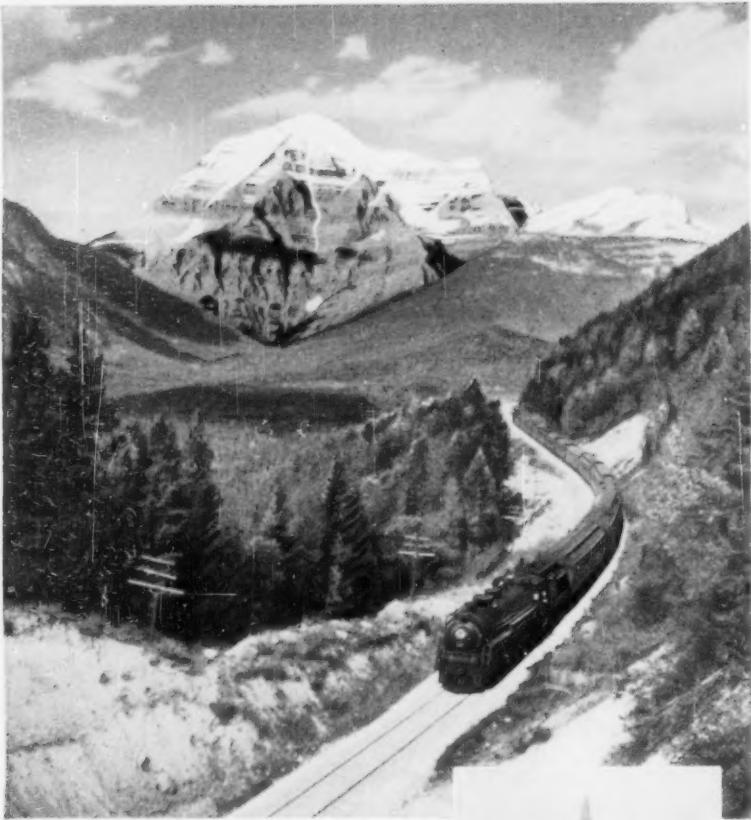
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Elizabeth's Sixteen-Hour Working Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

most discreet man in Europe." For ten years no major palace decision has been made without consulting this eagle-faced courtier with the piercing brown eyes and the steel-rimmed glasses. He is a power not only within the palace but outside it, for it was he who persuaded Clement Attlee to change his mind and appoint Ernest Bevin to the Foreign Office rather than Hugh Dalton in the first days of the Labour government. Soon he will retire with a peerage as his reward but now in his quiet, deferential way he is talking to his Queen who settles back in her armchair and smiles and calls him by his nickname "Tommy."

With Lascelles the Queen goes over her diary deciding which engagements to fill and which to reject, for she can only manage to accept about one in every fifty requests for her presence. She accepts her secretary's advice on these matters, then signs the documents he has brought in to her. This done, they discuss the implications of the day's news, the minutes of the last cabinet meeting, the latest dispatches from the Foreign Office.

As soon as Lascelles leaves her the duty assistant private secretary enters. There are three of them, but this morning it is Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Martin Charteris, a deceptively casual courtier whose make-up and background are so typically British upper class that he seems like something out of a Bulldog Drummond novel. Charteris is the son of a peer, the brother of a peer and is married to a peer's daughter. His background is Eton and Sandhurst, his hobby is wildfowling. It is hard to realize that this mild, dyspeptic and sometimes absent-minded man once roamed the alleyways of Jerusalem in a tarboosh, disguised as an Arab, was torpedoed and cast adrift on a raft to be rescued at the point of death, and took part in some of the earliest and bitterest desert fighting of the war. His manners are impeccable: it is recorded that while tossing on the raft he carefully apologized to all and sundry for being sick.

Now this one-time adventurer, who may someday become as powerful as Lascelles, must deal with less adventurous matters. He has some photographs for the Queen to sign. Each regiment, air-force station and naval vessel in the realm is entitled to a signed portrait of the sovereign and since her accession the requests have been pouring in. The Queen, who signs her name fifty times a day, signs it again.

She goes over the details of some forthcoming engagements with Charteris. Will she leave by train or car? What time will she leave? Who will be there and who are they? Charteris, who has been an intelligence officer, briefs her succinctly about the background of the people she is to meet. Occasionally he has been known to secrete reminders on little slips of paper in the pocket of her dress or the edge of her handbag.

She is to lay a cornerstone at the bomb-damaged Inner Temple this afternoon. She will know the main actors in this brief and formal drama for they are members of her Privy Council, but she might like to say a few words to the Clerk of the Works who was present when her father opened another damaged portion of the temple. And she might want to say something to Sir Hubert Worthington, the architect. And she will recall that

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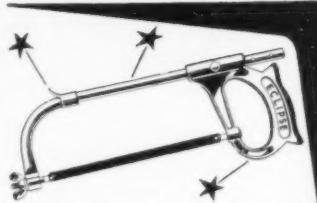
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her father was treasurer of the Inner Temple. And there will be tea in the treasurer's office afterward.

Charteris takes his leave, not backing toward the door as his predecessors did in Victoria's day, but simply saying "thank you, ma'am" and walking out.

A few minutes later Sir Piers Legh, the Master of the Household, makes his entrance. The fabric of this man's life is woven out of the same aristocratic fibre as the two who preceded him into this Regency drawing room with its green curtains and silk damask sofas. Like Charteris, he is the second son of a peer. The playing fields of Eton, the parade ground of the Grenadiers, the trenches of World War I and twenty-three years at court have shaped his life. He looks the part of old Etonian and retired Guards officer bald, spruce, red-faced, toothy and correct; his mustache slightly abristle, the tiniest suggestion of a handkerchief peeping from his pocket. The Queen, like almost everybody else, calls him "Joey."

Now this old army man is marshal of a domestic army of valets, housemaids, footmen, porters and pages. He is major domo of the largest home in the realm and he is here to discuss its problems with its mistress: a coming luncheon party, for example—Will special china be used? What wines would she prefer? Shall cars be sent to collect the guests? An old servant has reached retiring age, the cellar needs stocking, a footman has given notice. All these occupy the Guardsman and the Queen for the space of twenty minutes.

No Autographs for Hunters

These details discussed and dealt with, the Queen turns to more personal matters. She takes a few moments to call her sister who has become a little shy about such things since Elizabeth became Queen and will not call her. The two chat brightly, if briefly, and then the Queen calls in one of her acting women of the bedchamber, Lady Alice Egerton.

Lady Alice fits neatly into the jigsaw puzzle of palace hierarchy. Her sister, who was lady in waiting to the Queen when she was princess, is married to a Colville who was once secretary to the Princess and who is in turn related to another Colville whose wife is the daughter of Sir Piers Legh. Lady Alice, herself, fulfills one of the requisites of a lady in attendance on the Queen: she blends quietly with the tapestries and the woodwork. At twenty-nine she is neither quite pretty nor quite plain. She wears quiet suits in quiet colors with a quiet string of pearls, and her hair is perfectly but quietly coiffured. She presents a wholesome well-bred English appearance and her features, once remarked, are difficult to recall. On official occasions her presence is scarcely heeded.

Lady Alice and the Queen transact their business. There is a dressmaker's appointment to be made, a sitting for a royal portrait to be arranged, a thank-you note for an official bouquet to be written, some invitations to a private party to be sent out. There are letters for Lady Alice to write on the Queen's behalf ("Her Majesty the Queen commands me to thank you . . .") for the Queen writes only the most personal letters herself in order to discourage autograph hunters.

Faintly now through the French windows come the familiar notes of the royal salute, blown on a bugle by the trumpeter of the Queen's Life Guards riding at the head of twenty-two mounted troopers jogging down Constitution Hill toward Whitehall, where they will mount the Long Guard, as they have done daily for three

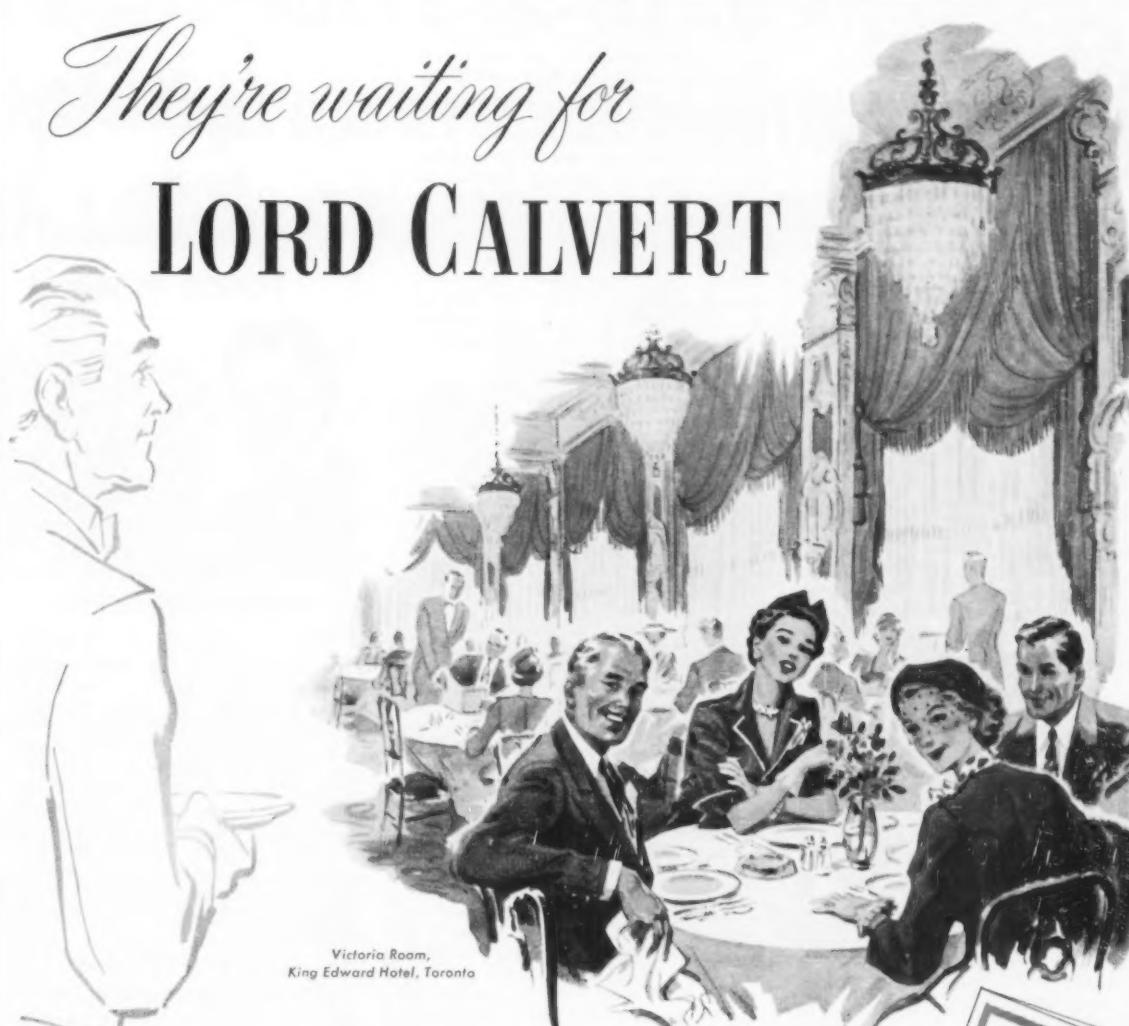
hundred years. In the nursery at the front of the palace on the top floor little Prince Charles presses his face against the pane and watches the troopers ride by in their scarlet tunics and white breeches with their shining cuirasses and breastplates and helmets.

The Queen is pausing for coffee, white without sugar. She would like a chocolate biscuit, of which she is very fond, but she has vowed to put such luxuries behind her in favor of a slimmer figure. All about her, as she sips her coffee, the great unseen hive of the palace is buzzing.

Sir John Wilson, a cheerful and burly Scot, is for the millionth time hinging new stamps in one of the volumes of the Royal Philatelic Collection. Sir Dermot Kavanagh, the crown equer, is attending to the refurbishing of the gold coach for the Coronation. In the press office, one of the innumerable Colvilles is tactfully warding off the insistent questions of an American reporter who wants to know what the Queen eats for breakfast. Elsewhere, in offices that look more like drawing rooms, secretaries are dictating to their secretaries and servants are serving

other servants. The Yeoman of the Gold Pantry and his assistants are busy polishing five tons of gold plate. The vermin man is looking for rats. The clock man is winding the palace's three hundred clocks. Twelve men are cleaning windows. The table decker is filling all the flower vases, and in the Royal Mews two men are polishing all the brass on all the harness which is so seldom used but always on view in its glass case. And when the clocks are all wound, the plate all polished, the vases all filled, the windows all washed and the harness all shined, it will be

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time for it all to be done again. Into the Mews, now, clip-clops a little single-horse brougham, used more for economy than tradition, bearing the dispatch boxes from Whitehall. The messenger takes the boxes to Lascelles who takes them to the Queen and places them on her desk. Now her day has reached the point of its greatest meaning, for in these boxes of black, red and maroon leather, embossed with the royal arms, are locked the very vitals of the monarchy. They are the vessels which transport to the palace the oceans of paper without which the Empire cannot function, and through them, twice-daily, the Queen's fingers can reach out and lightly brush against the shifting panorama of her realm. The appointment of an Anglican bishop, judge, governor-general, poet laureate or astronomer royal cannot be effected without the ritual of these boxes. Within their steel-and-leather casing lie the bones of history: minutes of cabinet meetings, reports from governors-general, ministerial letters, ambassadorial notes, secret documents and public memoranda, programs of future events and accounts of past ones, suggestions, ideas, appeals and protests flowing into the palace in an unending stream from the Empire, the Commonwealth and the world.

The Queen, who must read everything and sign or initial most of it, attacks the red boxes first for they contain the most important and secret documents, intended only for her eyes. Attached to the box by the latch that locks it is a slip of paper four by six inches on the end of which is inscribed the words: "From the Prime Minister." The Queen takes a solid gold cylindrical key from a chain, inserts it into the lock, opens the box and lifts the paper from the latch. She reads the documents within and signs them, blotting her signature on the black paper which is provided and which is destroyed daily to prevent any secrets escaping. She replaces the documents, turns the route slip over, fits it back into the latch and snaps the box shut. On the other side of the slip is written: "From H.M. the Queen." She repeats this process until the boxes are done with. Soon the little brougham is jogging back to Whitehall and the business of the realm moves on.

Now it is time for her audiences, a morning ritual which is almost as rigid as the boxes. For these she walks through a little anteroom and into the Forty-Four room, named because of its occupancy in 1844 by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. His painted face, imprisoned in its heavy gilt frame, stares down on the Queen along with those of Louis Philippe of France, and Leopold I of the Belgians, both of whom have in their day occupied these quarters. Like almost every room in the palace the Forty-Four room is a miniature museum with its cabinets of Sèvres china, its Louis XIV writing tables, its Ch'ien Lung jar of *famille rose* porcelain and its cream-and-gold Regency chairs upholstered in scarlet silk. Over the red-carpeted threshold and into this exquisite little showpiece of a room the tides of Empire wash daily. Sooner or later every important official of the crown will come to this or to a similar room to meet his Queen: field-marshals to receive their batons, prime ministers to report on their corner of the Commonwealth, colonial governors fresh from the coconut palms of the West Indies or the blue jacarandas of Fiji, high commissioners, Foreign Office men, first sea lords, diplomats.

Today there will be four audiences of about fifteen minutes each, granted to a cross section of the realm: To the Earl of Birkenhead who as chairman of the Royal Society of Literature has



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come to ask the new Queen to be its patron; to the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Salter, Minister of State for Economic Affairs, who will discuss with her some of the economic matters contained in her speech from the throne; to Mr. Henry Studholme, MP, who, as vice-chamberlain of the household and the contact between Queen and parliament, will bring an official expression of thanks for her speech; and finally to the Rt. Hon. William Jordan, a New Zealand elder statesman who is to be knighted.

Each of these dignitaries arrives at the Privy Purse door of the palace at his appointed moment, is divested of coat, hat and umbrella by a footman in blue livery, is met by Sir Alan Lascelles and conducted by a page down the long hallways, past the white busts of former kings, the French Empire clocks, the Winterhalter paintings of Albert and Victoria, and the Carrara pillars of the Marble Hall and into the presence of the Queen. The page knocks, the Queen calls "come in," the page announces the visitor, the visitor bows and says "Good morning, your Majesty" and the audience begins.

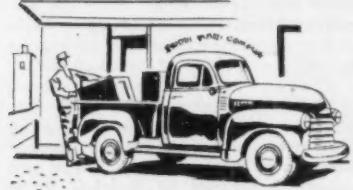
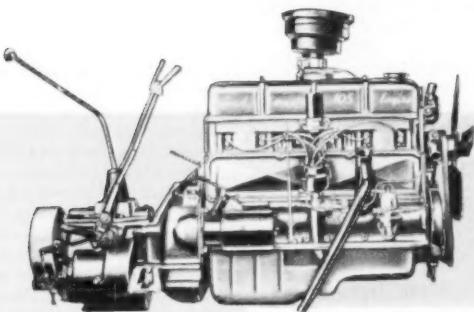
Here is William Joseph Jordan, a former London policeman round and florid in his morning coat, being dubbed a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Queen taps him lightly on the shoulder with the flat of a ceremonial sword, then swings it flashing in a wide arc above his head and taps him again on the other shoulder, and the accolade is conferred. Jordan is, in a sense, a symbol of the realm—a tradesman's son from Ramsgate who left the Old Country for New Zealand and climbed slowly but stubbornly up the ladder of Labour politics until he returned to his homeland to serve as high commissioner for fifteen years. Now, under the white-and-gold ceiling and the double Corinthian pillars he is reaping his reward. A tiny clock which forms one of the eyes of a black Negress' head on the mantelpiece ticks off the minutes while the old man, at the end of his career, talks to the young Queen on the threshold of hers. Then Bill Jordan, now Sir William, leaves his sovereign's presence soon to slip out of his morning clothes and back into the blue single-breasted suit with the hard collar and high waistcoat that has been his uniform for a generation.

It is 12.45 and the palace is at its lunch. Down in the servants' hall the platoons of housemaids are chattering like busy sparrows as they break their bread; in the stewards' room, which is one step higher, the pages, footmen, yeomen and valets are eating, served by steward-room boys who some day aspire to be stewards themselves. Above stairs, the lady clerks, the Queen's police officer, the chief accountant and their like are taking their lunch in the official mess; and in the household dining room, which is again higher up the ladder, the assistant secretaries, equerries and aides are eating in carefully graded equality. Sir Alan Lascelles is slipping into his velvet-collared coat and preparing to take his only exercise—a brisk walk down Pall Mall to the Travellers' Club. And in the Carnarvon Room, where George VI and Churchill used to serve each other with cold buffet (for their talk was so secret that no servant must hear it), the Queen is sitting down to a simple three-course meal of fruit, meat and ice cream, in the silent painted company of Philip II of Spain, Rudolph II of Austria, Louis XIII of France and Cardinal Richelieu.

The meal done, she can rest briefly, then spend some time in the nursery with her children, Charles and Anne. The Queen walks from her suite on the

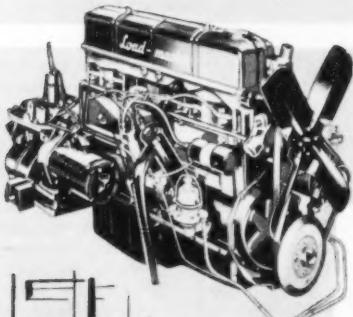
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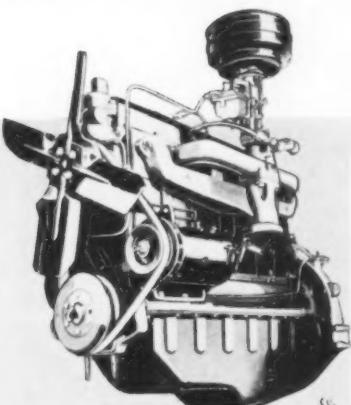
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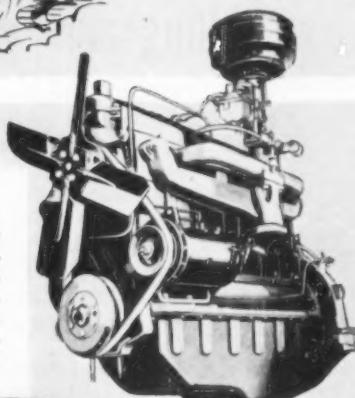
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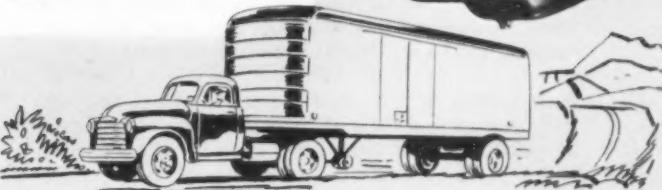
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"Take forty gallons of hot water, and set it over the fire till it becomes so warm you cannot hold your hand in over a minute, then pour it in your mesh tub, and add one quarter of fine malt . . ." Those are the opening words of a handy little recipe in a book published in 1822, with the added word that the directions were "Adapted for Families in the Middling and Genteel Ranks of Life." The result in this case was ale, made in a "Home Brewery".

Since the size of the kitchens of most modern apartments would make brewing on this scale a little hazardous, most people today let firms especially adapted to the art do their brewing for them.

As a matter of fact, even back in 1822, Canadians had been getting their ale from Molson's for the past 36 years. At that time John Molson, the Founder, had built a reputation for quality of his beverage which made his brewery one of the province's leading institutions.

Today in Canada, rather than wrestle forty gallon tanks, more people say, "Make Mine Molson's" than ask for any other brand. Perhaps that's because the same family, brewing continuously, on the same site, for longer than any other commercial enterprise on this continent, have learned some important secrets about the ancient art. It's an interesting question. And the answer is in every bottle of Molson's.

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ground floor of the palace down the red-carpeted hall to the ornate wrought-iron bird cage of an elevator which will take her to the top floor.

Down another red-carpeted hall she goes, past the endless variety of palace bric-à-brac which fills every space and cranny; the marble-topped tables and Chinese vases, the lutes tucked away in alcoves, the busts of former servants, the paintings of royal race horses and ancient naval battles—everything that has ever been presented to or collected by royalty, all of it sifted and catalogued and carefully arranged by Queen Mary, whose whole career seems to take on, in retrospect, some of the qualities of a filing system.

The painted race horses give way, at the corridor's end, to real hobby horses and to other toys lining the hallway: a scale-model Austin with pedals, and a baby princess' pram. In the old days, when the Queen was a little girl, thirty wooden horses each a foot high on wheels stood outside this doorway for she preferred them to dolls. Being as neat and meticulous by nature as her grandmother was, she let no day go by without polishing and shining each toy bridle and saddle to perfection. George VI always remarked that this love of horses was a family idiosyncrasy and Prince Charles seems to have inherited it along with a love for the army. But he is less concerned today with horses or drums than he is with the events of the morrow when he will be four years old. The discussion and play, with Miss Helen Lightbody, the imperturbable nurse, looking on, centres mainly around this topic, and Charles, who is a lively little boy, shows his excitement by tearing around the nursery and hiding in the closets pursued frantically by his small Corgi, Sugar.

The play ends; the work begins again. The Queen returns to her suite on the ground floor, which is the Belgian suite, named after her ancestor Leopold of Belgium who first stayed in it. She is occupying it temporarily until her mother and sister move out of the Royal Apartments and into Clarence House. And here, where most of the crowned heads of Europe have rested, she changes into an afternoon frock and dons a holly-red coat trimmed with black, a red matching off-the-face hat with a half veil, a pair of black gloves and black "peep-toe" shoes, which, though they have gone somewhat out of fashion, she still clings to.

Now, with Lady Alice, she walks a few yards down the corridor to the Garden Entrance which royalty always uses. There is a servant on duty here, dwarfed by the great suits of Indian armor and the elephants' tusks hanging on the dark green walls, and the great perfume burners guarding the doorway. He is wearing the palace uniform of smooth blue battledress with gold monogram and buttons, designed by George VI to save palace laundry bills. He earns a little less than twenty dollars a week but he gets his board and keep at the palace and a pension when he retires. At the moment he is surreptitiously chewing tea leaves, for he has been across to the Bag O' Nails for a pint of bitter and this is the accepted palace method of cleansing the breath. The palace resists change, and chlorophyll has yet to invade its precincts.

The red-and-maroon Daimler is waiting, with Chivers, the tall and impassive chauffeur, who has a boy fighting in Korea, at the wheel. The detective inspector who guards the Queen leaps out and opens the car door for her. His associates at Scotland Yard joke about this and call him "the footman inspector" but he will have the last laugh when his palace days are

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



done and he gets his MVO and superintendentship.

The Daimler moves away with the lady in waiting on the jump seat, and the Queen a single lone figure in the back. The car moves across the red gravel forecourt and out through the wrought-iron gates. The crowd that always seems to be here sends up a cheer which the Queen acknowledges with a smile and a slight upright motion of her gloved hand in which she is clutching a tiny folded handkerchief.

The car, with its gilt radiator mascot of Britannia, moves like a shiny flat beetle down the broad avenue of the Mall where the seats for the Queen's coronation seven months hence are already going up in skeleton form, slowly denuding the nation of every last scrap of tubular scaffolding. It crosses the busy hub of Trafalgar Square, then, by way of Northumberland Avenue, proceeds down the Westminster Embankment to the Temple, seat of British justice. It was here on May 10, 1941, that both Temple and House of Commons were damaged by bombs and since then, the Inner Temple has lain a mass of rubble scarring the heart of the old city. Now it is to be rebuilt and the stiff little ceremony that follows is as necessary to that rebuilding as bricks and mortar.

The Daimler moves into the Temple Gardens and stops alongside the excavation that marks the site of the bombed building. The Queen alights, walks up a terrace of five steps to a carpet of dark-red matting protected by a blue-and-white striped canvas marquee. Here she is greeted by the youngest of a group of sage and venerable jurists, the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Singleton, aged sixty-eight, the Treasurer of Inner Temple. He leads her down the red pathway to a larger marquee where the others are presented to her: the Rt. Hon. Gavin Turnbull, Lord Simonds, Lord High Chancellor of England, aged seventy-one; the Rt. Hon. Rayner, Lord Goddard, Lord Chief Justice of England, aged seventy-six; and the Rt. Hon. John Allsebrook, Lord Simon, the Senior Bencher, aged eighty. They hover around the tiny bright-coated Queen like lean black hawks these tall old men, bowed over by the twin burdens of age and wisdom; Singleton who was in parliament in her grandfather's day and Simon who was

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in parliament in her great-grandfather's day and Goddard and Simonds whose memory, like the others, goes clearly back to Victoria's Jubilee.

At the end of the marquee there stands a piece of furniture which seems as curiously out of place among all the brick and rubble of the excavation as the old men in their wing collars and cut-away coats. It is a Chippendale table and here the Queen takes her seat and picks up the quill pen in her gloved hand and signs the visitor's book. This done, two more ancient figures are presented to her: Sir Hubert Worthington, the architect of the new building, who is sixty-six, and Sir Guy Lawrence, the head of the contracting firm who is seventy-seven. The Queen remarks that the series of brick foundations for the new structure seem very like the foundations which remain of the old one, and the old men nod and agree that this is so. For the Temple, like the monarchy, must endure as before and it is possible that these men, whose careers are the link between two Temples and two Queens, are privately remarking that this new Queen has some of the foundation qualities of her predecessor.

There are some other dignitaries to meet the Queen. She does not forget to speak to the Clerk of the Works who was present, she recalls, when her father presided at a similar function. Then she proceeds to lay the eighteen-hundred-pound stone with its inscription marking the event. She dabs the corner with a trowel full of mortar, taps it twice with a mallet and her work is done. Mallet and trowel will be carefully preserved at the Inns of Court as reliques of this day.

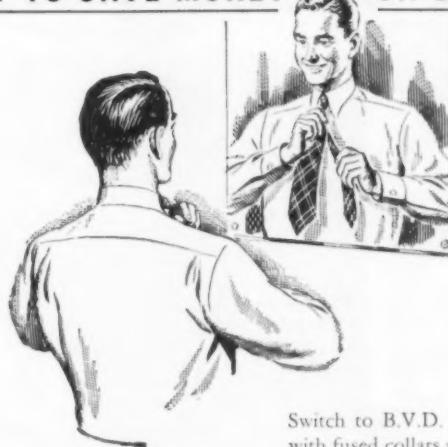
The crowd which has gathered for the ceremony, and the workmen on the roofs of neighboring buildings, set up a cheer as the stone is lowered into place.

The Queen walks back across the grounds with the old men behind her to the treasurer's chambers for tea and, as she goes, she waves and smiles at the crowd. Somewhere in the background is Lady Alice Egerton, as inconspicuous as ever. Tea takes less than half an hour. The Queen eats a piece of brown bread and butter and a slice of plain cake and remarks how pleased her father was to serve as treasurer of Inner Temple. Then, as the band of the Irish Guards plays a march, she steps into the Daimler which threads its way back along the Embankment and the Mall through crowds of her subjects seeking their own respite in afternoon tea. The inevitable crowd is waiting at the palace to cheer and wave and be waved back at in return. It will always be there whenever she comes and goes, and it will be there, watching and waiting, on the day she dies.

Within the great grey palace she picks up once more the loose threads of her business day. There is some private correspondence to attend to and the next day's menus to choose. They come up handwritten in French from the chef, a burly round-faced Yorkshireman named Ronald Aubrey who came to the palace fourteen years ago from the Savoy. She makes few changes in Aubrey's menu, for he knows her tastes. She pauses over the evening papers, and again there is news of personal interest. The Evening News says that it has learned that the Coronation *will* be televised and all the papers announce special feature articles coming up the next day about Prince Charles.

For another hour the Queen reverts to her role as mother. Miss Lightbody brings the children down to her and they play together. While this is going on, Mr. Henry Studholme, MP, in his

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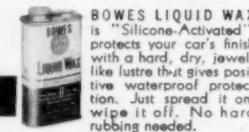
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office in the House of Commons, is doing his duty by his Queen. As vice-chamberlain it is his daily task to prepare "the telegram" — a written report of the day's session of parliament. Mr. Studholme is a country gentleman by profession and a member of parliament (Cons., Tavistock, Devon) by choice. Like almost everyone connected with the palace he looks the part to an uncanny degree — a reed-thin aristocratic figure with an aquiline face and a clipped mustache of iron grey. His report runs to about four hundred words and he writes it carefully in longhand, making it, as he says, "respectful but readable" and trying his best to be "a faithful mirror reflecting the atmosphere and highlights of the day."

It is time to dress for dinner. Two thousand electric lights have been switched on and an army of fifty housemaids has suddenly appeared to draw all the curtains. The Queen bathes and selects a semiformal gown from two laid out by Bobo MacDonald who hovers in attendance over her. This discreet Scotswoman is as close to the

MACLEAN'S CORONATION ISSUE

NINETY-TWO PAGES

ON SALE MAY 27

THE GIRL BEHIND THE MASK

What would Elizabeth Windsor be like if she were subject instead of sovereign? Part Six of Pierre Berton's series, *The Family in the Palace*. Plus a full-color portrait of Elizabeth and her family, suitable for framing.

A coronation cover
by Franklin Arbuckle

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Has the liquidation of the commonwealth and empire already passed the point of no return? From London, Bruce Hutchison takes a forthright look at the hard facts behind the fables.

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Artist Eric Aldwinckle executed this special commission for Maclean's to show the lands under the flag, past and present.

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A Jake and the Kid story especially written for Maclean's by W. O. Mitchell, telling how the fabled prairie town celebrated.

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Beverley Baxter tells in his London Letter of the ornate and colorful scene that the proud metropolis traditionally presents.

ALSO

A Maclean's Flashback, articles by June Callwood, David MacDonald and Dorothy Sangster, plus all regular departments.

ALL IN MACLEAN'S NEXT ISSUE

84

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY 15, 1953

Queen as any subject can be, so close indeed that she sometimes talks of herself and the Queen as if they were a single person. "We got engaged," she told a friend when the Queen's betrothal was announced.

The Duke of Edinburgh, back from an official visit to Cambridge, comes into the sitting room in his dinner jacket and the two go up to the nursery to watch Charles and Anne put to bed.

The Queen reads the children a story and helps with prayers, then she and her husband return to their quarters for a pre-dinner drink, Tio Pepe sherry for Elizabeth, pink gin for Philip. Together they listen to the BBC news which reports what they already know: that the Duke has been to Cambridge to receive an honorary LLD, after opening a new wing of the engineering laboratories and that the Queen has driven to the Inner Temple to lay a cornerstone.

Dinner is sharp at eight-thirty. The two sit down alone at a polished mahogany table without a cloth, lit by candles in ornate silver sticks. The meal is served by pages who, at Philip's suggestion, wear white gloves, Royal Navy style. In the background the Palace Steward, head of the servants, glides silently about. Dinner consists of *consommé brunoise*, *suprême de turbot bonne femme*, *perdreau en casserole*, *salade*, *crème au caramel* and *sablés au fromage*. After he is finished Philip orders up some nuts which he cracks between his teeth, as he once did in the navy.

The Queen's work is not yet done. The inevitable boxes are waiting again on her desk and she must attend to them at once. Then there are more documents to sign, Hansard to read, some magazines she should look at (most of them contain her picture) and some business to discuss regarding the royal racing stud. For she is the keenest royal racing enthusiast since Edward VII and hopes someday to win a Derby, as he did on two occasions.

The last hour of her day has come and in this brief time left to her the Queen relaxes. There is a canasta game with her husband, mother and sister. The Duke sips a Scotch and soda, the Queen a liqueur. Both of them are looking forward to the week end, which is one day distant, when they can flee the city for Royal Lodge, where there are no servants in livery, where the furniture is chewed by pet dogs, and where, except for the inevitable boxes, one's time is one's own. They have not been to Royal Lodge for a fortnight because last week end was Remembrance week end, and their presence was required in London.

As the canasta game draws to its end, the palace and the city begin to run down slowly like an un wound clock. The theatres in Leicester Square vomit out their crowds and the crowds disperse. The restaurants close their doors and the buses slow their schedule. At the end of the Mall, the palace with its six hundred-odd rooms, its ten thousand pieces of furniture, its six million dollars' worth of gold plate and its mile of corridors grows slowly dark as one by one the lights wind out. The crowd in front of the black-and-gold railings has finally gone. Now the only movement is the sentry mechanically walking his beat and the three lions *passant gardant* rippling in the cold night breeze above the dark bulk of the Queen's home. The long day is done and the Queen and her household are asleep. ★



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*The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's

Republican Secretary of State. Knowing Eisenhower's low opinion of him, knowing he has no hope of advancement through the friendship of the Republican leadership, McCarthy has set about making himself a formidable enemy.

His opening attack was on Charles Bohlen, Eisenhower's personal choice for U. S. Ambassador to Moscow. It could hardly have been more bitter if Acheson instead of Eisenhower had chosen him.

The day McCarthy made his principal speech on the Bohlen case the crowds in the Senate corridor got so big that the queues ran down off the gallery level and continued on the floor below. Some of the crowd was hostile, ready to applaud anyone who attacked McCarthy. Some was passionately pro-McCarthy, applauding him in reply until the Vice-President threatened to clear the galleries. Most were probably just curious—but they were interested.

And to the curious uninformed, McCarthy usually seems to win. He lost that Bohlen fight on the Senate floor—only twelve of the ninety-six senators voted with him—but to the galleries he sounded quite undaunted. "Don't get excited," he would say to opponents who lost their tempers at the violent language he was delivering in that flat quiet unemotional voice. McCarthy never lost his own temper no matter what was said about him.

In a committee hearing the following week I watched his head-on collision with Harold Stassen, Eisenhower's Mutual Security Director. McCarthy had just concluded a preposterous "treaty" with a group of Greek shipowners and Stassen was rebuking him for this presumptuous intrusion into the field of the executive branch. News reports indicated, correctly, that Stassen was right and McCarthy wrong. They therefore tended to imply, incorrectly, that Stassen won and McCarthy lost.

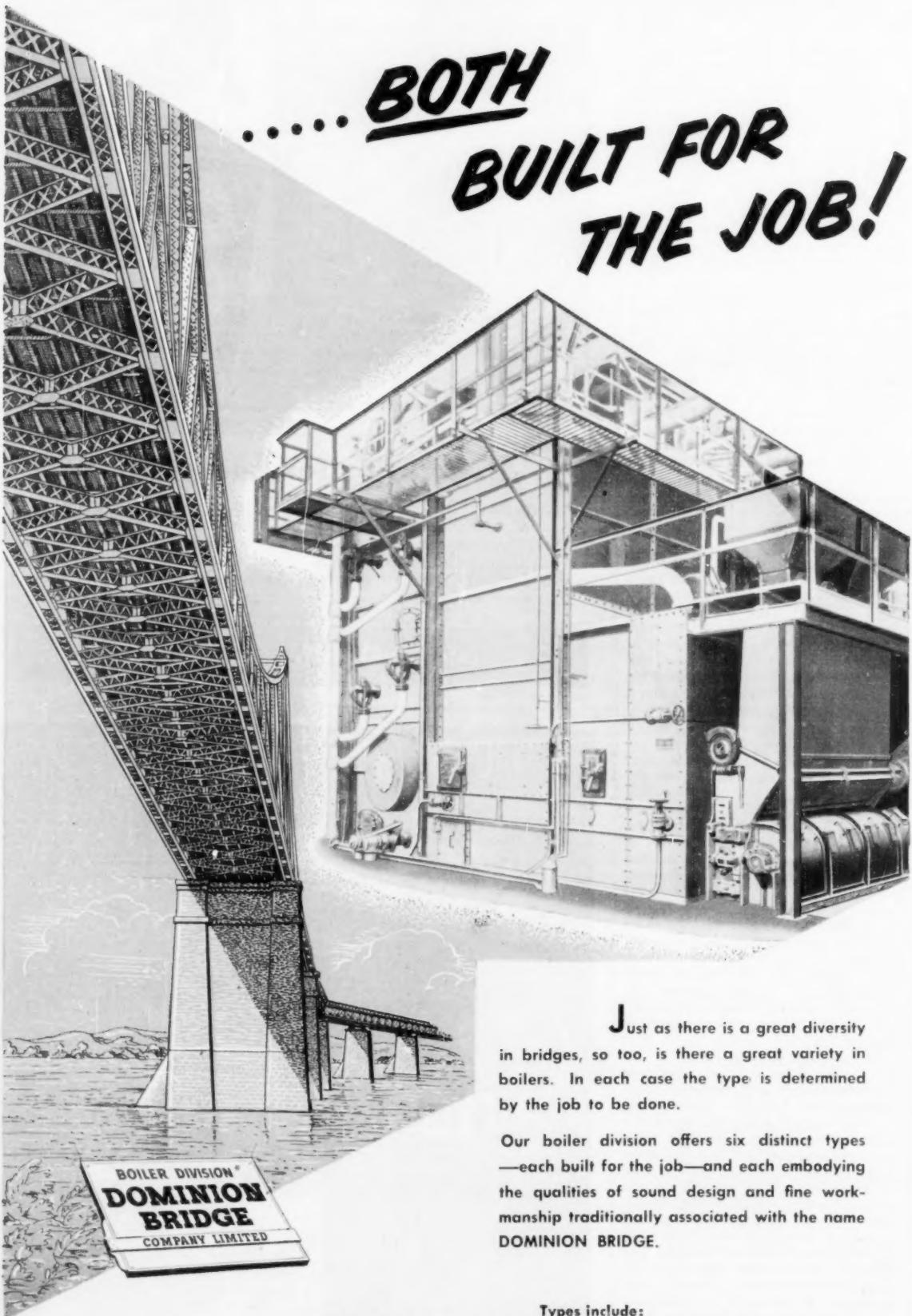
Nothing could be farther from the truth. McCarthy, skilful and smooth and imperturbable, sounded like a helpful soul who had tried to do a job and was surprised to find anyone displeased. Stassen, by the time McCarthy finished goading him, sounded like a pompous and jealous bureaucrat who resented the credit and publicity McCarthy was getting.

Senators and reporters might know how weak McCarthy's case really was—but the whole committee hearing was on television. Millions of Americans could see with their own eyes that Joe McCarthy was right.

At that time McCarthy had not yet declared open war upon the Republican Administration, nor they upon him. President Eisenhower was telling his Press conferences, in a tone of voice that could not be adequately reported, that he didn't want to talk about Senator McCarthy and that he wasn't unhappy about the junior senator from Wisconsin. McCarthy was elaborately inserting, in his nastiest speeches, lip service to "the new State Department" and to Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles personally. But the same week, Washington columnists quoted McCarthy as saying, "We're gonna get Dulles' head."

There is more to this than personal spite, though spite is present too. McCarthy is evidently gambling his future on the slim but not hopeless chance that he may become The Man Who Was Right, like Winston Churchill. He presents himself as the lone voice against "appeasement," stretch-

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ing that term to cover any tendency, in any party, to any accommodation with any Communist cause or country.

This role of one-man opposition gives McCarthy some hope of eventual triumph if things go badly. The hope is strengthened by the fact that McCarthy can also do a good deal to make sure things do go badly.

The only conceivable escape from the present international stalemate (other than world war) is negotiation with the Soviet bloc. McCarthy has already begun to make negotiation appear as treason. He has thus acquired to an alarming degree the power to make negotiation impossible.

But how? Why? That is hardest of all to understand. How has this mediocre figure been able to climb to such sinister eminence?

You'll find no clarification, only further bewilderment, in the writings of McCarthy's enemies. The liberal Press in the United States portrays McCarthy as a quite incredible Beast in Human Form, a villain who might exist but who certainly could not have reached the age of forty-three without at least one term in jail.

Young Joe McCarthy, far from being a juvenile delinquent, was a model boy after Horatio Alger's own heart. He was born on a farm and is still remembered in the neighborhood as an extraordinarily hard worker. He quit school after the eighth grade to take a job, rose to be a chain-store manager before he realized he couldn't go far without education. So he went back to school at twenty and completed the four-year high-school course (with the help of sympathetic and perhaps lenient teachers) in one year.

The Buck Private was "Sir"

At Marquette University he started in engineering, soon found the mathematics he had crammed in that one year of high school wouldn't stand the strain. He switched to law and did well. Four years after graduation he was elected, at twenty-nine, the "youngest judge in the United States."

As a judge he was exempt from the draft, but he waived the privilege and joined the Marines when war broke out. Back after two and a half years in the Pacific he tried and failed to get the Republican nomination away from Senator Alexander Wiley in 1944. Two years later, having meanwhile been re-elected circuit judge, he tried again for the Senate and this time he made it.

McCarthy's foes make much of the fact that he ran for senator while still a judge, which is forbidden by the Wisconsin constitution. His friends say it's always been common practice in Wisconsin. The State Supreme Court seems to bear them out, for it refused to unseat him though it did declare the constitution had been violated.

Another fuss is raised about his war record. McCarthy campaigned as "Tail-Gunner Joe" who had joined the Marines "as a buck private." In fact he applied for and got a commission before leaving the Bench. He served in the Pacific as an intelligence officer and occasionally went on reconnaissance flights in the tail-gunner's seat.

This seems to indicate that McCarthy glamorized a creditable but commonplace war record for campaign purposes—hardly an unusual sin among politicians.

But if McCarthy fails to measure down to the satanic character his enemies depict, he is even less suited to his chosen role of Knight in Shining Armor.

Two years ago a Senate resolution ordered an enquiry to determine whether or not McCarthy should be expelled

from the Senate for a long list of alleged misdeeds. The enquiry was carried out by a subcommittee of two Democrats and one Republican, who presented a unanimous report last January.

"The subcommittee itself is not making any recommendation (on McCarthy's expulsion)," said the report. "The record should speak for itself. The issue raised is one for the entire Senate."

"This report and the subcommittee files, of course, will be available to the Department of Justice and the Bureau

of Internal Revenue (which prosecutes income-tax evasion) for any action deemed appropriate by such agencies." So far, no action at all has been deemed appropriate, but the report itself makes rather startling reading.

It recalls, for example, that McCarthy approached the now-defunct Lustron Corporation and asked ten thousand dollars for an article he had written on housing which had been rejected by national magazines. Lustron Corporation was engaged in making prefabricated housing with thirty-seven and a half millions of

the taxpayers' money obtained from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It finally went bankrupt at a net loss to the Government of about thirty million dollars; a subsequent enquiry showed that "Lustron had been mismanaged; that frauds had been practiced upon it; and that excessive salaries were paid officials such as E. Merl Young because of alleged influence." Lustron bought McCarthy's article.

McCarthy, then a freshman senator, had lately been vice-chairman of a subcommittee on housing and had filed

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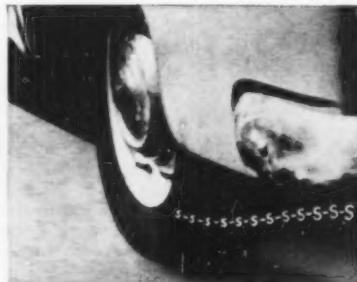


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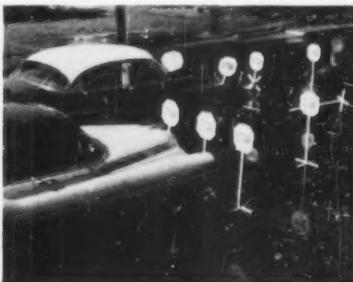
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a report strongly favoring prefabricated dwellings. He was still a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, on which the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (and therefore Lustron) depended.

"How," asked the subcommittee, "can Senator McCarthy justify acceptance of a ten-thousand-dollar fee from Lustron, which in effect was a fee paid out of public funds, at a time when Lustron's continued operations and financing depended entirely upon the RFC? . . ."

McCarthy's article was appropriately titled "Wanted: A dollar's worth of housing for every dollar spent."

The subcommittee was also interested in the fact that McCarthy sought and obtained this fee from Lustron at a time when his own financial situation was "desperate" because of overextended loans from the Appleton, Wisconsin, State Bank. He owed the bank \$72,943.96 at the time (the amount later rose to \$169,540.70, though the bank was legally forbidden to lend more than \$100,000 to any one borrower) and the bank president had been writing urgent demands for payment.

However, the subcommittee noted that McCarthy did not use the ten thousand to reduce his bank loan. Instead he invested it in shares of a railroad which had been in a receiver's hands since 1930, and which was also financed by the RFC. McCarthy paid twenty-two dollars a share. Three years later, after RFC had disposed of its holdings in the railroad, McCarthy was able to sell out at a net profit of \$35,614.75 on his \$10,000 investment.

"Was there any relationship between Senator McCarthy's position as a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee and his receipt of confidential information relating to the stock of the Seaboard Airlines Railroad, which was indebted to the RFC for sums in excess of fifteen million dollars?" asked the subcommittee.

Another transaction noted by the subcommittee was a bank note for twenty thousand dollars on which McCarthy "sought and accepted" the endorsement of Russell M. Arundel, Washington representative of the Pepsi-Cola Company. At the time McCarthy was member of a Senate subcommittee on sugar. Pepsi-Cola was trying hard to have controls removed from sugar, while the U. S. Agriculture Department was trying to keep them on.

Said the subcommittee: "Did Senator McCarthy's overextended debt position . . . influence Senator McCarthy's position on the sugar decontrol issue to such an extent that he followed the Pepsi-Cola line?"

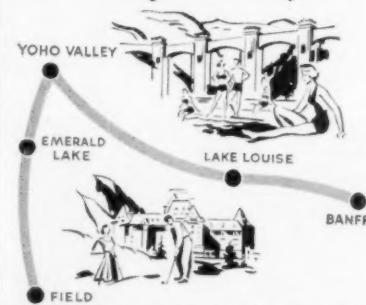
The subcommittee's reference to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and the action it might "deem appropriate," was occasioned by some curious features of McCarthy's income-tax returns in Wisconsin. For several years after the war he appeared to have no income at all—he reported security losses exceeding his total earnings. Since he continued to live well in Washington, the subcommittee was puzzled. It wondered "whether funds supplied to Senator McCarthy to fight Communism were diverted to his own use."

It also wondered why he had to keep his personal accounts in such an extraordinary tangle, all mixed up with those of his relatives and his administrative assistant. One bank account was opened in the name of McCarthy's sister-in-law, Julia Connolly. His brother William McCarthy, a Chicago truck driver, told the subcommittee this had been done "with the idea of concealing the account in the event of an investigation of Senator McCarthy's affairs."

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This amazing report was formally presented last January, as one of the last acts of the lame-duck Democratic Congress. Nothing has been done about it—in fact, it hasn't even been reprinted and the original run of twenty-five hundred copies has long since been exhausted. The report is fast becoming the most sought-after rare book in Washington. Meanwhile, McCarthy continues to grow in importance on the Washington scene.

He has survived the harsh words of committees before. In 1950, soon after McCarthy made his first attack on "Communism in Government" in a speech at Wheeling, W. Va., Senator Millard Tydings, of Maryland, undertook to put McCarthy in his place.

Tydings was a figure of almost legendary power in American politics. In 1938 Franklin Roosevelt, in the full flush and prime of his strength, decided to "purge" Tydings for his failure to support certain Roosevelt measures. Tydings trounced the Roosevelt man who opposed him in the Democratic primary, and thereafter was regarded as unbeatable. He was also highly respected on both sides of the Senate for his personal integrity and ability.

After McCarthy had proclaimed that there were Communists in the State Department, in numbers that he stated in various places and various contexts as 205 and 57 and 81, Tydings held an investigation as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Hearings were held for four months and all McCarthy's charges were declared false.

They were, said the Tydings report, "a fraud and a hoax perpetrated on the Senate of the United States and on the American people. They represent the most nefarious campaign of half-truths and untruth in the history of this Republic. For the first time in our history we have seen the totalitarian technique of the 'big lie' employed on a sustained basis."

That devastating report was published in late July 1950. That autumn McCarthy moved into Maryland to help the Republican candidate, a relatively obscure politician named Butler. After McCarthy and Butler got through with him, in a campaign which started loud cries for investigation and disbarment, the great Millard Tydings had been defeated.

Senators' fear of McCarthy dates from Tydings' defeat. They suddenly realized that he was a more formidable man than anyone had believed. But within a few months McCarthy did something which reduced his stock with the Senate below zero again, and led to many confident predictions that he was through.

What he did was to attack General George Catlett Marshall, then Secretary of Defense and previously Secretary of State in the Truman cabinet. Marshall was admired by all and revered by many Americans, and especially by his most outstanding disciple and protégé, Dwight D. Eisenhower. McCarthy rose in the Senate on June 14, 1951, to deliver a speech that ran seventy-two thousand words denouncing Marshall as part and parcel of an infamous conspiracy to sell out American interests to international Communism.

The speech was later published as a book and McCarthy was invited to a television show called "The Author Meets the Critics." One critic, Leo Cherne, of New York, produced evidence that half a dozen statements in the book were utter falsehoods. McCarthy was unable to produce any proof in support of any of the challenged passages.

Nevertheless, McCarthy is a more powerful figure now than then; it is



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Marshall who seems to have suffered. In Washington this spring I talked with a veteran newspaperman who has studied McCarthy with horrified fascination ever since he emerged.

"I'm afraid there is now a substantial fraction of Americans who have doubts about General Marshall," he said. "Not that they believe all McCarthy said about him, but they have doubts."

One American with no such doubts is, of course, Dwight D. Eisenhower, whose admiration for Marshall is unbounded. He had a paragraph to that effect in the speech he would have delivered on a campaign visit to Wisconsin last fall. McCarthy saw the draft and asked to have that paragraph taken out. Eisenhower took it out.

That was the first but not the last attempt by the Republican leadership to conciliate and appease McCarthy. John Foster Dulles went so far as to appoint a McCarthy man as chief security officer in the State Department. The man's name is Scott McLeod; he used to be administrative assistant to Senator H. Styles Bridges, of New Hampshire, one of McCarthy's Senate supporters. McCarthy's staff now openly boasts that Scott McLeod shows them the contents of State Department security files.

This is well for McCarthy, whose material had been getting a bit thin. In all his early speeches McCarthy hinted that he had copies or "photostats"—a favorite word with him—of material from FBI files or from State Department files sent on by "loyal" men inside the department. The Tydings investigation reported this to be false: "Senator McCarthy had received no undercover information from 'loyal' or 'disturbed' State Department employees, as he led the Senate to believe. His information was beyond all reasonable doubt but a 'dressed-up' version of material developed by the Eightieth (Republican) Congress."

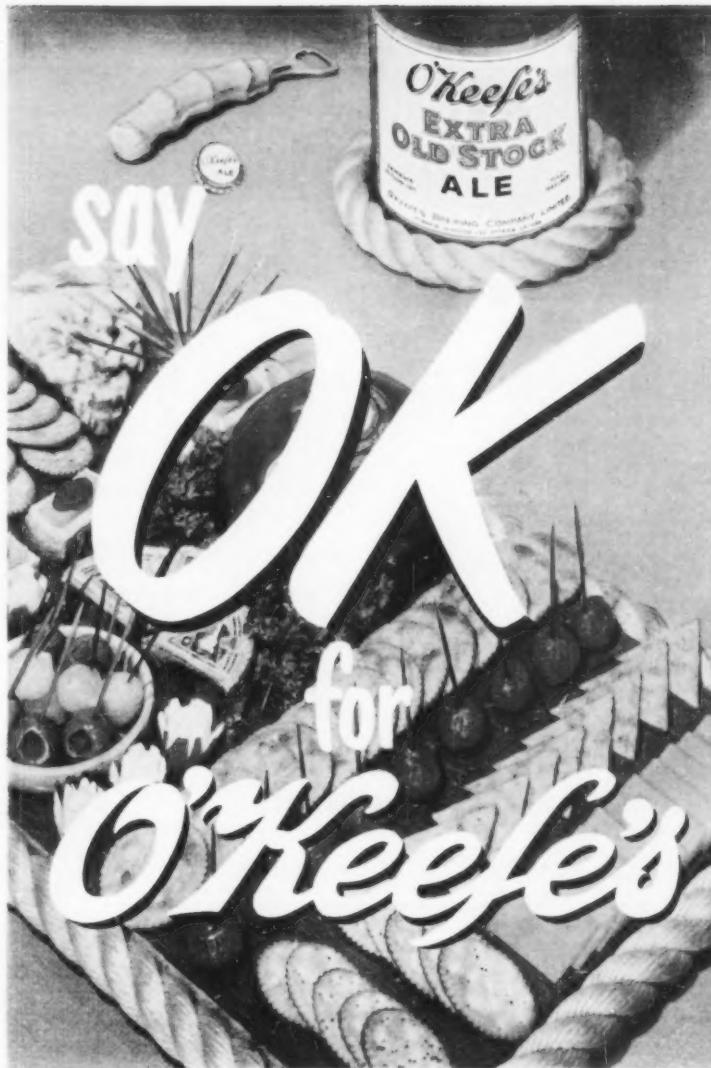
Tydings was referring to a report by Robert Lee, investigator for the House Appropriations Committee, in 1947. Lee had listed one hundred and eight cases from State Department security files which seemed to him ineptly handled. They were investigated at the time and no action was deemed necessary by a Republican Congress. The cases McCarthy submitted to the Tydings enquiry appeared also on Lee's list, and McCarthy seemed to have no new facts on any of them.

As for the FBI files, it has never been made clear why the FBI should make a confidant of McCarthy. McCarthy's chief investigator is Donald Surine, who was fired by the FBI in February 1950 for "disregard of bureau rules and regulations." Herbert Philbrick, who worked for the FBI for years inside the Communist Party, has stated publicly that "real Communists" are delighted by McCarthy's activities because they create doubt and confusion among Americans.

Nevertheless intelligent people, in Ottawa as well as in Washington, are still saying "I don't like McCarthy's methods, but maybe you have to be tough and nasty to do the job McCarthy is doing."

Just what is the job McCarthy is doing?

So far he has not revealed a single communist in the employ of the United States Government. Most of the men he has accused were previously attacked by some other agency of Congress or Government, and one or two have since been convicted of perjury. McCarthy's staff was able to recall for me only two names of men accused by McCarthy who had not been on that original list of Robert



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Lee's—and against those two no proof seems to have been presented except McCarthy's accusation. It was enough to get at least one of them fired, though.

McCarthy can also take principal credit for ruining the public career of Dr. Philip Jessup, whom one Canadian described as "the most distinguished man ever to head an American delegation to United Nations." Even McCarthy has never accused Jessup of being a Communist, but he indict him for association with the "Communist-controlled" Institute of Pacific Relations and other "front" groups. In one case Jessup's "association" consisted of the fact that his wife had belonged to the group, years before it was cited as a Communist front.

Another McCarthy target was Owen Lattimore, of Johns Hopkins University, whom McCarthy called "No. 1 Soviet agent" in the State Department and "chief architect" of American policy in the Far East. Lattimore was a recognized authority on Far Eastern affairs and had many friends among American officials, but he never worked for the State Department except as an occasional consultant.

McCarthy himself has produced no evidence that Lattimore is or ever was a Communist; other evidence on this point appears to be mainly hearsay recollections of Louis Budenz and Alexander Barmine, two ex-Communist informers. Some documents have come to light showing that Lattimore was more sympathetic to Soviet Russia than he had indicated in his own testimony and he is now awaiting trial on perjury charges arising out of these discrepancies. But McCarthy has never come within miles of proving Lattimore a "No. 1 Soviet agent."

Since McCarthy's campaign of clamor began, the United States Gov-

ernment has dropped a number of people who had previously been cleared of all loyalty and security charges. One of the most recent was Charles Thayer, who resigned rather than go through another "loyalty hearing." A Canadian diplomat described Thayer to me as "one of the few men they have left who knows anything at all about Russia." Others were Far Eastern experts like John Carter Vincent and John Stewart Service, whose reports from China earned the hostility of Chiang Kai-shek's "China Lobby."

Two views can be, and are, taken of this aspect of McCarthy's campaign. Some argue that it is to McCarthy's credit, that the State Department was too lax with people of suspect loyalty and that only a "tough customer" like McCarthy could blast it into vigilance. There is some evidence to show that State Department security had some soft spots. No one has yet explained, for example, why books by Earl Browder and William Z. Foster, ranking leaders of the U. S. Communist Party, should have appeared in State Department libraries overseas which were supposedly designed as propaganda for the "American Way of Life."

On the other hand, there is all too little doubt that McCarthy has let loose a plague of informers in the U. S. government service, and that the atmosphere in that service now borders on panic.

I heard Louis Budenz, the ex-Communist informer, tell a McCarthy subcommittee what was in his view "the test of a sincere ex-Communist": "He has to prove it by his actions, by co-operating with the FBI and with the agencies of Congress, to make amends for past misdeeds."

In other words, only the stool pigeon deserves credence or sympathy. McCarthy nodded. Nobody protested.

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FREDERIC G. HARRIS

But whether the charge of softness against State Department security has any foundation or not, the unhappy fact is that Republican campaign speakers took advantage of the suspicion McCarthy had implanted. Thus the Eisenhower regime is more or less committed to the proposition that McCarthy was right, in some measure. That is one source of his power today.

Another is the fact that American foreign policy in the Far East has never been clearly defined.

Foreign-service officers such as John Carter Vincent and John Stewart Service reported consistently that Chiang Kai-shek had forfeited popular support in China, that the Communists were winning and would win, that there was no way of reversing this trend short of a major war on the mainland of Asia. Vincent and Service were commended for reporting their honest judgment—but was that judgment accepted?

Nobody ever admitted it. Democrats outdid Republicans in pledging their devotion and support to Chiang Kai-shek. If Dean Acheson's advisers really believed this was sound policy then McCarthy and his friends have some reason to complain that the help Chiang actually got was too little and too late. If they thought it was suicidal nonsense they might better have said so.

As it was, the Truman-Acheson Administration accepted the rules of its critics. The critics "charged" that Truman and Acheson were insufficiently loyal to Chiang and the Nationalist cause; the Administration denied the "charge." Nobody ever took up the challenge and really put the case for the alternative policy, the policy which Britain has followed and Canada would prefer to have followed. That policy is to accept the Communist victory in China as irrevocable, and to wait and hope and work for the split between Moscow and Peking which is thought to be certain in the end—if the Western nations give China any alternative.

Now the Republicans are in office, grappling with reality for the first time in twenty years, but as firmly tied by their own charges as the Democrats had been by their denials. Whatever they may think, whatever they may come to think is the right course in China, they cannot lightly disavow those campaign speeches.

Not with Joe McCarthy there to remind them of what they have said. Not with Joe to cry "traitor" at every departure from the China Lobby's line. And this Republican dilemma is the second major source of McCarthy's power.

The third is McCarthy's own skill at the verbal equivalent of barroom fighting. He is more adept than any opponent at verbal gouging, biting, kneeing and kicking.

"I'm sitting this one out," said a Democratic senator when some of his friends tried to suppress McCarthy a

few years ago. "You know who the poorest boy is? He's sitting right in a match with a bomb."

A Republican congressman said, "Don't let his name be used," and "The guy is like a carbine. No place for where you touch him, he burns you."

These are signs, though, that McCarthy this time has set enough fire in national anger, from the 1950s out of whom Senator Robert Taft, Republican leader in the Senate, has repudiated his attack on Britain, and shown his sense of McCarthy's charges were false. At least one of the Republicans involved with McCarthy has disagreed now. He told a friend of mine, "I've thought with this guy, he had to do about Britain."

At the end of McCarthy's man-spasm in the British debate some question arose about whether or not Britain's appointment had been approved by ex-Ambassador Hugh Gibson. Senator William Knowland, at Chittenden Park's testimony as majority leader, produced a letter recommending a large group of diplomatic appointments, including Britain's, and bearing Gibson's signature.

Senator Knowland is one of the most deserved friends of Nationalist China in the United States, and therefore a frequent ally of McCarthy in the past. But when he produced the letter signed by Gibson, McCarthy coolly asked to have the signature examined.

Knowland jumped up, white with rage.

"When a letter comes to the Senate from the Department of State I do not want to have to call in a handwriting expert to determine whether a forged has been committed," he said. "If we have so deserved confidence in men who have been selected to hold high places in the government of the United States, then God help us. God help us if that is the basis on which we have to operate."

An Appeal to the Mob

The packed galleries burst into applause. Two minutes later McCarthy made a comeback which was applauded in its turn from the other half of the audience, but the net impression was that he had suffered a setback.

At any rate, the incident did illustrate the most encouraging new element in McCarthy's situation. For the first time since he emerged into international notoriety, no organized party or group can derive any advantage from supporting or even tolerating him.

Democrats may enjoy the spectacle of Republican embarrassment, but they are in no mood to profit by it. For the moment they are wisely keeping silent, so as not to close Republican ranks around the *enfant terrible*, but Democrats' hatred of McCarthy is too deep for petty partisanship. They will do what they can to help Republicans bring him down.

McCarthy's strength lies with the people, or rather with the mob.

He understands and uses the new techniques of television as few politicians have yet learned to do. He has the support of the isolationist press—even though the Hearst papers did desert him on the Britain issue—and a great appeal to the illiterate and a semi-literate vote. He has the shrewdness, the brashness and the courage to take advantage not only of Republican mistakes but of every Republican departure from the fatuities of the Republican campaign.

No doubt such a great popular leader as Dwight Eisenhower can defeat McCarthy, once he makes up his mind that it has to be done. But meanwhile McCarthy is a man to make your flesh creep. *

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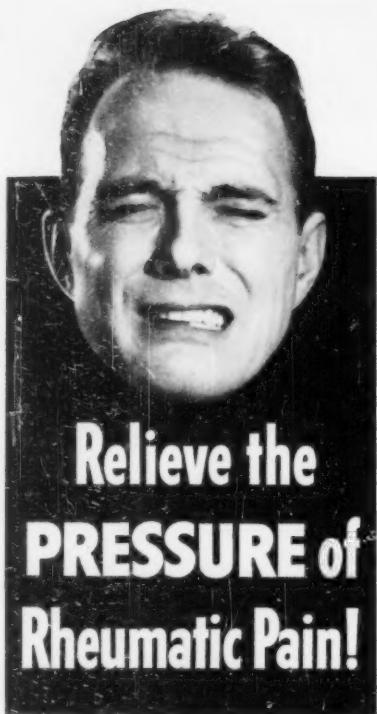


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KARSH'S CANADA: THE SUMMING UP

Evidently a good many people in Saint John have been considerably perturbed about recent photographs of their city in your magazine. They feel that Mr. Karsh has sought the most sordid views possible, and thus presents Saint John to the rest of Canada as a very sordid city indeed. They don't like it. They are angry. But, actually, they should rejoice. And there is good reason for them to rejoice.

Not long ago I interviewed an American novelist—a Rhodes Scholar, an eminently successful novelist and leading American man of letters. He said to me: "Canada is still in puberty."

He was right.

Now what some people of Saint John apparently do not appreciate is this: It is the job of any good artist—be he a painter, writer or photographer—to depict the ugly as well as the beautiful.

When, for instance, Jack London, the American writer, came over here to London, Eng., during a coronation (Edward VII)—what did he do? For six weeks he slept in the slums and lived with the unemployed and then galloped over his typewriter to turn out *The People of The Abyss*, possibly the most stark and penetrating exposure of London yet written.

Do you think the English liked it? Of course they didn't like it. They wanted him to look at beautiful St. Paul's and the Abbey and the Coronation, and write how wonderful they were. But no, he took the sordid side, and put that on paper. And who will deny that the sordid side—be it London, Montreal or Saint John—needs to be put on paper just as much as the beautiful?

And that, more or less, is what Mr. Karsh has done in pictures of the city of Saint John. And there is no more reason for the people of Saint John to be ashamed than there is for the people of other Canadian cities, many of which present far more stench and ugliness than does Saint John.

The reason for rejoicing is the simple fact that the editors of Maclean's, rather than take the cheap and easy road of printing nice and beautiful things only, have had the gumption to print something sordid and true.

And here's hoping they and Mr. Karsh will continue across the Dominion, which is just what it needs, and which would—against many false indications of maturity in Canada—be at least of some indication that Canada is growing up.—Stephen Schofield, London, Eng.

• I cannot conceive of an artist of Mr. Karsh's rare ability failing to note and appreciate the incomparable St. John River . . . the Reversing Falls . . . the beauty of the park and squares . . . the solid rock walls bordering some of the principal streets, and surmounted in places by monuments and fortifications dating back to Canada's birth . . . the fascination of one of the largest dry docks in the world . . . and industries by the score which far outweigh the much-talked-of fishing. Too bad.—Mrs. Tom Guy, Saint John.

• The Karsh series deserves comment—it is really excellent. Evidently the critics want the type of picture that has been used on picture postcards for decades. I congratulate Karsh on finding new ideas in well-worn subjects.—B. E. Bewell, Hobart, Tasmania.

• I certainly endorse others' opinion of Karsh's pictures of the various cities he has taken—that he should confine himself to photographs of people, where he certainly knows his job.—Kathleen Edis, Winnipeg.

• Congratulations to Karsh for his pictures on Saint John. You can fairly smell the salt air and hear the fog horns.



They were nearly as good as a trip back home.—Mrs. S. Cuthand, Mont Nebo, Sask.

• Mr. Karsh has let us down in Halifax . . . such ill-chosen and unattractive photographs . . . Even the caption under the first photograph was incorrect. This should have read "Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron" rather than "Royal Halifax Yacht Squadron."—C. J. MacCready, Halifax.

• Congratulations for choosing Karsh to photograph Canada. He shows us Canada, how it really is, not as someone would like to see it. If someone wants fancy-sweet pictures he can get them at the dime store.—Olha Stech, Montreal.

• Re Karsh's Halifax—the old town clock on Citadel Hill has not ticked *all* the time. It stood still for all of the month of August when I was down that way last year.—James F. Colebrook, Verdun, Que.

• Your pictures of Halifax by Karsh were, in one word, LOUSY!—Walter Holder, Halifax.

• I think it is extremely harsh. The way some persons write of Karsh. Complaints in varied styles and shapes. And most of them are sour grapes!—Edith M. Russell, Dartmouth, N.S.

• Your photos by Karsh in *A City With a Heart* (Montreal) are disgusting . . . Surely there are decent Christian people in Montreal? One would think from your magazine that wine, women, and song were the highest

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things in this life. Rome and every other great nation fell to drink and lust; ours is no exception.—George Sharp, Bashaw, Alta.

• My husband and I agree with Karsh's impression of Montreal. The degree of understanding reached between French- and English-speaking Montrealers is remarkable . . . Neither French nor English "preach" co-operation, they merely "practice" it. We are still hopelessly in love with Canada's most mature and charming city.—Mrs. Rex Loring, Hamilton.

Resale of War Assets

Fred Bodsworth's article, How Serious is the Defense Scandal? (Feb. 1), mentions resale, by The Babb Company (Canada) Limited, of former War Assets spare parts for the current Harvard aircraft program.

Mr. Bodsworth states that the Defense Department is buying back the same parts at current prices, and not at the 1945 War Assets prices. This is untrue. This material has been resold at prices based on the original manufacturing costs of 1943 and 1944, which are at least fifty percent less than the cost of duplicating such parts today.

When the Babb Company hazarded considerable capital to buy these War Assets materials in 1945, for civil, and possibly military, use it was difficult then to visualize a world situation such as prevails today. In 1945 industry was putting pressure on War Assets to get the surplus material disposed of and bring industry back to normal. These spare parts, which probably would have been destined to the scrap heap had they not been bought by Babb, are today serving a very useful purpose, and at a definite saving to the Defense Department and the country.—Chester M. Newhall, The Babb Company (Canada) Ltd., Dorval, Que.

Advice to Eligible Heifers

I was so interested in *Never, Never, Trust a Bull* (April 1). However, I was disappointed that no warning was addressed to the coming generation of



eligible heifers. My two daughters, Appleblossom Maple Laneway and June Artichoke Ragbutter, are just reaching the age where they need the advice of a recognized authority.

It may interest your readers to know that the bull, whose picture appears on the title page, is a full brother of the sire of my youngest daughter, Appleblossom Maple Laneway.—Jersey Belle Meadowbrook III, Jersey Brook Farm, Ont.

The Row Over the Red Dean

Thank heaven there exists in Canada a national magazine of sufficient courage, integrity and moral stature to publish an editorial like that of April 1: *The Red Dean Finds Some Helpers*.—Mrs. Catharine F. Kerr, Lousana, Alta.

• It is indeed reassuring to read such forthright statements at a time when it is becoming unpopular to believe in freedom of speech. Perhaps if more editors took a similar positive attitude

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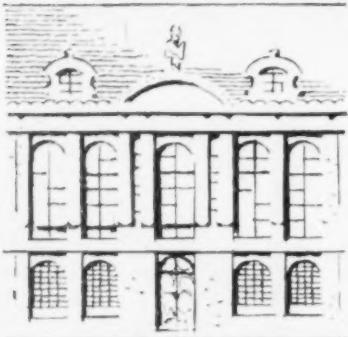
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in speaking about democracy we would be in less danger of losing it.—W. M. Smardon, Toronto.

• Twenty-five members of the University Women's Club of London attended Dean Johnson's lecture . . . We do not agree with your presentation of the facts.

We regret that the Red Dean's arguments were not heard, questioned, and refuted; we consider the breakup of the meeting ill-advised and immature; but we strongly object to your blaming the students of the University of Western Ontario for the childish display. Some university students did heckle and catcall; a large number of high-school students did likewise; a number of middle-aged men and women added their bit; and a certain amount of organized resistance came from a group of ex-paratroopers. It is entirely inaccurate to state as you do, that the Red Dean "was driven from the platform by about two hundred students of the University of Western Ontario, who threw stink bombs, rang cowbells, and forced him in the end to escape through a rear exit."—Mrs. Philip G. Johnson, president, University Women's Club, London, Ont.

• Your editorial on the Red Dean is a shocking and frightening example of journalism minus facts.—Jack Hutton, London.

• I feel it is a duty and in this case a pleasure to congratulate you on your courageous editorial in the April 1 issue . . . This letter reflects the opinion of most members on our staff.—Romeo LeBlanc, Academie Notre Dame, Grand Falls, N.B.

• When did fiction start appearing on your editorial page?—Harold Mountain, London.

• The Commies seem to have planned this meeting down to the last detail. First of all, one of Canada's most eminent scientists took the platform and for exactly one half hour did nothing but read a pamphlet which had been distributed among the audience beforehand. What was his purpose? We agree that his sole purpose was to aggravate . . . The Red Dean then took the stand

and in the four or five minutes that he was there he said absolutely nothing. As the paratroopers and high-school students kept up their breaking of balloons, rattling of rattles and letting off of stink bombs the Red Dean refused to speak.

It was at this point that the secretary of the Canadian Soviet Friendship Society got in her blast against the university students. Then the party retired to a back room. A university student had politely asked the Dean if he would return if the audience quietened down. He said he would and it was when everyone had returned to his seat that the Dean and the rest of his party got out of the hall. They had accomplished their point . . . This was only another well-organized attack by the Communists against students in general.—Paul R. Kipp, Granton, Ont.

• I am amazed at what appears to be an increased tendency on the part of some of our newspapers and periodicals to offer excuses for anything Communistic, and I believe in free speech for their representatives in this country when ours are given the same privilege behind the iron curtain.

It is refreshing to know that there are a few students who have not been infected with the deadly virus, and Dr. Hall should be commended for maintaining a high standard of health in this respect at the University of Western Ontario . . . I think the Red Dean invited trouble, and got just what he asked for; and that the action of the students was a legitimate protest and did not win any converts for the Dean's cause.—W. B. Smith, Oakville, Ont.

In suggesting that students from the University of Western Ontario were solely responsible for breaking up Dean Johnson's London meeting, Maclean's was in error. We apologize to the many Western students who attended the meeting and behaved with proper respect for freedom of speech. As for the main point made in our editorial—that students from the university were among those who broke up the meeting and that their conduct was applauded by the president of the university—we have been shown no cause to doubt the essential facts or to withdraw our criticism. ★

JASPER



MACLEAN'S

"The Met's really combing the woods for extras these days."

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OPENS SEPTEMBER 9th

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

"Oh," said the neighbor, still looking blank. "Who is the MP for our district, anyway?"

"I am," said Jim, and went away to brood.

LIBERALS are convinced that one really hot political issue, the Currie Report, has been pretty well smothered by the Opposition's strategy. They think the Conservatives outsmarted themselves.

Liberals had been dreading the climactic moment when George Currie would answer the \$64 question: "What did you mean by that phrase 'General breakdown of administration, supervision and accounting'?" They knew Currie; they knew he wouldn't have made a statement like that without some documents to back it up, and they had no idea what the documents were.

But when the Defense Expenditures Committee opened in February, Liberals could hardly believe their ears. There was George Currie on the stand: there were half a dozen top Conservatives—but the Conservatives weren't saying a word. Day after day they sat there without asking a single question.

Conservatives had figured it all out. Liberals, they reasoned, would try to discredit George Currie, but they could only do that on cross-examination. They couldn't open fire on him themselves, since he was their own choice for auditor of Defense accounts. So the Conservatives decided to keep quiet, let the Liberals do all the talking and give them no chance to cross-examine.

One impartial observer has described this Conservative decision as "the greatest political blunder since Confederation."

George Currie, this observer says, came to Ottawa expecting to be questioned. He had fat files of documents on almost every paragraph of the report. Having spoken his piece in the report itself he didn't feel obliged to volunteer any more information, but he was ready and willing to answer questions. The questions never came.

What the answers would have been, whether they would have been damaging new material or mere accounting quibbles, we shall never know now. The Conservatives chose to settle for what they had already—a troop of hypothetical horses and a handful of hackneyed phrases. The Liberals are relieved.

THIS WAS supposed to have been the ninth and last parliament to be adorned by the dean of the House of Commons, the Hon. Charles Gavan Power, MC, who has been MP for Quebec South for thirty-five years last Dec. 17. Chubby Power is probably the only man in Canada who can have a senatorship whenever he wants one—he could have entered the Valhalla of political warriors any time in the last five years, and he had decided to do it this summer. Nine general elections are enough, he figured, and all his friends were told that Chubby was through.

But while we reporters were composing his political obituary the corpse was climbing out of the coffin. The closer he got to the actual moment of quitting active politics, the less he liked the idea. At the moment of writing he still hasn't made up his mind officially, but his backers in Quebec South have stopped worrying about finding a new candidate. They're sure Chubby Power will run again.

Perhaps the change of mind began when his chief organizer journeyed to

Ottawa to consult the Liberal Powers That Be about the problem of succession. "We don't want Chubby to go," he said.

"Chubby can go any time he likes," the organizer was told. "If anybody has earned a rest in the Senate, he has."

"But who can we run in his place?"

"Ah, that is your problem," said the Powers That Be. "You'd better ask Chubby."

Power suddenly realized that it would be more trouble *not* to run than it would be to run. At least, that's what he told friends. But they suspect that what really changed the mind of the old war horse was simply the smell of powder. With an election coming up he couldn't bear not to be in the thick of it.

Chubby Power probably knows more of what is going on in parliament than any other individual. As a former cabinet minister, senior by many years to the men who are regarded as senior men today, he still has the confidence of his old colleagues to a degree far beyond that of the average private member. On the other hand, because he is a private member and not a resident of Olympus, he hears far more about what goes on among back-benchers than the cabinet ministers do. People are continually calling on him for political advice.

They also call on him because it is fun. Chubby Power is one of the few genuine wits in a profession that grows more and more sober-sided.

Once Mackenzie King was in Quebec City and asked to be taken to see the grave of his grandfather King the "other" grandfather, the one who fought for the "loyal" side in the 1837 rebellion. Grandfather King was a professional soldier in the Quebec garrison and is buried in a Protestant cemetery there.

Prime Minister King remarked, with facetious regret, that he supposed his revered grandfather had been a Tory.

"Don't worry about that, sir," said one of the local politicians. "This cemetery is in Chubby Power's riding, and you may be sure he's been voting them all Liberal for thirty years."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. King," said Power, "but this is a Protestant cemetery. We play fair down here—we always vote the Protestant cemeteries Tory."

His thirtieth anniversary in parliament came almost exactly three years after he had resigned from the cabinet on an issue of principle and demoted himself to the status of private member. Answering felicitations on that day, he said he'd been thinking of writing a book.

"I would perhaps put it in the form of a homily—ashes to ashes, dust to dust—and I would entitle it Back to Front and Back Again. I would tell of the long and painful progress down five rows of seats to the front benches, and I would tell also of the short and rapid and sudden transition from a private car to an upper berth."

Last Dec. 17 was his thirty-fifth anniversary, and again the eminent in all parties chorused their tributes. Chubby Power's reply contained several quotations. One was from Winston Churchill, speaking to the British House in March 1945:

I have only two more minutes to speak, and I will devote them to my noble friend, the father of the House. He is a comparatively young father of the House; he still has many years of useful life before him . . . But unless in the future his sagacity and knowledge of the House are found to be markedly superior to what he has exhibited today, I must warn him that he will run a very grave risk of falling into senility before he is overtaken by old age. ★

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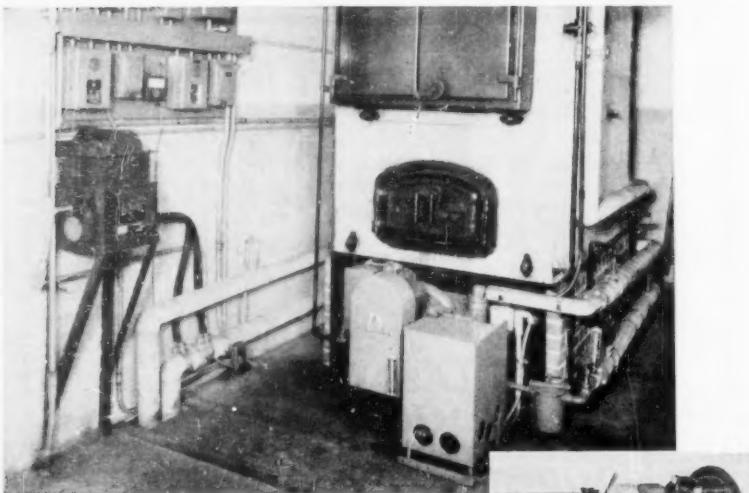
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heating and power



Iron Fireman "package" units for either oil or gas, or for oil-gas combination

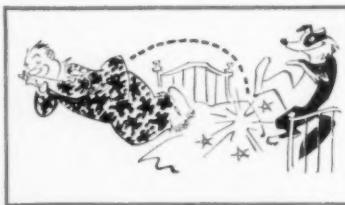
This is a completely integrated unit composed of forced draft air supply, control panel, and either the Iron Fireman Rotary oil burner or Ring Type gas burner (or combination oil-gas burner if desired). The entire unit is assembled, wired and tested at the factory. It is designed for use with all types of boilers, including Scotch Marine, and is installed by simply bolting the package unit to the boiler front. Forced draft eliminates need for high stacks.



AN OIL-DRILLING crew in southern Alberta was continually pestered by curious neighborhood farmers, until one of the crew's roughnecks reached the end of his tether. When a dust storm coated the plains with fine dry sand one morning the oilman removed his shoes, slung them from long poles and gently planted a set of footprints across the deceptively dry-looking mud pit. Then he perched expectantly on the nearest derrick.

A few minutes later a contingent of visitors swarmed up to poke around the lease. One of the natives ventured out along the fresh "trail" and promptly sank to his hips in mud. As the mortified farmer swallowed back to dry land and his mates hastily drew back, a triumphant cry echoed down from the derrick, "I got one! I got one!"

A farmer near Grand Forks, B.C., never bothers with alarm clocks. If he isn't up by 6:30 his collie jumps



up on the bed, braces his feet against the wall and gently but relentlessly nudges and pushes the boss out.

When her bread man failed to arrive at his usual time, a Hamilton, Ont., housewife called the bakery and explained that, since she was entertaining that night, she must have bread.

"Call in another hour if he hasn't arrived and we'll send a special messenger," the baker promised.

An hour later she made the call. It was embarrassing enough when the special order arrived just as her regular bread man appeared. It was even more embarrassing when the housewife realized she'd ordered the emergency delivery from a rival company.

A father and son, newcomers to New Westminster, B.C., applied for work at the local employment office. Jobs were scarce, said employment officials, but there was one opening at a meat-packing plant for a strong young man. It seemed a logical spot for the son, a two-hundred-pound six-footer. So he applied, and began work next day—pasting labels on hams and sides of bacon.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

In an Eastview, Ont., supermarket a fussy middle-aged lady was peppered with questions about various pieces of meat.

Finally, pointing to one cut, she asked, "Do you boil or fry that meat, young man?"

The harassed boy stalled for a moment, then said, "I don't know, ma'am, but if you'll wait a minute I'll phone and ask my mother."

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A Lethbridge, Alta., beauty parlor doesn't come right out and promise miracles but its sign out front does warn passers-by: DON'T WHISTLE, SHE MIGHT BE YOUR GRANDMOTHER.

• • •

An RCMP officer in rural Manitoba was checking a report that a local farmer was brewing moonshine. He drove to the farm, and showed his warrant to the housewife who merely shrugged and muttered, "No spika English."

The Mountie began his search with the woman at his heels, not saying a word. He still hadn't scored by the time he reached the chicken house. Then, on a hunch, he hoisted a hen from her nest, rummaged in the straw and came up with a bottle of home brew.

He glanced at the housewife and raised an eyebrow. In perfect English she snapped, "You black-hearted snooper!"

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A Scottish girl, newly arrived in Hamilton, Ont., for her wedding to a local man, surprised the photographer and the wedding party by

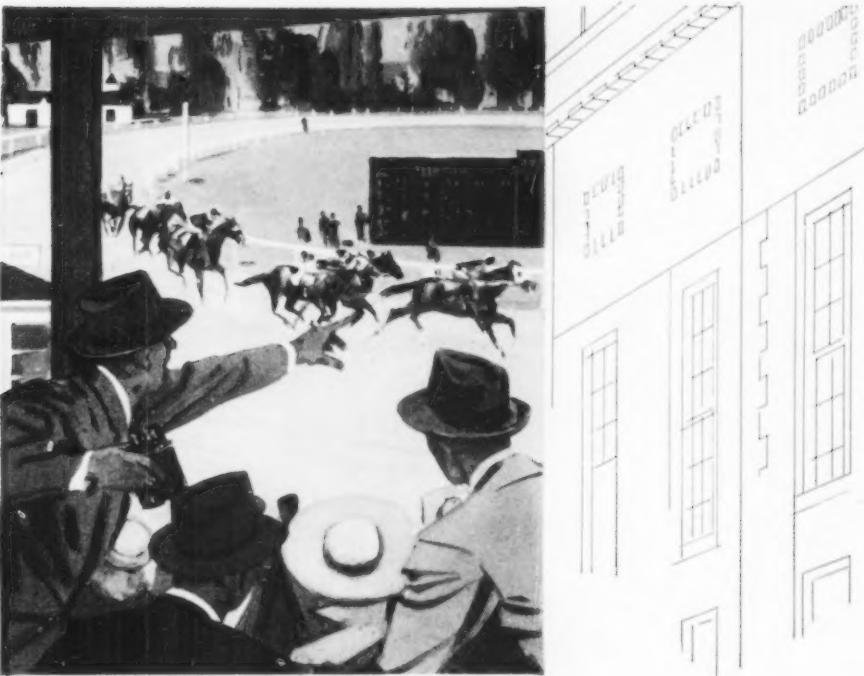


insisting on having two complete sets of pictures taken—one sober-faced and solemn, one the usual smiling bridal photo.

Later she explained that the first set was going to her Scottish grandparents who believe that a girl's wedding should be treated as the most solemn occasion in her life. She kept the second set for herself.

THE QUEENS PLATE

"The Queen's Plate" is the colourful climax of the spring racing season at Toronto's historic Woodbine Track. Here Canada's finest thoroughbreds compete for the coveted "Queen's Guineas" in a traditional classic of the Canadian turf . . . cheered on by a gallery of sports-loving spectators with a common enthusiasm for "the sport of kings".



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